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SEMILASSO IN AFRICA.

ADVENTURES IN ALGIERS,

AND

OTHER PARTS OF AFRICA.

BY PRINCE PÜCKLER MUSKAU,

AUTHOR OF

"THE TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ADVENTURES

IN

AFRICA.

LETTER XXII.

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TO THE BARON VOGT, IN HAMBURG.

Bona, April 4, 1835.

You have not heard from me for a long time, my dear Baron, and I must begin my letter by humbly confessing my sins. It is now several months since your fair friend, Madame Recamier, on whom the Graces still wait, commissioned me to carry the kindest salutation to her old friend, and I send you them only now printed from the coast of Barbary. Forgive a sincere penitent.

If any memorial could possibly be necessary of one whose remembrance is always so dear to those who have had the good fortune to know him, there are two things in this country that would particularly have reminded me of you. First, in a country which offers so many opportunities of skilful culture which are never employed, it was natural to be reminded of one of our most celebrated and philanthropical agriculturists, whose wisdom and experience would so much advance the plans of colonization, in which the French government will certainly not succeed. In the second place, the excellent patriarchal family in which I am domesticated, forcibly recalled to my mind the venerable old man, ever young in spirit, who is more than any one I know alive to the noblest feelings of humanity.†

* * * * * *

Besides the pleasures of our domestic circle, I assure you we know extremely well how to amuse ourselves here; and I only hope that my account of our doings may not have an opposite effect on you, my indulgent friend.

In the first place, one can ride several leagues in any direction without the least fear of having

† In order to avoid useless repetition, we have here omitted a few lines which only concern M. d'Armandy and his family.

one's head cut off, which is more than can be said for the rest of the towns in the French territory. This superiority is mainly to be attributed to the skilful administration of the governor, Viscount d'Uzer, who, though usually mild, can exhibit the greatest energy, and even severity, where occasion requires. This able officer, who could certainly obtain possession of Constantine if the government would only invest him with the requisite authority,—and this, by the way, appears to be not only desirable, but highly necessary, to quell at once the spirit of insurrection,—is in private life one of the best-tempered and most friendly men in the world, as the following little anecdote may serve to confirm.

He had invited me to dinner immediately after my arrival, and as I entered the saloon, which was open to the garden, I remarked with surprise a half-finished swallow's nest, and on the opposite wall the little builders of it, who flew about quite fearlessly, continuing their work, as the general had positively prohibited their being disturbed. I have always had a predilection for people who are fond of animals, perhaps because I am so myself; and rejoice that there is a very pretty collection in the family of M. d'Armandy. First, there is

the Nestor of the assembly, *Champagne*, a venerable poodle from Mocha, who for ten years has shared in all the joys and sorrows of the family, as well as its peregrinations; and whom every one treats with respect, except an impertinent ape, which often eats up Champagne's allowance of soup before he can prevent it: then a most lovely gazelle, with bright black eyes, which is fed, morning and evening, with a fresh bouquet of flowers, but nevertheless, fails not, to put its fore-paws on the table after dinner, and modestly help itself to the peelings of fruit, &c. which have remained from dinner on the plates; thirdly, two pointers, whose gambols sometimes overcome even the gravity of the aged Champagne, and tempt him to indecorous frolics; finally, there are two magnificent raven-black cats, Negro and Negress, of whom the latter is in the way in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords." She is the first of her race that I have ever seen obedient as a well-bred lap-dog; and, as she is the favourite of Madame d'Armandy, is in possession of many important privileges. She deposited her last brood of kittens in the folds of the cashmere shawl of her protectress, and the family are now watching in great anxiety to know what lying-in bed it may please her to choose next.

I hope, dearest Baron, that you will allow the pleasure I take in these unsophisticated creatures to pass for one of my amusements; but we have others of a different kind. On the second day after our arrival I had a delightful ride round the environs in company with Messrs. d'Armandy, de St. Leon, (an officer of the African Chasseurs, who rejoices in the time-honoured name of Pharamond,) and my secretary M. J.

A ride often becomes tiresome enough, when one is well acquainted with the country; but is a source of unbounded enjoyment where new objects continually present themselves. Besides, we have such a choice of excellent horses offered to our use,—sometimes by the general, sometimes by my excellent host, and sometimes by the chasseurs—and we are accustomed to spare them so little, that half of our ride is generally a race, — a great treat to a rider like myself. Our road, a tolerably deep one, led us first through the fertile garden-ground in the vicinity of the town, which was formerly covered by the sea, and is now often inundated, to the charmingly verdant and isolated mountain bearing the ruins of the ancient *Hippone*. Scarcely a trace of this town remains, with the exception of the fragments of a stately

building, several tiers of arches one above another, and immense spaces beneath, probably the reservoir of a great palace. The whole is richly overgrown, and hung with luxuriant shrubs, clematis, lianas, and innumerable bright flowers.

On the right, the remains of an aqueduct run the whole length of the valley; and on the left are the ruins of the ancient quay of the town of Hippone, on the banks of the Seybuse, (formerly *Aruma;*) a considerable river, which flows in the most beautiful waving line through the plain. From the west, out of the ravine Dschebel-Derugh, issues another river, of rather less importance; winding through the valley, it flows into the Seybuse close under the ruins, and its course then lies through meadows covered with the most dazzling flowers. Many groups of old olive-trees and carobs, here and there a single palm, and sometimes isolated thickets, which are called Casen, vary and animate the scene.

Bona, the Cassba, — further on, the *Fort Génois* on the Razal Hamrhah, (the *Hippi promontorium* of the ancients,) a rock standing out in the sea called The Lion, on account of its striking resemblance to a sphinx at rest, the roadstead with some dozens of ships and

almost as many wrecks, log-houses scattered about all over the heights, three or four ranges of mountains rising one above another, the tents of the Bedouins on the plain, and the white tombs of the Marabuts, form, when illumined by the splendid African sun, the principal features of this rich landscape.

After we had spent a considerable time here, we rode on about half a league, across a marsh, and climbed, under the shade of lofty trees, a steep mountain, from whose summit we discovered the lake Elfzara, and that part of the plain hitherto concealed from us. From this point, where the entire panorama of Bona is visible, it is evident that the whole country might be drained with little difficulty, in comparison with the inexhaustible riches of which it might open the source. An alteration in the bed of the river Bujgima, at the point where it pours itself into the Seybuse, and a dam erected along the sea-shore from Bona to the "*Mammelon d'Hippone*," with the necessary drains, would perfectly suffice for the object, and would require hardly more than a capital of some millions of francs.

The mountain on which we were standing is called, in the picturesque language of the Arabs, Bu Hamrhah, that is, Father of Red,

because the stones of the mountain, which contain a great deal of iron, assume this colour. On descending, we passed some places covered with such a mass of yellow, red, violet, blue, orange, and rose-coloured flowers, of every shade, that the effect exceeded what I had ever seen in the finest English flower-garden.

We now turned to the meadows, and continuing our tour along the "Ruisseau d'Or," and the western range of mountains, reached, first, a pretty little outwork of General d'Uzer, constructed in the European manner; then a great log guard-house, situated on the "Laurel Brook;" and, lastly, terminated our long ride by ascending the Cassba (citadel), where d'Armandy and the Turk Jussuf described to me, on the theatre of the exploit, the interesting scene of the taking of this fort.

I am now going to describe to you the warlike exploits in which I was myself engaged; in which, however, there was not much blood spilt. Late one evening, the general sent to let me know that in another hour he should be obliged to march against some rebel tribes; but that, if I wished to accompany him, I should be in time at five o'clock on the following morning, when twenty Spahis, and two horses for myself and my secretary, would be

in readiness. As I am not over-fond of early rising, I thought it better not to go to bed at all, and was therefore ready to a moment at five o'clock; but found only the horses, and no escort.

We set out nevertheless, our party strengthened by the accession of M. de St. Leon; and after about an hour arrived at the bridge of Constantine, which is ascribed by some to the Romans, by others to the Carthaginians, though it cannot in my opinion boast so high an antiquity.

Here we overtook the infantry and d'Armandy's artillery, which had a very difficult march through deep mire and clay. I could not help being struck by the careless and disorderly manner in which the troops were marching; some without bayonets, and full one-third scattered about the plain like *traineurs:* it would hardly have been allowed with us on a foraging expedition. Had four hundred horsemen darted out of the mountains near which the road ran, and attacked this battalion in flank, I am convinced they would have been entirely put to rout; European cavalry would have found no difficulty even in getting possession of the cannon.

Of the escort promised to us, nothing was

yet to be seen. The troops made a halt, and Messrs. de St. Leon and d'Armandy were now obliged to remain with their respective corps of artillery; and unfortunately no horseman was to be found who knew the way to the distant hill of Ben Jakub, where the general was supposed to be.

The officers unanimously assured me, that at a time when the troops of the Bey of Constantine were believed to be in the neighbourhood, and the general intended an attack, it was very unadvisable to venture alone so far into the plain. Besides, it was quite uncertain if the general were still on Ben Jakub,—indeed it was far more probable that he had penetrated farther into the mountains; so that if we arrived safely at the hill, we should in all likelihood be obliged to return, with the danger considerably increased.

To remain behind was a very disagreeable alternative, since the general had himself invited me to accompany him.

While debating the question, I and J. had ridden slowly forward as far as the advanced posts, where a group of soldiers were lying on the grass. Here we met M. Klimerath, who had been reconnoitring a little in front, and who informed us that he could distinguish a

brisk firing at the distance of about a league. I proposed to him to follow cautiously in the direction of the sound; but as he rode a bad hack mare, which besides was in foal, he did not feel any call to run the risk of coming to blows with the Arabs, and did quite right in remaining with the troops. "Well, dear J.," said I to my companion, "there is nothing left for us but to go and find out the general, since he has brought us into this scrape." "With a right good will," answered he gaily; "forwards is always the word with us in Prussia. But this is a bad day for such an expedition—it is the first of April." "So much the better," exclaimed I, laughing, "I am a knight of the Grand Order of Folly, and have sworn to be faithful to her till I am sixty."

We then gave our horses the spur, and galloped cheerfully on over the soft dry greensward. From time to time we heard shots to the right of the broad foot-path which we followed; but after a while they came from the left, so that we began to conjecture that they did not proceed from a skirmish, which could not spread itself over the whole plain, but from a party of Spahis amusing themselves in their customary manner. The uncertainty, however, was by no means agreeable, since, although we

were well-armed,—I had an excellent sabre given me in Algiers by General Bro, a good pistol at my saddle-bow, and two in my pocket; J. a double-barrelled gun and a sabre, of which he well understood the use,—a troop of Bedouins would have been too much for us. Fortune, however, favoured us on this occasion, for, before we had gone a quarter of a league, we met two Chasseurs d'Afrique issuing from a pass in the mountains. They had got accidentally separated from their squadron in the night, and were very willing to accompany us to the general, as they also did not much relish being alone.

We rode quickly on for some time, when we perceived at a distance six or seven Spahis, who were driving cattle before them. Their red head-dresses showed they belonged to our people; and the cows, that they were coming home with booty. There was now nothing more to fear, for although no one knew where the general was, or would undertake to guide us to him, we continually met with parties of Turkish troops driving cattle, besides many Arabs of the friendly tribes, who were carrying their stolen treasures to a place of safety, and, delighted with their good fortune, called out to us, "Bono, Bono, Franciss!"

They were carrying away the most heterogeneous collection of articles; and you will hardly believe me when I tell you, that I saw two fellows, one of whom had got piled up, higher than himself upon his wretched mare, skins with butter, carpets, a tent, and, strangest of all, a live ass packed up with the rest,—its head and fore-legs hanging down on one side, and the hind legs on the other. A second carried a calf in a similar manner; and we counted, before we reached our goal, about 3,000 head of cattle, generally very fine, which had been taken from the hostile tribes. Their property is, however, usually restored to them on their unconditional submission.

This business had so completely absorbed the Spahis, that we afterwards found their standard left without any military escort to take care of itself, and, since the standard-bearer had also joined a great herd of cattle, we took it at first for the much wished for French corps. Still we could gain no information of the general; one pointed this way, and another that.

At length, by means of a bribe, I persuaded some Spahis, whom I found bivouacked in a picturesque manner amid the ruins of a Roman temple, their horses feeding among the

high grass, to act as our guides; and these people, like the Cossacks, are pretty sure to find in the end whatever they look for. We immediately left the foot-path for marshes half a league in extent, which, dangerous as they appear, have, near the lake Elfzara, generally a firm bottom.

We galloped along the shores of the lake, which is surrounded on three sides by picturesque mountains, and, for more than a quarter of a mile at least, through an ocean of flowers of every hue, which were actually up to the bellies of our horses.

At length, after riding about, backwards and forwards, for as much as ten leagues, we discovered at the foot of a chain of mountains the three squadrons of the third regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, which accompanied the general, almost at an undistinguishable distance; and, as far as we could make out, on the retreat. We had to wade through another, apparently endless marsh, before we reached them.

The general was much surprised when he learnt what a slippery trick our promised escort had played us, and, with the courtesy which distinguishes almost all French officers, apologised in the politest manner for the accident: he then turned to the officer who had

received the order, and inquired in a very serious tone how it happened. This gentleman, who appeared to have neglected the command, simply replied that he had misunderstood the general; and so the matter ended. A thing of this kind would not have been passed over so easily with us; and although, as the only suffering party, it was of course more agreeable to me that the offence was not even visited with a serious reproof, it is impossible to deny that the discipline of the French army is much inferior to what it was in Napoleon's time.

The cavalry had in the night attacked and burnt an Arab Duar,* and killed the enemy, about thirty men, who were surprised in their sleep. The loss on our side consisted only of two horses wounded, and a young Arab, of the friendly tribes, shot in the hand; he bore amputation with great indifference.

We halted to breakfast by the side of the ford Nezez-er-rassul, called "the Prophet's ford," where I learnt a new resource for a cam-

* A Duar consists usually of from twenty to thirty black, camel's-hair tents placed in a circle. The space in the midst is cleared of grass and weeds, and serves the horses and cattle as a place of safety to pass the night in. A family inhabits each tent, and a favourite horse is sometimes allowed to take his place in it, along with the smaller domestic animals.

paigner; namely, the art of transporting very good "*omelettes aux fines herbes*" in the hollow of a loaf with the crumb cut out. During our slow march homewards, I looked rather more closely at the three squadrons, and was much pleased with them. The men had a free, active, and martial bearing; their accoutrements, and those of their horses, were in better order than usual with the French cavalry; the horses were, without an exception, although small, strong, fiery, well-broken, and possess the extraordinary powers of endurance peculiar to horses of this country.

From all that I have seen and heard, during my residence here, of this regiment and its distinguished body of officers, I consider it capable of anything which could be executed by any body of similar strength that ever existed; and if the brave general had but one thousand such chasseurs, with leave to use them, we should soon see in the newspapers more interesting intelligence from the north of Africa.

I must tell you, *en passant*, that the colonel of these chasseurs, Baron Regau, a very accomplished officer, resembles Count Pappenheim so strikingly that they might pass for twins. Although seriously injured by a fall from a horse, and only half recovered, the colonel was

at his post, and led the attack of the preceding night, as the general said, like a young man.

Notwithstanding the magnificence of this immeasurable mass of flowers, which often covered entire hills with their golden splendour, and appeared to veil with silvery white even the marshes, it was wearisome to ride for six hours through the never-ending grass.

Of the few antique remains yet visible, the bed of a Roman drain,—which the general means to repair as soon as he can spare hands enough,—is worth noticing. Thus closed my peaceful campaign in Bona.

How often I have wished that you, who are as good a listener as talker, had been with us at our evening fire-side, to hear M. d'Armandy tell of his travels in the East, (which I hope he will some day give to the public,) and M. de St. Leon, of the congress at Vienna, whither he was sent as ambassador from Murat. It was intended that he should marry the Duchess of S——; and the project only miscarried from mistaken delicacy on his part.

I am very sorry for this on my own account, for he would then have become my neighbour in M——, where pleasant neighbours do not abound. He speaks very good German; and I was much amused to witness his surprise at our

being so much Frenchified in many parts of Germany.

"In the very beginning of my residence at Vienna," said he, "I one day ordered my servant to bring me my umbrella; using the German name for it. As he did not seem to understand, I thought I had expressed myself ill, and showed him what I wanted. 'Oh!' exclaimed he, 'now I understand what your honour means; that is called in German a *parapluie*.' Another time," continued he, "in a coffee-house, I asked in a similar manner, in German, for some coffee with cream; when perceiving an officer, who sat near me, smile, I inquired if I had not made use of a correct expression. 'Oh! quite so,' said he; 'only not *quite* German. You may observe that *we* should have said *melange*.'"

He has a very tender recollection of the Viennese women, and estimated them more highly than the Arabs here do the French beauties. These children of nature have a standard of their own. Lately, when one of their Sheiks saw the beautiful Madame de D——, he fell quite into raptures about her charms; and when one of the officers present asked him what he would be willing to give for the lady, he exclaimed enthusiastically, "By the Prophet!

I would give three oxen and a calf,"—a compliment at which the fair one took serious offence.

M. d'Armandy drew us a charming picture of Persia, which he prefers to all other countries. He cannot sufficiently praise the urbanity of the people, the beauty of the scenery, and the agreeableness of their mode of life; and, although an admirer of freedom in Europe, he confesses that a stranger can live more independently under the Persian despotism than in our most liberal states. He served a considerable time very agreeably with Prince Mehemed Ali Mirza, in Kermanschah, where he was raised to the dignity of Chan, and decorated with the Grand Order of the Sun. I could not help laughing when he related to me the story of his intimacy with a Russian major, who filled the agreeable post of first eunuch to the princess.

He had been subjected to this treatment in consequence of having, with twelve of his countrymen, attempted to escape. As the affair had been done very thoroughly, and with a very small amount of surgical skill, no one but himself had survived it: but this did not appear to have diminished either his good appetite or his good-humour: he had even become a sort of favourite with the prince at

whose command the outrage was committed. One must have brought a tolerably slavish spirit into the world to be able to survive such a destiny. The wine, the roses, and the women of Schiras, he declared to be equally delightful; even the Persian cookery by no means to be despised; but the hunting, and the Turcoman horses, are beyond all praise. In short, M. d'Armandy has quite brought to maturity a little plan of my own for a tour from Egypt to Syria, and thence over Bombay and Persia to Bagdad. Seriously, as an English steamboat now goes regularly to Bombay from Kasseir, the execution of this project would be no such difficult matter. I am only afraid I should be tempted to go in a palanquin to Calcutta, if it were but for the pleasure of going tiger-hunting on the back of an elephant, or encountering the dragon, which some of the English newspapers declare to be no fable, but a living animal inhabiting the Himmalaya mountains.

M. d'Armandy's first tiger-chase took place on this route in the following singular manner:—He was travelling with a friend, who, like himself, had never seen a Bengal tiger. They were one day both seeking eagerly for something that might furnish the larder, which was

often rather empty, and thinking little of such a monster, when, just as it was growing dark, they saw some animal moving heavily through the rushes, which they took for a calf; for the tiger shows his wonderful strength and agility only when he draws himself together to make a leap, often thirty or forty feet; but his usual pace is slow and awkward. Thinking it was a calf, M. d'Armandy fired his gun, and wounded one of its fore-feet. The maimed tiger made a furious spring, and fell, its leap shortened by the injury, only a few paces from our alarmed sportsmen. Fortunately d'Armandy's friend had the presence of mind to have recourse to his double-barrelled gun, and sent a couple of bullets through the creature's head, which killed him on the spot. With some difficulty they transported the remains of the beast to the place where they were to pass the night; and for a long time d'Armandy carried the skin of his formidable antagonist about with him for a carpet.

Since we are on the subject of the chase, and I cannot speak of such distinguished game, I will at least describe for your amusement a boar-hunt, which you will perhaps find not totally devoid of interest.

The complaisant general had ordered me

twenty Spahis, which this time really appeared, and lent me three fine dogs, with which we set out at eleven o'clock in the morning. My companions on this occasion, besides my secretary, who was a capital sportsman, were the Commandant d'Acher and the Lieutenant Pharamond of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, with three or four officers of the garrison. After passing Hippone, we continued our way along the broad river Seybuse,—whose banks are here very precipitous, and overhung with the most luxuriant vegetation,—for a good league before we met with the boar: we roused him out of an entangled thicket behind the great Oasis; and we followed him at full speed, holding our guns and pistols cocked in our hands.

Without Arabian horses, whose strength, activity, and sure-footedness generally so much exceed ours, such a chase would be impossible.

I must, in a few words, describe to you the ground we had before us. Imagine a semicircular plain of twelve leagues in length, and about four in average breadth, completely enclosed by high mountains and the sea. It consists of meadow-ground and marsh, which however, as I have already mentioned, has so firm a bottom that horses can never sink in it

further than the knee. These marshes are full of water-plants and rushes, which often rise higher than a horseman's head, whilst the ground is at the same time covered with flowers. The meadows are similarly overgrown, partly with fine flowery grass, and partly with thistles, which have shot up so as to form absolute thickets of the same height as the rushes; so that one cannot, five paces beforehand, know anything of the nature of the ground over which one is riding. When you also take into consideration that it is covered with holes and hillocks—the works of all sorts of animals, you will imagine a horse ought to be sure-footed to gallop over such a wilderness. The great difficulty, however, lies in a custom of the Arab tribes, who dig deep pits of six or eight feet square, either to serve as magazines for their corn or as snares for wild animals, which they never take the trouble to fill up again. The rapid growth of vegetation quickly covers them to the eye; and it is impossible to perceive a pit of this sort till one lies at the bottom of it. When this happens, it is often a hard matter to get out again, and still more so to get a horse out. It was by this accident that the colonel of the chasseurs put his knee out, and, after excessive suffering, is probably lamed for life.

This very day one of our Arabs fell into one of them, and turned over and over like a rope-dancer, without hurting himself.

The horse which had fallen to my lot had won the prize in the last races, and I could make no complaint of his swiftness, but much of his docility; for, from the time the boar came in sight, it followed upon his traces and soon came up with him, when it became quite unmanageable, chiefly from the badness of the bridle. In the mean time one of the dogs had come up, and seized the boar with such bravery that it could not get loose again; J. who was close behind me, and had little practice in horsemanship, but for that reason so much the more courage, now fell, while my horse rushed on still further. He employed, however, the mischance so well, that he had scarcely got up, and seized his gun again, when I heard his two shots behind me. At length becoming master of my steed, I turned him round, when I saw the boar already overpowered, but not before he had wounded the poor dog severely in the leg. In the mean time another chase had begun, which was ended almost as quickly at a great distance from us.

I now put an Arab bridle on *Biscuit*, (that was the name of my Bucephalus,) with which

the most vicious horse can be governed; and found myself more secure. Notwithstanding this precaution, I was not fortunate in my second attempt, for my pistol missed fire when among the foremost of the hunt. I sprang from my horse, drew my sword with praiseworthy celerity, and made a thrust at the boar, (which was only held by a single dog,) taking care however to keep out of reach of his fangs. Being rather inexperienced however in this sort of sport, I could not probably hit him in the right place; for, although I wounded him six or seven times, my crooked weapon only pierced about half an inch into the iron hide of the enraged animal; so that I made, as J. maintains, a very absurd figure.

The beast would at last, in all likelihood, have been too much for me, if some of the party had not hastened to the scene of my fruitless endeavours, when J. had again the honour of killing the animal by a shot.

We rode about for a long time after this, right and left, without finding anything; and I had got to a considerable distance from the rest of the party, when I heard a loud cry behind me, and turning, saw a colossal animal going at full speed over the plain, with the whole hunt in pursuit of him. When the boar

plunged into the thicket, however, they took a wrong course, as it is very easy to do in this forest of thistles and nettles.

In a short time the game broke out again, right before me, on a wide, open meadow, with not a dog in sight. For full half a minute I rode side by side with him, as if we had been running a race; when, notwithstanding the speed at which we were going, I found leisure to draw out the pistol, which had been often my fortunate friend, and fired just as the chief of the Spahis made himself heard. The creature made two leaps, and then tumbled over quite motionless upon the grass. We afterwards found that I had hit him right through the heart.

In order that this exploit of mine, of which I am not a little proud, might not be liable to the suspicion which generally attends the relation of hunting exploits when one comes home, it happened fortunately for me, that, besides the Spahis, the two above-named officers of chasseurs came up at the same time, so that they were able to serve in Bona as witnesses to my well-won right to this stately boar. He remained my only trophy; for, of the other three whose lives we had taken, two fell to the

lot of the indefatigable J., and the third had been killed by one of the officers.

It appeared to me quite a sin to leave these fine fat animals lying on the field of battle; for the Arabs, on account of their religion, do not eat the meat, and the Europeans here have eaten so much that they are as tired of it as the maid-servants in Dessau of Elbe salmon. As the general passed this way on the following day, however, in order to receive the formal submission of one of the Sheiks, it appeared that there were other lovers of brawn; for the traces of a pair of enormous lions, who were known to have been in the neighbourhood of Bona for a month without any one being able to get hold of them, were quite visible in the soft ground, and the bodies of the boars had entirely disappeared. On our return we passed two great duars of the Karesas, who, having been recently gained over by the wise and paternal conduct of Viscount d'Uzer, had settled here with the utmost confidence.

Their dogs are not yet so friendly disposed, for several dozens of them followed us, barking and yelling in the most furious manner. I and J. had ridden on fast, and as we passed the last duar, in the company of an officer of

engineers, he pointed out to me a very handsome, and more than usually clean girl, standing at the door of one of the tents.* I learnt to my astonishment that, though a relative of a Sheik, she was also the favourite of a French officer, who had found means to gain over her father, so that he was allowed to pass whole nights with her in the obscurity of the black tent, or the neighbouring forest. He spoke at first some Arabic, which gave occasion to their nearer acquaintance; for when the girl heard him address her in her own language, she exclaimed with *naïve* astonishment to her father, 'See! *it* can speak as well as we!'†

Not far from this village, in the place called the Field of Benatissa, because the Constantine general pitched his camp here for a long time before he conquered Bona, lies the pleasant villa of the celebrated Turk Jussuf, with a magnifi-

* The Mahommedan law, indeed, forbids women to appear unveiled, and in the towns this prohibition is rigidly observed; but in the country we often saw unveiled women come out without any hesitation. They often wear silver ear-rings, and anklets over their naked ankles.

† This affair ended afterwards very tragically. It was betrayed to the tribe; the purchased father severely punished, and the poor girl poisoned; whilst her lover was put under arrest by the general, to whom the intrigue had become known.

cent female palm-tree, the finest which I had seen in Africa, but which bears only empty and imperfect fruits, because there is no male tree in the neighbourhood to fertilize them;—a true representative of the entire country, which only requires proper fructification.

I believe now, my dear Baron, you have a tolerably clear picture of the life which I lead here, before you. It may serve for an answer to the passage in your letter, where you are so good as to say you wonder that my government does not seek to make use of me. Whoever finds so much pleasure in freedom as myself, and likes to make his life a sort of amusing walk through the world, thanks Heaven when he is not wanted at home, and there are plenty of cleverer and wiser men than himself to be found to fill his place. Far more agreeable would it be to me, my venerable friend, to endeavour to follow you in the path you have chosen; but it is not permitted to all to reach so high a mark. From this clear and lofty region look down indulgently upon me, and preserve a kind remembrance of your faithful friend.

H. S.

LETTER XXIII.

A mountain Party on a large scale. — Flowers. — Sporting Adventures.— Bona.— Constantine. — The Romans. — New system of Zoogony.— Parallel between Men and Horses. — Gastronomy.—Fatalism.—Napoleon.—Great Feast of Bairam.—Advice to a Nephew.

TO THE COUNT LOUIS VON P——, BERLIN.

Bona, April 10th, 1835.

It is a grievous pity that the steam-boats and rail-roads have not yet been brought to the perfection of speed promised at first by Perkins, namely, a hundred English miles in an hour. If they were, you might come and pass the Easter holidays with me here, where you would be quite in your element; for we are always on horseback, so that you need not give yourself the trouble to ride one of your uncle's horses lame.

I will at least in fancy take you with me, and let you see how we can play the young men without the help of such a mad-cap as you. I know, indeed, that you read enough of

my letters to your aunt, and "*tutti quanti*" of the family, but you shall now have the honour of one to yourself. "*Tel est notre plaisir.*".

Come, therefore, and pay me an imaginary visit in my dwelling, certainly one of the best and most convenient that could fall to the lot of a stranger in Bona, and which, nevertheless, in Europe my valet would consider far too paltry for himself. You will find nothing but a long whitewashed chamber without a window, whose only opening consists of a door, which, on account of the light, is necessarily left open all day. The ceiling is of naked cane, held together by rough sticks. On each side is a partition of unpainted European deal boards, behind which stand two beds, one for me, and the other for my secretary. As the rain often penetrates the terrace above, the wall is in many places constantly wet; the floor, of hard-trodden mortar, is covered with three stately carpets, which, as well as a bed and a portable kitchen, I always carry about with me.

A number of chests and trunks fill up a niche opposite the door, and leave room for two rough deal tables, one of which serves for the toilette, and the other for writing and breakfast: on the opposite side of the niche you can sit down quite comfortably on a wooden bench

covered by a mattress, and representing a sofa: clothes, boots, cloaks, &c. decorate the walls around. How luxurious is this apartment compared with that of my friend Klimerath, who is lodged in the house of his banker's correspondent, along with twenty casks of brandy, in a little warehouse; and has no furniture but a camp-bed, two stools, and a little rickety table, to boast of.

You, luxurious people, may perhaps think little of our accommodation; but we find ourselves very comfortable, and we have much to make us amends for whatever we are obliged to dispense with. The moment I step out on the terrace in front of my apartment, I find myself in a mild, delicious atmosphere, and look over the flat-roofed houses, upon a most beautiful landscape. If I go down, I am received by the friendly shake-hands of my kind host; and whenever I leave the house, some agreeable surprise awaits me. As a specimen, take the description of the third day of this month.

It was a Friday again, and exactly four weeks from the time of my journey to the Hammal, when I undertook a similar expedition,—the ascent of the hill of the Seven Fountains, of Dschebel-Derugh, and of the peak of Mertschia, the highest point of these mountains.

The weather, hitherto exceedingly warm, was on this day, although the sky was without a single cloud, rather cool and airy. At six o'clock in the morning I left the town with my secretary, in the company of M. Klimerath, Captain d'Oudaja of the Chasseurs, two troopers of this regiment, and an escort of forty Spahis, as gay as a tulip-bed, in jackets of yellow, sky-blue, sea-green, and deep scarlet.

We were all capitally mounted, particularly the chief of the Turks, and, thanks to the goodness of Colonel von Rigou, myself: this was, however, very necessary for such roads as we had before us; and I only wish that some of my European friends could for once make such a tour with me, in order to show them what the horses in this country are capable of; they can get over more difficult places than I ever passed with the mules in Italy or Switzerland.

We directed our course through the gate of Domremont to the log-house *de la laurie*, whence we began to ascend, and soon arrived at a charming but difficult wood, full of old olive-trees, whose green hue is here far richer and darker than in Europe, magnificently blooming wild peach, apricot, and carob trees, an abundance of gold-covered cytisus, cratægus, and other kinds of thorn, myrtles, and innumerable

flowers, varied by occasional patches of short thick turf. By degrees the plain opened more and more, with its three and four-fold girdle of mountains, and showed at almost every step the most lovely miniature picture, set with its frame of trees in the great landscape. At one time, when we reached a green mountain plateau, we saw Bona lying beneath us like a cork model, and the mountain Sedi Aissa, which from the town appears so large, scarcely rising like a little hill over the surface of the sea.

The plain now stretched itself out in colossal proportions, whilst on our right new bays and capes became visible. After a long march through broom and brushwood, we reached a forest of cork-trees, the ground of which has a very peculiar appearance, since it is covered with ericas and light-blue flowers which grow in marvellous abundance.

Instead of a road, we followed deep and rocky water-ruts, running for some time in a horizontal direction, then down into a deep basin, then up again; when suddenly we found ourselves looking over a broad valley, whose gentle declivity was covered by an oak forest just bursting into leaf, to our great surprise and pleasure, as it was long since we had seen any trees of the kind. Many of them had

a smooth majestic stem of thirty feet without a branch; others spread out their giant arms from the bottom; several had been split and burnt black by the lightning; others were overgrown with ivy and rank vegetation; and although the sort of oak of which this forest consisted, in the form of the leaves and the size of the acorns—as large as plums—differs from ours, I could have fancied myself in some part of my dear native country, if the underwood, overgrown with laburnum and other flowering shrubs and foreign flowers, had not betrayed a warmer climate. It was nevertheless permitted to our modest violet to obtain a settlement even here; and I plucked a bouquet of it for a lady who shows us both much favour. In this lovely woody region, where, further on, chestnuts, and taller cork-trees than we had hitherto seen, mingled with the oaks, we marched in a delightful shade for some time. —The natives have, by-the-bye, the habit of stripping these cork-trees in such a slovenly and disorderly manner, that many are necessarily killed.

We now came in sight of a green hill, from whose summit, in the midst of grotesque masses of rock, issue seven springs of excellent cold water. When by means of a long zig-zag

path, upon which the line of gaily-dressed Turks had a splendid effect, we had reached the summit, we found the most considerable of the springs neatly enclosed with stones, and provided with a large saucer of cork for the convenience of drinkers. The fresh and inviting appearance of the spacious basin was increased by an abundant growth of broad-leaved spring cresses; and eagerly did men and horses refresh themselves from it; for good water here is anything but common.

Half a league further on, lies an isolated piece of rock, which, before it was closely examined, was taken for the ruin of a Roman building, and to which, from a distance, it has a great resemblance. The block may be about fifty feet high, and, on account of its smooth, sloping surface, cannot possibly be climbed, unless one could glide along like a snake upon the belly. Before we came up, there stood on the top of it some of the giant white-headed vultures, which exceed the eagle in size; and, as we took them for men, we were not a little surprised when we saw them suddenly rise into the air. Some of this sort are quite white, and one of these was at the moment hovering over the oak forest.

We sat down to breakfast near the rock, at

whose foot we found ourselves protected from the disagreeably cold wind. It was a pretty sight when the bridles were taken off the horses, in order to allow them more freedom to graze: not one of them seemed to think of running away, or of escaping if one tried to catch it, but all followed, like dogs, the voice of their riders; they seemed only to have a good many squabbles among themselves, which, however, were soon put an end to by a loud call or a threatening gesture: they are also seldom shod behind, so they cannot do each other much harm with kicking; and as for the biting, which looks so pretty when they rear up against each other, it is seldom much in earnest.

Two officers, determined sportsmen, who are always rambling so restlessly about this part of the country that they have obtained from their comrades the nickname of the "Bona rats," here joined us, and enlivened our meal by their conversation. One of them had recently met with the pair of lions who have been disturbing the country. The lioness fled directly, with tail erect, in long arching leaps through the brushwood: the lion, however, remained standing still, growling, and showing his teeth; whereupon the hunter, who had nothing but small-shot in his piece, made off as fast as the

lioness had done, as he laughingly assured us. To-day we could have given the monster a better reception, but were not fortunate enough to find the least trace of him. Nothing was to be had but the usual *perdrix rouges*, hares, and jackals.

We had now before us only a moderate distance to the mountain peak, the second in height in the chain, but which from its favourable position presents the finest prospects. It is a round, rough, indented granite rock, overlooking the two great plains which stretch in a semicircle from sea to sea, with mountain above mountain in the background, and the lake Elfzara in the midst, having a circumference of ten leagues; I could see quite plainly from this height the sea of flowers in which I had galloped about a few days before.

What a pity that death should lurk beneath the rich flowery veil which distinguishes Bona perhaps from all Africa; for it is precisely the dampness and extreme fertility of soil which produce the one, that too often produce the other. In the warm summer months the half of the garrison is often lying in hospital; many of whom never leave it, and others carry away the effects of disease or the germ of future death. It is very singular that, before the time of the

French, Bona had by no means the reputation of an unhealthy climate; and the natives are firmly convinced that it is nothing but the opening of some old filled-up canals and decayed cisterns, to take away the rubbish, which has given rise to the miasma that now renders Bona so dangerous a residence.

In the direction of Constantine, which is only thirty leagues hence, but which, on account of the faithless and blood-thirsty character of the present Bey, a traveller cannot visit, we observed a strangely-shaped mountain, with four humps like those of a camel; and, further on to the right, two peaks which appear like regular pyramids. Towards Algiers lies the *Cap de fer*, with its finely-formed rock, Collo, the Cape Bugaroni, and the Bay of Stora. In the vicinity of the first cape it is thought that the Romans possessed iron-works, and it is probable that at that time the greater part of these mountains was covered with oak forests such as we saw to-day.

As they have been burnt for fuel, and no fresh plantations made, they have gradually disappeared, in the same manner in which Ireland has been deprived of its forests in former times by the cruel neglect of the English.

J., one of the officers, and I, climbed after-

wards the highest peak, which is covered with masses of stone thrown about in an extraordinary manner; where we discovered a Marabut grave not yet known to the French.

We thought it at first a Roman one, since some decayed lamps, lachrymatories, &c. in the inside, have a perfectly antique form; which, it appears, the mechanics of the country have preserved unaltered for a space of two thousand years; for the contents of some of the larger of these, the disgusting putrefied remains, soon convinced us that we were handling modern productions. The disturbance of these sacred ashes might have brought us into trouble, had we made our visit without so good an escort.

When we were all again assembled, (for the two sportsmen had in the mean time been labouring in their vocation,) by the side of the seven springs, the horses were watered; and the Turks, whose abstemiousness is almost incredible, took their only meal for the day—a sort of wild artichokes and sweet roots just pulled. I then expressed a wish, if possible, to go back through the high forest, in order to examine it more accurately.

The Spahis, with whom, for want of an interpreter, we could only communicate very imperfectly, immediately declared this to be im-

possible: one of the sportsmen, however, Lieutenant Guilmat, of the Engineers, maintained that he knew the country extremely well; that the Arabs always made all sorts of difficulties if one wanted to go an inch out of the beaten path, and were probably in fear of the Kabyls in the neighbourhood. If I would only put myself into his hands, he would lead me the most beautiful, picturesque way that I could wish for.

I allowed myself to be persuaded, and the Turks at length were obliged to follow, which they did slowly and reluctantly, screaming and gesticulating among themselves like Jews in a synagogue. At first we went on very well, and the scenery became more beautiful at every step; but we could find nothing deserving the name of a path, and the horses could sometimes hardly break through the entangled thorny underwood. The ground assumed gradually more and more the character of a primeval forest in which the foot of man had never trod, for the rotting trunks of the fallen trees formed a loose black soil of several feet in depth, everywhere overgrown with plants. We now came to a broad steep declivity from which enormous trees had shot up. The Arabs refused, more and more vehemently, to go any further,

but we would not give up our intentions; and accordingly began, some riding, others leading their horses, to slip down. The soft earth and the smooth rock, covered with thorns, so overgrown that one never perceives them till too late, had already occasioned many little misfortunes, when J.'s horse falling, dragged him after it for a considerable distance, so that at length he lay in a dangerous situation beneath the animal, without however, receiving any injury. After much trouble we reached the bottom, where a rocky stream was passed with still greater difficulty, and some more horses falling.

Before us now lay a marshy wilderness, which seemed absolutely impracticable; and on the right a rocky declivity like that we had just descended, down which, however, urged by necessity, we also managed by some means to scramble.

Riding had now become impossible; and the Turks, whose dress, with great riding-boots, spurs six inches long, and Bernoos cloaks, is very badly adapted for walking, lost all patience, and seemed in their own tongue to devote us to all the devils they knew of. The romance of the adventure supported us; but we all looked like boiled lobsters from the immo-

derate fatigue, and were often compelled to make a long halt to recover breath.

We wandered now for a long time up and down, and right and left, till we found ourselves hemmed into a deep gorge, and saw in front a rushing forest-stream, which formed indeed two picturesque waterfalls, and was in every respect calculated to charm our eyes, but which nowhere showed signs of a passage for our horses. There was nothing for it, however, but to attempt to find one, for our time did not permit us to return. Since I have seen this passage, and myself executed it, I really believe Arab horses could climb into a fortress. The poor creatures in fact almost all fell once, or oftener; but one only, that of a Turk, broke its neck, and remained lying on a rocky prominence in the river, while the Arabs uttered the loudest lamentations, and occupied half an hour in undressing it. The vultures probably profited by the accident. We Christians did not escape our share of scratches and bruises; but, the Turks, from the nature of their dress, suffered most.

They lay down exhausted, when we were all once more together on the soft ground, by the side of their horses, and could not be induced to move for at least an hour.

Our difficulties were now, however, pretty nearly surmounted; for in a short time we reached the road we had come by in the morning, and had the satisfaction of having carried our point,—that of knowing thoroughly the nature of an African primeval forest. Much time had however been lost, which vexed me so much the more as the general expected me to dinner, and I saw the impossibility of being with him at the appointed hour.

Of the hostile tribes living in the neighbourhood we had seen nothing, except that on our return we passed three of them, almost naked, who were burning charcoal. They were handsome, well-built men, but with an unpleasant and cruel expression in their faces; and I doubt not they are guilty of the murders attributed to them. They never attack, however, without a decided superiority of strength and the greatest probability of success,—seldom, in any case, well-armed men. As soon as we had passed them I hastened onward, and urged my horse along the difficult road through the olive forest at a trot, though it rather slipped than ran down the hill; and, the plain once reached, I made this fine and indefatigable animal race the last half league. I had actually some difficulty in checking its pace before the gate,

where the road is full of holes and very bad. Only the noblest English horses could equal this. Notwithstanding all this haste, and an equally rapid toilette, the too complaisant general had, nevertheless, kept dinner waiting two hours for me; a piece of magnanimous politeness which I must acknowledge so much the more gratefully, that I could not have got a regular meal anywhere in Bona at that late hour; and it is doubtless allowable, after such fatigue as we had undergone, to set a proper value on such a blessing.

The worst trick that wicked Friday played me on this occasion was, that it occasioned the loss of a fine Dollond, which I had had for twenty years, and which it grieves me much to miss for the future.

Since you are an incipient scholar, I will not entertain you merely with *allotria*, but communicate to you a slight outline of a new and rather striking system of zoogony, which my friend M. de St. Leon has established, and which he intends shortly to make public.

It may serve you as matter for discussion with the worthy director of your studies, to whom I beg you to take this opportunity of making my compliments.

The epigraph he has chosen is as follows:

"Since all modifications of existing species can be perfectly explained by the various influences of soil, temperature, and time, to which all living things are subject, one may with good reason doubt whether Nature has ever produced different *races*. She does not proceed by a gradual improvement;—she does not bring forth anything degraded,—that is to say, any species in various shades of degeneracy.

"This," continued he, "is the foundation of a number of observations, which all prove the unity of creation of each species, and its unity of place. The moral world may have other laws, but these we are not now considering. We have only to speak of laws *physical*. If, then, those places are excepted which could not have been peopled by primitial man, it appears that through almost all Africa, and the eastern and northern parts of Asia, the species has become, in the course of time, deeply degraded; that in America it is far from having maintained itself in its original purity; and that in Europe it has lost almost all its instinctive qualities. I am, therefore, convinced that the cradle of the human race is to be found in the countries that lie between Persia and Egypt. One is led to this conjecture by the discovery of several laws of physical order; namely, that

the loss, in the specific gravity of the bones and muscles, shows in all individuals their relative distances from the original type. Since, then, the specific gravity is with none so great as with the Arabs, so also no other race possesses in so high a degree the remaining normal attributes; and it appears, therefore, that the Arab is the original man, and, of all the Arabs, probably the natives of the countries between Syria and Egypt: whence it follows, that with the Arab of this region it would be possible, by means of the variety of soil and climate, to produce all the races on the globe, in the same manner as, setting out from the same point, and using the same methods, it is possible to produce every variety of the horse; so that it is at the present day not much more difficult *to make* a horse of this or that quality, with this or that degree of swiftness, &c. than it would be to make liqueurs of different degrees of strength." *

I am too discreet to venture on further describing the signs by which M. de St. Leon thinks he can recognise the original prototype of man. What I have already said may serve to awaken many new reflections. Upon this

* This analogy between man and my favourites—the Arab horses—particularly pleases me.

basis may, perhaps, some day be established a social state entirely different from our own; and so perfectibility be attained even by a method purely material,—by restoring through art the damages of time, and bringing back man to his original type. All farther investigations must, however, be founded on the idea,—which with M. de St. Leon is become a conviction, and which, since it is confirmed by the Bible, you may adopt without sin,—that the first creatures of every species are formed with the greatest sum of its instincts. The perfection of these instincts promotes at the same time that of all other agents; and we must consider all those races, in whom the perceptive organs have fallen far below the original standard of nature, as robbed of nature's primitive stamp of perfection.

Painful as it may be to our pride, therefore, we must acknowledge that it is not that race which writes most books, or talks most politics, that is nearest this standard,—for I fear these are rather symptoms of confusion and sickness; but simply those who can best see, hear, taste, feel, and perceive. It may not be here unnecessary to observe, that, since the nerves play a principal part in our perceptions, an organisation will be less primitive in proportion

as the nervous system is less developed. The poor Fleming, therefore, M. de St. Leon considers as the farthest from paradise, since of all mankind he is the least nervous, and has the spongiest bones.

A great privation for me here in Bona is the want of a Christian church: one must live like a heathen, for one dare not go into a mosque, even if one should feel oneself at all affected with Islamism. The French here appear to have left their religion behind them in Paris; — but fortunately the Creator has built a magnificent temple around us. I dare not, however, give utterance to any of the pious things which are hovering on my lips, in a letter intended for publication; for a Berlin lady, one of my reviewers, and by no means one of the most severe, has declared that nothing disgusted her more than when I began with my hypocritical religion, or uttered panegyrics upon the king, since both the one and the other were mere affectation. Fortunately, my good Louis, you who are, happily for yourself, of still purer faith, know me better; and it is to be hoped that God and the king may also form a more favourable opinion of me.*

* In reading over this letter for the second time, I think it better to communicate to the public what my poor *double*-

I have made some advances here in the art of gastronomy. First, Madame d'Armandy has taught me how to make the true Indian curry, for which the principal skill is, to boil the rice in such a manner that it shall remain *croquant:* and she has also confirmed my receipt for coffee-making, which, as you may remember, I sent to my friend Wulffen from

ganger said on this subject, when, by magic power, he was constrained to enter my soul. It is peremptorily necessary, said he, that for once I speak plainly, though briefly, upon a point which has led my friends to form an unjust opinion of me, and placed in the hands of my enemies a poisoned weapon.

God and the world are, at least for our earthly capacities, very different things.

We find in the world much that is stupid, evil — nay, disgusting; and in religion itself, which appears the nearest thing to God in the world, there exist the most disgraceful disorders.

If I attack these, am I therefore an enemy of God?

Mutatis mutandis, it is the same case with the king and the government; for what monarch of the present day has it in his power any longer to govern after the manner that was formerly both possible and proper? It has been said a thousand times, that things are become stronger than persons; that is to say, the majority — the public opinion rules more powerfully than the individual will; and if in days of yore the sovereign sometimes saw himself entangled in the nets of his courtiers, one far stronger and more impenetrable is now often woven by the crowd of functionaries who surround him. Even when he sees a fault, he can often, with the best and steadiest will, by no

Freyberg. „ I am grieved to say, however, that she remarked at the same time, that it is impossible properly to enjoy this noble beverage anywhere else but in the country itself, since the Mocha coffee loses its most valuable properties by passing over the sea; so that in Paris, with the coffee-beans that she had her-

means correct it. Much must always remain unknown to him; and of much more it is impossible for him to take a comprehensive view.

He must be more than man to overcome all this. As for what concerns the upright intentions of our sacred monarch, I have formerly said, and am still of the same opinion, that he is deserving of the sincerest attachment, not only as a king, but for his worth as a man,—for his goodness, mildness, and love of justice. To myself personally the king's majesty has never shown anything but friendship and favour, and endeavoured thus to soften to me the harsh conduct of others; nay, sometimes, when his love of justice required it, he has himself put a spoke in the wheel. As an individual, therefore, I have only cause to love my king, and be thankful to him from the bottom of my heart; so that I can with pleasure and satisfaction always perform my duty to him as a faithful subject. Besides, were this even not the case, I am of an ancient German race, and brought up too strictly in its principles, not to be always ready to shed the last drop of my blood for the rightful king, let him treat me as he may; for, thank God! no one of my ancestors ever broke the vow of fidelity to the performance of which as a vassal he had given his hand.

The other case, however, is different. Here I broke the charm,—remembering the saying of Fontenelle, that if he held all the truths in the world in his closed hand, he would take good care how he opened it.

self brought from Mocha, she had never been able to produce anything as good, although it remained nevertheless superior to all other coffee. One particular refinement she pointed out to me; namely, that as soon as the beans were sufficiently roasted, they should be spread out on a marble or other cold stone, to prevent as quickly as possible the fine aroma from flying off.

From the naturalist M. de St. Leon I received the valuable hint, never to eat fish with oil and vinegar, but always with oil and lemon; and I have myself made the observation that the *Harvey sauce* tastes far better in this manner. I must also inform you that Bona produces an excellent dark-green wild asparagus, and then I have for the present nothing more to say upon this subject; but I hope you will not fail to remark that I lose no opportunity of instructing you in diplomacy, — an art which, as old Count Stackelberg used to say, is to be chiefly studied in the kitchen.

To change the conversation, however,—for in good society one must not go too deep into any subject,—I must tell you of one of the most extraordinary duels that I ever heard of, that took place here some months ago.

A captain of the Chasseurs d'Afrique and an officer of the navy fought at two paces' distance, in their shirt-sleeves, with holster-pistols, of which, according to agreement, only one was loaded. The first time, when the loaded pistol fell to the lot of the cavalry officer, the ball passed by the legs of his antagonist, whilst, from being too heavily loaded, it recoiled, and struck the party who had fired so violently on the head as almost to stun him: the second time, when the naval officer took the deadly weapon, the ball passed between the legs of the captain of chasseurs. This singular result of a duel fought at two paces' distance is so much the more surprising, as both parties are acknowledged to have been perfectly cool and determined.

The Mahometans are quite in the right:—if one's hour is not come, one is safe from cudgel, dagger, and ball. Is not this evident with all great warriors?

Was not Napoleon preserved during his whole life that he might die, a lesson for princes and nations, at St. Helena? It is strange enough, that while in Europe petty spirits are endeavouring to reduce him to their own standard, he is become in the East almost

a fabulous hero; and it is his fame that has most contributed to change their former contempt for the Europeans into admiration.

M. d'Armandy related to me yesterday, that among many presents made to the Sultan of Muscat by the French government, was the portrait of Louis the Eighteenth.

The Sultan inquired who he was. "The ruler of the French," was the answer. "That is impossible!" exclaimed the Sultan; "I know him too well, and I will show him to you directly." Thereupon he ordered a fine oil picture of Napoleon to be brought in, that had come into his hands Heaven knows how! "Here is the Sultan of the French!" exclaimed he, "and he indeed looks like it. As for that pudding face—that must represent some one else;" and as if Napoleon had been physically immortal, he could not be moved from his opinion.

My departure for Tunis being put off from day to day on account of contrary winds, I have had an opportunity of witnessing the celebration of the grand festival of the Bairam. After a long-continued cannonade—for the Arabs are immoderately fond of the noise of firing—a crowd of Spahis and Bedouin chiefs, mostly capitally mounted, and dressed in all

their finery, assembled upon a large field near the town, round which the populace of Bona had formed a wide circle, and in the midst of which were pitched two tents for the general and his staff. At the appointed signal of the last gun, the Arabs began a sort of tournament, in which they displayed their activity in several warlike exercises and games. On this occasion, a Turkish *shansh*, who had accompanied us a few days before upon the boar-hunt, had the misfortune to lose his fine horse, which, whilst in full career, was caught by the iron, and fell with such violence that he was killed on the spot.

After I had viewed the spectacle closely for some time, I ascended the neighbouring hill of Hippone, whence it had a still more picturesque effect; at the same time I took leave of these magnificent ruins, which in all probability I shall never see again. I then returned towards the water, in order to view the ships stranded in the roads. I was especially struck by a French ship of war, of which only two masts and a part of the bowsprit were visible above the waves. A few ropes and the small remains of a flag were all that was left of this proud vessel. The sight, in this deep solitude, had something affecting in it; and had I had

the good fortune to be a poet, it might have inspired me. I had the boat rowed to the Fort Cigogne, where I got out. In the midst of this ruin, which crowns a precipitous rock, stands an ancient olive-tree,—perhaps a contemporary of the first Turkish rulers in Africa.

Seen through the window-openings in the old walls, the different parts of the city had an odd effect, as if they were set in frames. The town seemed like a city of the dead, for the entire population had streamed out to the fête.

Now, my dear nephew, one more ride, and then we will go back to Berlin. We will ride to *Cap Rouge*, in order to make a pilgrimage to the grave of the celebrated Marabut of Sidi Aissa.

It would not be easy to find a more romantic place of interment. On the declivity of a conical mountain not far from the sea, near the summit, is a Roman marble quarry, which forms a hollow of two hundred feet, and five hundred in circumference. The perpendicular, often overhanging, sides are finely veined; and ivy, liana, cactus, grapes, and many flowers and blossoms are suspended over them in long festoons. The bottom is covered with verdant grass, on which grow some ancient fig-trees,

which were already full of small fruit, and spread out such a roof of foliage, that several huts might have been sheltered by it. Would it not also have been delightful for a hermit to lie thus at the feet of his saint! — for Sidi Aissa is interred, not in the ground, but in a chamber hewn out of the marble rock, to which one climbs over all sorts of rubbish, overgrown with thorns. A canopy is erected over the chest in which his earthly remains are deposited: over this is a wide shawl-like ceiling, and a garland of decaying banners hangs around.

Rigid as was the command of the general that the grave should be respected, the curiosity of Christians has not spared it. With the sin of the preceding day upon our consciences, however, we took care to have nothing further to answer for.

On the imposing rocky wall, the last traces of the tools employed by the Romans are still visible, as if the workmen had just left the quarry; and there where, being unacquainted with powder, they have employed the powerful lever to break the stone, the counterpoise, formed of huge blocks, is still entire.

We left the ravine in order to enjoy the pleasure of becoming giddy by looking from its brink down into the abyss; and climbed natural,

and therefore very inconvenient, marble steps, decorated with ericas, narcissus, iris, immortals, and many other flowers, to the summit of the mountain, where another but less distinguished Marabut has found his last resting-place. From the rough heap of stones above his remains, one looks over both bays, on the right and left, with rocks of every form, an immeasurable expanse of water, and on the land side majestic ranges of mountains stretching as far as Tunis.

That part of the coast which stretches from Bona towards the north is perfectly healthy, and M. d'Armandy has very judiciously proposed to abandon entirely the old ruins of Bona, and instead of restoring it at great expense, to build the town entirely anew in this more salubrious spot, where is also a spacious bay, which offers a far more secure anchorage for vessels than the present, which is much too open a roadstead. The last storm proved this, when the *Stationnaire*, fortunately, here at the time, remained quite uninjured.

As the sun sunk behind the lofty Duhebelferugh we hastened home, after returning many thanks to the polite commander of the fort in the neighbourhood, who had conducted us everywhere with the greatest courtesy ; and, wherever

the firm nature of the ground allowed it, we galloped at full speed, in order to disturb as little as possible the domestic arrangements of Madame d'Armandy, which, since my arrival, have often enough been thrown out of their accustomed order. The goodness of my hosts, and the cordial and amiable manner in which they always treated me, will leave an inextinguishable remembrance in my mind.

We have now, dear Louis, finished our excursion. Receive my last salutations from the African Bona, the ancient *Aphrodisium*, and my best wishes for the German *Bonn*, where I entreat you not to devote yourself too much to the worship of Aphrodite, and whither I mean to send you a long, paternal, admonitory epistle for your journey to the university. You will perhaps find it drier than this letter; but I must recommend you nevertheless to lay it much more to heart; for you must not forget that now is the time for you to lay up for the future, and that the certainty and duration of your welfare hereafter depend on the employment of your youth. I wish sincerely that you may far surpass your uncle in this respect, and place me in the category of those preachers whose doctrines are better than their example.

Follow the latter only when I summon you to do so, and remain otherwise true to your own nature and your own feelings.

Individuals cannot perfectly resemble each other; but every one who labours to improve himself can become excellent and complete.

Your affectionate uncle,

H. S.

LETTER XXIV.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Farewell to Bona.—Lethargy.—The Handsome Turk.—Mystic Bush among the Ruins of a Christian Church.—Ungratified Curiosity.—Moorish Coffee-house.

Tabarka, April 13, 1835.

On the 13th of April, at ten o'clock at night, I embarked in a little Genoese trading vessel, called the Vittoria, with only one mast, about the size of a middling Elbe boat. M. de St. Leon d'Armandy and Jussuf, who had arrived from Algiers with the last shot of the Bairam, where a new Kabbuhra had so long detained him, had come in to pay me a fare well visit, and accompanied me to the harbour, where I took leave, not without emotion, of these very different but equally interesting persons.

The wind was favourable, but violent; and when we left the bay and got out to sea, the diminutive ship was tossed up and down like

a ball. Our captain also and his small crew appeared rather inexperienced; for every evolution was performed so awkwardly, and amidst so much confusion and screaming, that once, when they were endeavouring to tack, the sailor who held the rope was suddenly dragged forward by it and fell, while we were obliged to seize it, lest the yard should have been broken, or perhaps the vessel at once capsized. We were not able to remain long on deck, which the waves continually washed over, and after a time we were all taken miserably ill.

In the course of the following day the matter became still worse: the wind suddenly changed, and the sea rose to such a pitch, that our little craft was sometimes flung aloft as high as a house, and then again plunged deep into the abyss below. We found ourselves in a disagreeable alternative; since on the left lay the little, rocky, uninhabited island of Galita, which, with three or four obelisk-like peaks, rose out of the waves in the pale moonshine,—and on the right, the dangerous shore of the mainland coast; whilst a change of wind might easily drive us on one or the other. In such a case, we might expect either to be dashed to pieces on inhospitable rocks, or to go ashore on the sands of the coast, where the very ill-

disposed and almost independent Arabs seldom fail to murder shipwrecked persons.

This unfavourable nature of the coast, and the faithlessness of wind, sea, and man, render the passage so dangerous for the little trading ships, that accidents are the regular order of the day. Thus we had received in Bona, only eight days before, the news, that in very moderate weather, a vessel which we had seen set sail had been wrecked off Biserta, and five travellers lost their lives,—among whom, singularly enough, was the officer whose romantic love affair with the Bedouin girl I have already related.

Critical as was the situation in which we continued till the close of the day, the sea-sickness, which when it reaches its extreme point is all but insupportable, rendered us all perfectly indifferent to everything else. Fortunately, the signals of distress made by our captain were observed in the insignificant harbour of Tabarka, situate not far off, where about twenty Genoese vessels were lying on account of the coral-fishery. One of them came to our assistance, when we were prevented by the height of the waves from running in, and towed us into the harbour with a rope.

The tranquillity of the port did us all much

good; and as soon as daylight appeared, we eagerly hastened to land and present ourselves to the Tunisian Aga, who received us in a very friendly manner, and immediately promised to furnish us with some fresh provisions; since, thinking we should pass at the utmost not more than eighteen hours at sea, I had brought indeed my portable kitchen, but nothing to cook.

The Turkish commander was a gigantic, finely-made soldier, with a long black and white speckled beard. His dress seemed to us wretched, as well as his very ordinary pipe, which had not even a mouthpiece; and, to my great surprise, he carried no arms. Small as was his pay, and miserably as he seemed to live, his deportment was nevertheless dignified and stately. He always refused with a very important air the permission we several times endeavoured to obtain to see the interior of the Gothic fort, which is in so miserable a state that it could not offer Europeans any serious resistance. He took with pleasure, though without thanks, a present of some pounds of Levant tobacco, and begged earnestly for some small shot for the chase, which, except powder, is on these coasts the most precious thing in the world: the natives would

sell their fathers and mothers for powder and ball.

The island of Tabarka lies only a rifle-shot from the coast, and consists of picturesque mountains and rocks, covered thickly with the ruins of the ancient city of the same name. On some of its foundation walls, the Genoese have built a large and handsome castle, where a rock suddenly sinks several hundred feet to the sea. It is defended by ten or twelve bad iron cannons, of which some were directed like telescopes towards the sky. Some smaller fortifications have already fallen in, as well as a Christian church, in which we noticed a remarkable circumstance. On the very spot where, as is evident, the high altar formerly stood, a thick bush of rushes has sprung up, which occupies a considerable space; but the extraordinary part of the matter is, that on the whole island, as well as on the opposite shores which stretch round and so form the harbour of Tabarka, according to the inhabitants, not a single rush is to be found. On the foremost headland of the abovementioned opposite shore stands what was formerly a Genoese fort, which also commanded the harbour.

The principal vegetation of the island consists of cactus and many other luxuriant plants,

which garland the rocks in all directions. There are likewise some fig and wild peach trees, which bend their branches over the sea, for ever foaming amongst innumerable rocks.

The effect which this constant surf has on the sandstone is very curious. Whole rocky flats appear as if covered with hieroglyphics, or like the architectural decorations with which the Moors are accustomed to ornament their ceilings. This *lusus naturæ* is, nevertheless, simply occasioned by the water having spared the hard veins of the stone, while it destroyed the softer parts; so that the most persevering industry and the most skilful chisel could not produce anything prettier.

The walk round the island among these stony labyrinths was in every respect uncommonly interesting, though in many places very difficult: three or four sailors from the coral-ships assisted me, exhausted as I was by sea-sickness, over the hardest places. J—— shot a partridge and a wild pigeon for our dinner; and the others collected wild flowers for me, among which were some fine garden-asters, which, as far as I know, bloom with us only in the autumn. The view from the summit towards the south showed us a fresh green valley, prettily watered by two little rivers, of which the

largest is called Zain, but formerly Tasca, and animated by many herds of cattle. The mountains which enclosed it were, up to their rocky, jagged summits, variegated with green corn, or interwoven with magnificent forests of oak, which filled the ravines and covered many of their declivities. A great deal of wood for the navy of Tunis is obtained from them.

More westward, appeared a small specimen of the Desert — of the barren, yellow, dreary sand, stretching far inland, to the foot of blue mountains which mingled with the skies. Towards the north, glittered in the sunshine the rocky cone of Galita, with which, on the preceding night, we had formed so ominous an acquaintance; and the blue surface of the sea, upon which the numerous coral-ships, with their two-pointed sails spread like wings, fluttered about like water-nymphs. On the fourth side, the dark curtain of the harbour mountains, with the Genoese castle rising among Roman ruins, closed the prospect.

Beautiful and cloudless as was the sky, the wind continued too unfavourable to allow us to think of setting off. This was the more unpleasant, as the Aga declared any excursion to the interior to be impracticable, and would furnish no one to assist me in any such under-

taking. It is strange enough to see so near a beautiful luxuriant country,—rendered still more attractive by being scattered over with the ruins of the ancient city of Tabarka, from a cleft of which a stately palm-tree shoots up, —and not to venture to enter it lest one's curiosity might be too severely punished. The Bedouins who inhabit it have always been in bad repute, and are only so far subject to the Bey of T'unis as to pay him a trifling tribute, which must be collected every year by an armed force sent to scour the country.

At this moment they are engaged in a sort of rebellion; for, on the occasion of their last market, which takes place under the above-mentioned palm-tree, they lost so entirely, as we were told, all appearance of respect for the Aga and his Turks who were present, that he thought it advisable to beat a speedy retreat.

One of the *tapschi* (gunners), a handsome young man, with a fair beard almost half an ell long, showed us his bernus, in which were two bullet-holes, and told us that he had carried away this token of remembrance from them when he one evening climbed the mountain on the other side of the harbour in order to take a message to the commander of the fort.

Upon all Tabarka there was not, with the exception of the castle, a single house fit to serve as a shelter. The only place of lodging was in a heap of ruins, which had been made to serve for stables and miserable huts for the soldiers; before which, under a thatched roof, was established a Moorish *café*. Round it stood some rough stone benches; and the Aga, with the rest of the ragged soldiers of the garrison, besides some Christian sailors, passed his day here, smoking and drinking coffee.

I also was forced, in order to avoid as much as possible the rocking of the ship, to make it my temporary residence during the day, and took possession, with J——, of one of the benches. Here we breakfasted, dined, read, and wrote; which last occupation excited very much the curiosity of the Turks, and, to judge by their angry looks, did not particularly please them.

Under the covered gateway, a barber had established himself, in a free draught of air, and carried on, besides his professional avocations, a trade in pipes, tobacco, and snuff. His entire furniture consisted of a table, a bench on which he slept, a little stool for his customers, made of sticks fastened together, and an elegant hand-mirror, very little in keep-

ing with the rest, being richly ornamented with mother-of-pearl. It was amusing enough to see the various bald heads, often full of expression, which came, one after another, under his razor. He always commenced operations by combing carefully, with a large horse-comb, the long lock of hair which the Mussulmans always leave in the middle of the skull.

All that was to be had in Tabarka in the way of provisions was coffee without sugar, eggs, milk, bad butter, full of hairs and dirt, fowls, and excellent water, of which more than a dozen wells, some of them ancient, are found on the island.

With these ingredients however, the little we had brought with us, and what was afforded by the chase, my young Moor Mustapha, who—as to my great satisfaction I have now experienced—is half a cook, managed to entertain us very tolerably.

LETTER XXV.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Involuntary Regimen.—The perverse Zephyr.—Mameluke Trousers.—Trials of Patience.

On the Sea, April 26th, 1835.

"MAN proposes, and God disposes." We left Bona with the best wind, in the little vessel which the captain declares besides to be a fast-sailer, and expected to be at the utmost not more than a day on the way; and now, after almost a week, here we are still rocking about as before, having made scarcely the half of our journey, a distance of forty leagues from Tabarka, and still there is no hope of an amendment! Already we are entirely out of bread,—for the oily-tasting ship-biscuit is a miserable substitute,—as well as butter, vegetables, and fresh meat: these articles of luxury have long since disappeared, and with them, alas! the oranges. Since the day before yesterday, our

dinner is reduced to an old fowl boiled in water, and biscuits as hard as stones.. These privations are felt so much the more, because, with all our misfortunes, we are this time so lucky as not to be sea-sick.

On the morning of the 14th a fresh land-breeze sprang up, of which the captain quickly availed himself to put an end to our involuntary banishment. There had been a most beautiful sunset and moonrise the evening before, which bathed the rocky points on the sea, and the ruins of the old harbour, first in red, and then silver light. We had hardly gone five leagues, however, when the wind fell, and a dead calm held us fast opposite to dreary sand-hills. We passed about twenty hours on this spot, and then a light contrary wind drove us some miles backward during half a day. Then came gentle airs from all points of the compass, wafting us this way and that, until, about two hours before sunset, we again found ourselves at the foot of the rocky island of Galita. After throwing the lead five or six times, we found bottom, and cast anchor a quarter of a league from the island.

Never have I beheld the sea of such an exquisite colour as it appeared here,—clear as crystal, and of a blue so indescribably beau-

tiful, that the finest solution of ultra-marine could not have surpassed it in splendour. It is impossible that merely the depth could have been the cause of so magnificent a colour, and some other must exist in this island.

I, my secretary, and eight other passengers, of whom there were sixteen in the little vessel besides ourselves, and the crew rowed to land, partly to get fresh water, and partly to shoot wild goats and rabbits, of which we had seen many on the steep declivities of the rocks. We had hardly landed and begun to climb up the round stones intermingled with rushes, when the sky grew dark, the long-wished-for wind sprang up, and the rain began to pour down in greater quantity than we could make any use of. We hastened therefore to gain the opposite side of the island where the ground was at all events covered with shrubs, whilst that which lay before us presented only naked rocks, with a few green oases, on which among the grass we found melon-shoots and strong-smelling sage. Upon a point of rock also we thought we discovered some Roman ruins; which is by no means impossible, as the island is to be found in the old maps, under the very similar name of Galita.

Before we reached the lowest part of the

rocky comb, however, we saw our ship making signals for our instant return; and we remarked, not without uneasiness, that she had entirely changed her position, and was tossing violently backwards and forwards in the squall, to the whole force of which she was exposed. The sailor left in the boat now screamed to us through the speaking-trumpet formed by his hollowed hands, for God's sake to make haste down, as the cable was on the point of breaking.

This was, however, easier said than done; for it was matter of some difficulty to run at full speed down smooth rocks, steep declivities covered with loose stones and rushes, slippery with the rain; and I cursed the half-Mahometan dress which I had worn since leaving Bona, and the wide Mameluk trousers, so convenient for riding, walking at the stately oriental pace, or sitting on an ottoman or on one's heels; but which now brought me into as many scrapes as formerly did his spurs Kunz of Kaufflingen. Although the strength of our sailors was doubled by their anxiety—for, had the cable really broken, we must have made up our minds to the fate of Robinson for at least eight days before another vessel could have set us at liberty,—they were still not able to move the gondola with more than ten people through the

rough sea, otherwise than very slowly, and the time during which we remained in uncertainty seemed to us like an eternity. Scarcely had we, after incredible toil, reached the vessel, when the wind, as if in mockery of us, suddenly died away; and before I had undressed myself and gone to bed, which I leave as little as possible on shipboard, the old calm had returned, although there was still a strong swell of the sea.

I am now lying on my pillow exercising the Christian virtue of patience, dictating my journal to J., and seeing the sun set through the open window of the cabin. The variegated dress of the man at the helm, made of a hundred different patches, glitters in the golden rays; and beside the numerous holes of his harlequin breeches, which are in a still more ruinous state than the upper garment, the last hen on board is sticking out her red comb; and near her rests in sociable tranquillity a little striped wild hog from Bona, whose odd tricks have made it the favourite, and at the same time the unlucky football, of the whole ship's company.

We have just now been told, as the fiery ball of the sun sunk behind Galita, that a favourable wind has sprung up: Heaven grant that it may deliver us on the morrow, which is Good Friday, and waft us to the unattainable Biserta!

Biserta, April 17, 1835.

Neptune has indeed teased us enough. With a fresh breeze we sailed round Cape Blanc—the Promontorium Candidum of Pliny, and for once the good-humour of the god lasted as far as Biserta, whose white walls we beheld with the greatest joy towards noon; passed safely with a pilot the unfortunate spot where our predecessor had been wrecked; and, forgetting all past hardships, sailed in high spirits into the harbour.

LETTER XXVI.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Europeans who have never seen Europe.—Excursion on the Shara.—Tunisian Paradise.—Periodical Fish.—Indifference to European Affairs.—The travelled Poodle.—Count Armansperg.

Biserta, April 20th, 1835.

VOLNEY is certainly in the right when he says, that the descriptions of foreign countries, which differ very much from our own, can never convey more than a sort of half-and-half impression of the feelings produced by the living reality. I have recently turned over once more the Travels of this renowned philosopher: for mere reading, they are far too insipid for my taste; his remarks are always true and penetrating, his investigations profound, but there is nothing for the imagination to seize on. He is an anatomist who shows us the skeleton with its veins and muscles delineated in their truest proportions, but wanting the beautiful compli-

cated external covering; I like to have also the elastic flesh, the rosy tints, the fragrant breath, the whole charming play of Nature, the variegated robe which renders her so attractive to man.

In Volney's Travels nothing of all this is to be found: himself a severe thinker, endowed with little sensibility, he strips everything of its illusion, and leaves his pictures colourless that their hues may never be false; his style is, however, thus rendered too naked in its truth, which, after all, can seldom be absolute; for one traveller will be warmed to enthusiasm while another remains cold, one will see rose-coloured what to another appears black.

This is, however, of little consequence in the present day, when the multiplicity of travels enables the public to choose them as they do their newspapers, and read only such as wear their own colours.

All that I had hitherto seen of Africa had shown such a strong admixture of Gallicism, that I still half thought myself in Europe. Biserta (in Arabic *Bensert;* at the time of the Romans, Hippo Zaritus,) was the first town where this home-like feeling vanished, and a new world indeed appeared. The various costume of the population, their strange customs

and manners; the numerous camels in the market-places,—some standing on three legs, with the fourth tied up, some on their knees with all four legs so completely concealed that, when they stretched up their long swan-like necks, they looked like colossal birds, or slowly moving along the sea-shore in the train of a caravan; the castle-like houses with their little grated windows, rising among decayed moss-covered walls; the high embattled walls round the town; the blood-red banners floating on the forts; the market-places with their strange-looking booths; the schools with their doors open to the street, where a knot of children entangled together incessantly uttered disagreeable screams, according to the mode of reading fashionable here; the doors of the barbers hung with nets; the coffee-houses, before which, in the middle of the street, a number of gaily-dressed bearded men lay on mats playing a sort of draughts; everything, even down to the douaniers, so much more civil and contented than ours, appeared new and peculiar. I found the two vice-consuls of France and Sardinia, Messrs. Battari and Costa, very obliging and agreeable men, who, as well as their families, received me in the most friendly manner. M. Battari immediately accommodated me with

convenient apartments, in his handsome and spacious house, and provided for all my wants. Although of European descent, neither he, his mother, nor either of his sisters, (one of whom was born here, and the other in Tunis) had ever seen Europe; and I was therefore surprised to find them possessed of more European refinement than I had commonly met with at home. They spoke French, Italian, and Arabic with equal fluency; but as the Italian was most frequently the order of the day, my residence at Biserta gave me a good deal of practice in that language.

Whilst my goods and chattels were arranged in my new abode, I took a walk round the town with the son of M. Costa, and continued it as far as a hill in the vicinity, from which I was surprised by an unexpectedly fine prospect; for, unlike the *Regence d'Algier*, the country appeared smiling and carefully cultivated. The luxuriant verdure of the green corn-fields, often shaded by trees, spread out on every side, and surrounded two large lakes, probably more than ten German (forty-five English) miles in circumference: I shall, most likely, have occasion to speak of them again by-and-by with more certainty.

Across the church-yard full of turbans, which,

since the Sultan has abolished them, will soon serve only to decorate tombstones, we returned along the high walls of the Cassba again to the city. I remarked some stones with Roman inscriptions built in with the wall, but was not able to decipher the half-effaced letters. As we passed by the palace of the Tunisian commandant, at whose door stood two magnificent mulberry-trees, we met an officer of the garrison, which is only fifty men strong, consists almost entirely of invalids, and has besides the most wretched appearance. I should have taken the officer for an old beggar, if M. Costa had not made me acquainted with his dignity: each of these officers, of whom there are five, commands ten men, and each ten forms the garrison of one of the five forts which defend the town. In the present time of peace, however, they are all lodged at the Cassba, and only occasionally visit their respective fortresses: the pay of these officers is half a Tunisian piastre (about elevenpence), besides very small rations; the general or Aga himself, receives only two-pence more, and is changed every six months.

Besides this Aga, there is a governor called *Kiaga*, whose pay amounts to a whole piastre a day, and who, in Biserta, is chiefly occupied with the maritime affairs. The third function-

ary of the government is the Cadi, to whom alone all financial business is entrusted, and who is, in fact, a sort of farmer-general. These are all the ministers (without any subordinate assistants, even so much as a clerk) whom the Bey requires to govern Biserta and the surrounding country; and they have neither bureaus nor offices, but must themselves execute all business that comes before them. We Europeans, with our swarms of functionaries, might sometimes do well to imitate the simplicity of this arrangement.

But to return to our ragged Falstaff's soldiers: — these fifty miserable cripples, without any kind of uniform, and only half-covered with rags, carry all kinds of weapons; some, crooked sabres,—some, muskets without flints,—and some, positively, shoulder nothing but sticks; and, thus accoutred, they hobble and limp about the town, with their grave faces and naked legs, headed by their Aga-general, as ragged as themselves. It is hard to understand how, with this burlesque of a military force, the most perfect security should reign, so that one may go about with one's pockets full of gold without the slightest fear of robbery; whilst in Tabarka, under the same government, only thirty leagues further, one cannot carry

so much as a charge of powder without endangering one's life. When I asked how this happened, I was told — "The people are good here, and there they are bad;" and that was all the answer I could get: they knew of no other cause for the difference. Perhaps the inhabitants of this part of the country are descendants of the once civilized Carthaginians, whilst the others are the posterity of the Numidians of Jugurtha; and they have each, with the blood, inherited the qualities of their ancestry. Notwithstanding their general peaceableness, however, the consul informed us, that during the six months' war with Sardinia, when, on account of an apprehended attack on Biserta, seven hundred of the wild Kabyls had been ordered hither, they began their operations by a discharge of musketry on the houses of the French and English consuls, which drove all the ladies into the cellar, and has left abundant traces on the walls and window-curtains. Fortunately, this warlike fit did no further mischief, and the authors of the outrage were severely punished. They said, by way of excuse, that they wished to show the French and English, who had taken Algiers from them, that *they* also understood the art of war.

The rest of the day was devoted to tranquil-

lity, a bath, and a pleasant dinner, at which the enjoyment of all the delicacies of the Levant was heightened by the agreeable conversation of our friendly host.

The following day, we made a very interesting excursion on the tongue of land now called Schara, but formerly the promontory *Hippos*, which stretches itself far out into the lake of Mezauka, and where, according to Diodorus Siculus, Agathocles pitched his camp.

Our cavalcade presented a tolerably grotesque appearance. I rode a rough little farmer's horse, which seemed afflicted with plica Polonica; on which the consul's splendid morocco bridle, embroidered with gold, looked oddly enough by the side of the old, worn-out Spanish saddle, which was certainly made in the thirteenth century. J. had great difficulty to keep himself on a lively little ass, which he rode in feminine fashion, with an enormous pack-saddle, without any bridle, the place of which was supplied by a halter long enough for the end to serve at the same time as a whip.

We had most trouble with the mule, which had fallen to the lot of the younger Costa. Every time we met either a horse or an ass, it began such a horrible screaming noise as

put an end at once to all conversation, and which no amount of beating could silence. The three animals, however, all trotted on very briskly if the Moor who led the procession was in sight; without his assistance it was impossible to manage them; and, towards the end of our ride, one of our party came into very disagreeable contact with the dunghill of the village Menzel Sid. The tongue of land on which we found ourselves, about two leagues long and one broad, is as well cultivated a spot as could be found in Europe, with all the striking novelty of this part of the world. The hilly nature of the ground, presenting continually some variety in the prospect, showed us one moment plots of bright green shaded by dark groves of olive, which yield an excellent oil; sometimes well-kept vineyards, regularly planted with fig, almond, and jujube trees in full bloom and enclosed by hedges of Indian figs through which roses entwined; sometimes meadows covered with fine cattle, and veiled with a beautiful golden broom, very abundant here. Sometimes we perceived thickets of pomegranate, which we only regretted not to have seen in their bloom. The fruit is said to be the finest produced in the Tunisian territory. In the corn-fields, instead of our corn-flowers,

the blue windflower and red iris; in the meadows, the most beautiful lupines and asters, and a very showy esparsette of a blooming purple colour. Large pleasure-gardens stretch out towards the sea, filled with palms, orange and lemon trees, mulberry, peach, apricot, quince, &c. in abundance; but not in general so carefully cultivated as the vineyards. In one of these gardens stands a majestic pine, which is said to be the only one in the whole country. People here seem very liberal in their notions of property; for we were not only allowed to ride unmolested through their grounds, but our guides plucked us from right and left hatsfull of roses, orange-flowers, and oranges. The latter fasted more bitter than sweet, and were very far from equalling in excellence those of the Atlas mountains. Nothing can be more graceful than the covered walks which lead through these gardens. The varieties of colour of so many shrubs, among which the pale-green and silvery wormwood contrasts beautifully with the dark savin, formed so lovely a picture, that one could not help admiring the inimitable art of Nature, always sufficient to herself, and continuing in these solitudes her creative toils, regardless whether human eye should ever behold and appreciate them.

We now raised our eyes to the centre of this great landscape; the large lake in the form of a horse-shoe, which appeared to flow into a second stretching farther to the background, whence a high dark-blue mountain rose in bold prominence. These two lakes are nearly thirty feet deep in the middle, and are only some hundred paces from the sea, with which they are united by a broad canal flowing through the town; they would form one of the finest harbours in the world, if industry would but come to the help of their natural advantages. This is so much the more desirable, as the present little harbour of Biserta is one of the most dangerous on the whole coast, and confines the commerce of the town within very narrow limits. The fishery of the larger lake is extremely productive, and at the same time very peculiar. In the deepest part, opposite to the pleasant village of Menzel Sid, nature has appointed the abode of twelve different kinds of fish, each of which chooses a different month to spawn. Since instinct teaches them at these times to seek the sea, a different kind of fish steers regularly every month towards the canal which leads to it; but here the murderous skill of man meets them.

Close to the town, where on a little island among palm-trees lie the graves of four Mara-

buts, the lake has been locked in. The wide gates remain open three days in the spawning-time, till the whole space swarms with fish to such a degree that several hundreds of men are constantly occupied in drawing netsfull, and throwing them into sacks, of which generally as much as a hundred and fifty horse-loads are despatched to Tunis. This fishery makes quite a festival for the people of Biserta every month, and appears to have never decreased since the time of the Romans. The younger Pliny says of this lake, that it lay sometimes higher, sometimes lower, than the sea, which by turns it falls into and receives. This account is confirmed by the present inhabitants. The fishery is farmed of the Bey for eighty thousand piastres.

The opposite shores of the lake, gently sloping upward towards the mountains, are, like the Schara, extremely well cultivated as far as the yellow sand-downs which form the sea-shore; and even these, in so luxuriant a country, produce by contrast an effect far from disagreeable. The immeasurable semicircle of the mountains which shut in the horizon of both lakes, and form a bow of which the sea forms the string, is magnificent above all things.

In some places the several ranges of mountains rise seven-fold one over the other, whilst

here and there from the wavy chain rise single lofty peaks, wearing, according to the distance, every variety of blue. Although the weather by no means favoured us,—for, considering the climate and the time of year, it had become almost incredibly cold, (my pocket thermometer showed only seven of Reaumur,) and a strong north wind was blowing, though the sky was covered with black and grey clouds,—the atmosphere was perfectly clear, which, for one who like myself is indebted to his eyes for a large portion of enjoyment, is no trifling advantage. Occasionally on our tour we enjoyed the pleasure of the chase, for which there is everywhere abundant opportunity, and J. shot the first jackal among roses and laurels.

On the following day I found myself too much indisposed to go out, probably in consequence of the barbarous sea-diet, the long rocking about, and the setting in of the cold, from which in Africa I had suffered more than from the heat. I will therefore make a few remarks without leaving my room.

This is indeed a strange country. I can fancy that Germany in the twelfth century must have resembled it in many respects. Although Biserta is a town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and even this can only be

known here by conjecture, it has neither a paved street nor a town-clock. When the sun shines, the Moors fire off a cannon exactly at twelve o'clock; the rest of the hours are merely guessed at, or measured by the hour-glass. Physicians and apothecaries there are none; nay, there is even no tailor but for the common people, and all articles of the kind must therefore be brought from the capital. I could, alas! procure no spirits of wine for my tea-kettle lamp; and, since the attempt to make use of oil as a substitute failed on account of its intolerable stench, I was obliged to be guilty of the sinful luxury of using eau de Cologne for the purpose.

Wax candles have at length been discovered, after infinite trouble; but they are not thicker than my little finger, tapering towards the top, three feet long, and of a dark yellow colour,—so that, with their long wicks sticking out, they look like dirty riding-whips.

The indifference with which our European affairs are here mentioned is almost humiliating. I thought to make myself interesting to this good-natured and hospitable family by producing my old news of the death of the Emperor of Austria, &c. (as nothing is known till a year and a day after it has happened,) but per-

ceived to my dismay that the ladies had no very clear idea of who this potentate was; and when we were taking supper in the evening off a national dish of roast mutton dressed with flour and raisins, one of the guests asked if there were any foundation for the report that Napoleon had died at St. Helena. No one in the house has travelled farther than Tunis for nearly sixty years, (unless I except a handsome poodle, Barbett, which was brought a short time ago from Marseilles,)—and people care as little for European politics as for the progress of civilisation among the ouran-outangs of Java, or the proceedings of the missionaries to Owyhee or Otaheite. An old Greek, just arrived from Arcadia, formed an amusing contrast to the rest of the company in this respect. He talked politics without mercy, and outrageously abused the minister Armansperg, whom he oddly imagined to be by birth a Jew. He assured us that the nation loved the young king, but would not any longer endure the minister; and if he were not dismissed, a second revolution was unavoidable. Every one, he said, friend and enemy, was weeping and mourning for Capo d'Istrias; every friend of his country detested the French and English influence, which had cost the life of the president, who was

sacrificed that Greece might not become too powerful.

Russia was the only power that really wished them well; and this was the opinion general throughout Greece, where, since the "Giudeo" had come into authority, justice was no longer to be found, so that they had been far better off under the Turks, &c.

Some of the Neapolitan carbonari have also taken refuge here, where the government troubles itself so much the less about people's opinions, that it always knows how to put an end to actual resistance by bastinadoing or cutting off a few heads. There is yet one peculiarity of Biserta that I must not forget to mention, namely, the thresholds of the city gates, which consist of blocks of stone rising at least three feet above the ground. From this it is evident that there can be no equipages here. Even the ploughs are without wheels, though otherwise much resembling our own.

LETTER XXVII.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Dschebel Nadur.—The treacherous Ass.

April 21.

In spite of cold and rain, we rode out in the afternoon to ascend a mountain situated towards the north-west, and commanding the whole country. It is called Dschebel Nadur, which signifies Belvedere; and presents, from a still more comprehensive point of view, the principal objects I have described already.

I could here easily distinguish the entire outline of the first lake, with its singularly shaped islands,—one a complete regularly cut quadrangle,—as well as a part of the second. On the right of the mountain lay a broad deep basin, of about a league and a half in circumference, and richly cultivated: beyond this, on the side of a hill which had been with much toil partly levelled, a straggling village, *Ras*

el Gharra, consisting of mud huts without windows, furnished only with a low door, and carelessly covered with reeds. The mares belonging to the inhabitants were grazing on the meadows around, protected by the customary number of white dogs.

An uninterrupted surface of fine cultivation extended as far as Biserta; and the upper stony part of the mountain only was covered with stunted bushes, amongst which the jackals sported about like hares.

On the side of the sea (right glad to have left it!) we beheld the island Galita, as well as another little rock in the neighbouring gulf, called Dog's Island, which seems to float on the waves like a block of black stone. This time we all rode asses; and mine, on dismounting, gave such a treacherous stumble, that I and my saddle were thrown over his head without breaking the saddle-girth, — an adventure which I never remember to have had before, except with the unbroken Polish horses. I came down quite cleverly, however; and alighted on my feet, with the saddle between my legs, close to a most beautiful blue lily of six inches in diameter. I had seen, only a short time before, a much smaller and poorer specimen exhibited as a great rarity in a European hot-house. On our

return we rode for more than an hour through olive plantations, and joining one another and very carefully cultivated, and, on leaving them, entered a fine avenue of palms, the trunks of many of which, however, were partly dead, and only bushy at the bottom.

The sea, and the white towers of Biserta rising over the smooth green plain, formed a gay and beautiful perspective.

LETTER XXVIII.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Lake near Biserta.—Remarkable Flowers.—Musæus from the Dead.—Asses carried in arms.

April 22.

This day was devoted to an important expedition, namely, to making the circuit of the large lake, which is from six to seven German miles in circumference. At the distance of about two leagues from the town the variety in the prospect ceases, and nothing meets the eye but monotonous savannahs, whose only decoration consists in innumerable flowers, amongst which we every moment discovered a new kind. The most singular-looking was a pale green flower with red-tipped corollæ, and another which resembled a bee sitting on the stalk. The latter belongs, I believe, to the tribe *Ophrys*. I never regretted more that I had with me no botanist, who would certainly have been enraptured at every step.

After a long and wearisome march, we reached the Dschebel Gungla, from which one can

see the second lake, with the black mountain in the middle from which it derives its name, Dschebel Esker. Here are some ruins stretching along the shore as far as the other side of the river Ouad-Tindschia, which, perhaps, belong to the ancient Melita. While we were contemplating the wild outline of the barren mountains, we perceived an eagle of extraordinary size floating over us in the air, so motionless that it seemed as if petrified. After some time he flapped his wings, when one of his feathers, an ell long, fell slowly down, close to us. I seized on this token of good fortune, and fastened it in my Turkish travelling-cap.

As if the eagle had wished to confirm the favour, he then sunk majestically down upon a ruined wall, some sixty paces from us, and gazed full at us with his beautiful eyes. As we approached, J. had a great longing to fire at him, by way of reward for his complaisance; but he rose with all the dignity and nonchalance which belong to this royal bird, and resumed his old place above us in the sky. As near as we could guess, he must have measured fourteen or fifteen feet with extended wings. The pretty fable of Musæus occurred to me, and I would willingly have stayed longer, to see if the fish would have presented me with its

scale, and the lion with the hair of its mane. Here was a fine opening; but the lovely time of fables and miracles is past. Man, as I said once before, has become too knowing in the hidden powers of air, water, and earth, — too sober, and too stupid.

It is a pity that there cannot be an exception in my favour; for I know nothing about the first,—always, if possible, avoid the second,—and, perhaps, live in happy delusion with respect to the third.

Absorbed in these reflections, and gazing mournfully at my eagle's feather, I left the mysterious mountain, and soon after we passed the river Tindschia, which connects the two lakes, and is about half a league long, in an awkward little ferry-boat, into which our asses were literally carried in the arms of the Moors, as no persuasion could induce them to enter it of themselves.

On landing, we were obliged to gain the bank by mounting on the backs of these same Moors; when it happened that my steed stumbled, and pitched me over the water on the sand, so that in two days I was twice thrown,—once by a man, and once by an ass.

Near to the scene of this tragi-comic event lies the grave of the Marabut Sidi Ali Hassan,

in a grove of palms, silver poplars, willows, maples, and some trees with a white blossom which I did not know; and besides, oleanders from sixteen to twenty feet in height. A flock of white water-birds, with black beaks and feet, and a curled feather in the neck, like the stork, hovered over this place of rest. In the Arabic they are called *cur el ehgar*, or ox-birds, because they are accustomed to sit on these animals when in the water. I shot one of them.

With the exception of the ruins which appeared from time to time along the shore of the lake, some very ancient, others of more modern date, the remaining two-thirds of the way presented nothing but monotonous portions covered with broom, intermingled with flowers. Among the latter I remarked some which also grow wild in Europe: the camilla, red poppy, water-cress, dandelions, buttercups, and that which bears in Germany the pretty-sounding name of cat's cheese. The rest were either quite strange to me, or belonged to our garden-flowers.

About a league and a half from Biserta, near the large village of Menzel Dsehemil, the country again assumes the picturesque character which distinguishes it everywhere in the neigh-

bourhood of the town, where the ranges of mountains that appear bald and dreary when close, take the loveliest hues in the distance when the sun tinges their blue summits with gold.

The cultivation of the fields which lie around this village is fully equal to that of Europe: their soil is the finest black garden-mould, and they are mostly enclosed by neatly-kept ditches and impenetrable hedges of the Indian fig. There was often a regular entrance through a gate in a wall; and they presented altogether, with the red and blue anemonies twining around the cactus, a most pleasing prospect.

LETTER XXIX.

Ominous Friday. — Superstition and Duty. — Cleaning Camels.—Caravan shaded by Roses.—Ruins of Utica.—Health to Cato in Elysium.—Moorish Table-music.—Speculation of a Ferryman.—Lodging with a Bear.

In a Cellar at Sabella, April 24.

Often and often have I presumed to jest at the ominous character of Friday; but now I begin in good earnest to believe in its mischievous influence on a journey or other important undertaking. What strikes me most, however, is the extraordinary fatality which leads me, as if by an invisible hand, to choose that very day myself.

I had so long pleased myself with the prospect of seeing Tunis and Utica, that the day when my wish was to be fulfilled was, at all events, of consequence to me. Nevertheless, I had myself appointed this unlucky day to meet M. Gregorio de Montes, to whom I had brought letters of introduction.

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From Biserta to Tunis is but a day's journey; and when I rose on the fatal morning, although the weather the night before had been the finest possible, I was received with a black sky and torrents of rain.

Too late I perceived my error. M. de Montes had answered my letter with the greatest politeness, and informed me that he had invited a party to supper, to celebrate my arrival; so that it would have been too uncivil on my part to fail, and even superstition was obliged to yield to a sense of duty.

At six o'clock, therefore, in spite of the detestable weather, I began my march to the capital. Three camels carried my effects; this was the first time I had ever employed these ugly and disgusting, though useful animals. Their hard, greenish, ruminating mouths, with their long teeth, are particularly disagreeable-looking. How it is possible for them to masticate the monstrous thistles of this country, with thorns like shoemakers' awls, and not wound themselves, is what I cannot understand: nobody can deny that they must be fond of *piquant* diet. These animals are rendered still uglier by having mostly lost their hair; so that many of them appear as naked as a pig when it has been scalded; and, in order to pro-

tect them from vermin, they are often daubed with tar.

No animal certainly has more to endure than the camel; and Tavernier even asserts that it is customary for the dealers in them, in order to make them appear fat, to cut a small opening in the skin, and blow it up like a balloon. When they have any hair, they are not rubbed down, but beaten out with sticks, like an old coat.

I rode the before-mentioned little farmer's horse, with the *plica Polonica*, for there was no other to be had in Biserta, as the natives regularly send theirs to grass at this season. No Nimrod Apperly has ever pointed out to them in the pages of the Sporting Magazine how prejudicial this custom must be; and one might almost think, considering what these horses are capable of, that there must be some mistake about it.

The rest of our party rode on mules or asses. It consisted of the consul and his brother-in-law, who availed himself of this opportunity to revisit Tunis after an absence of many years; also of the gossiping Greek, and a handsome young Moor, who had escaped from the wreck of the Mabruck, (the above-mentioned vessel which stranded on the coast

of Biserta,) and a small suite of attendants, besides several guides, and people belonging to the consul, armed with muskets and sabres. A sort of chief of the caravan rode before on a lame but nimble mule, and carried a whole bush of roses fastened in his turban, with their stalks upward; a sort of decoration that had a very odd effect on his brown face. One of the people actually ran on foot the whole way, a distance of eight German miles. He did not appear at all fatigued: whenever any help was wanted, he was always ready; like the rest of his comrades, he let no opportunity for jokes and fun pass by him; and also, like them, split our ears with his loud nasal song. It is strange that the Moors and Arabs, even when they possess from nature the finest voices, always choose to spoil them by their mode of singing.

The country which we passed through, like that of the day before yesterday, was generally flat, varied by occasional low hills of sand or clay, with but few trees, and only now and then an olive plantation. Fragments of antiquity, probably the remains of temples or villas, were everywhere scattered around. When we reached the hollow way leading past a great morass which was formerly a bay,

where the regular wall-like hills of Utica first meet the eye, we encountered one of the Bey's principal officers, who, with a suite of about twenty men, was hastening to Biserta. His costume, even to his red cap, was almost European, for the innovations of the Sultan have already been adopted in Tunis.

We had to ride another good league before we got clear of the morass, and reached the place where we were to dine, and where, as may well be thought, we proposed to drink the health of Cato in Elysium. The ruins of Utica, thickly grown with thistles and nettles, exceeded our expectations: but we had scarcely examined them in a hasty manner, and, after clearing away the weeds from a column against which a palm partial to antiquity had grown up, spread our carpets and begun to unpack our provision-basket, when what had hitherto been a slight shower changed into a perfect deluge of rain, which continued uninterruptedly for two hours. We were obliged to wrap ourselves in our mantles, and eat our moistened meal under our umbrellas; for, alas! there remains no doorway or arch entire enough to protect us. The memory of the heroic Roman, however, inspired us with courage to support our misfortune with good

humour. I exclaimed with Cato, "Now I am master of myself," and seized, instead of a sword, the wing of a fowl.

I scarcely ever remember to have dined more pleasantly than among these ruins in the *aria cativa* by the marsh. We held our wine up to the sky to get it mixed with fresh water, which we should otherwise have found it hard to procure; and we were much amused by one of our asses, which, having eaten its fill of thistles, had posted itself up to its belly in stinging-nettles, and stood with its long ears hanging down, and serving as gutters to carry off the rain, so resigned and motionless, that it might have passed in one of Cruikshank's caricatures for a picture of a stoic. We were also regaled during dinner with music, which the Moors made by blowing out both cheeks like a trumpet, the sound of which they imitated, while they thumped their breasts and cheeks so as to produce the most extraordinary marrowbone-and-cleaver kind of noise for our entertainment.

The part of the ruins where we found ourselves, the ancient citadel, stands on an isolated hill, which, it is easy to see, was formerly surrounded by water, and united by a bridge to the main land. Some hundred paces off, the small remains of an amphitheatre are visible,

which, according to the opinion of antiquaries, was destined exclusively for Naumachiæ, and was capable of containing twenty thousand men. Under these are great cisterns, several hundred feet deep in the mountain, which probably served at the same time to contain the water for the mimic fights. They are in good preservation, nearly thirty feet deep and fifteen broad, with remarkably thin and low vaultings. They were full of dung and rubbish, as the Bedouins, who have built a *duar* near these ruins, had had their cattle standing in them all the winter. Near the palm-tree above mentioned, rises a warm spring, to which medicinal qualities are attributed, and in whose almost hot water we found several turtles, which appear to inhabit this basin.

After the Vandals and Arabs, the modern Moors have used this ruin very ill, particularly when a minister of the preceding century built the great mosque in Tunis, which cost more than a million of Spanish piastres. The marble and columns were furnished by Carthage and Utica. On this occasion were found several mutilated statues, which served at least to indicate with certainty the position of the Senate-house. They were those of Jupiter, Julius Cæsar in warlike costume, of a matron

and three vestals, besides a beautiful unknown Torso: they are now all in the Museum at Leyden. The traces of a theatre and two temples present nothing remarkable; and as we had no lights, we could not descend into a subterraneous apartment which contained a sarcophagus of red marble. Utica was, on the whole, scarcely more than a league in circumference. When the sea filled what is now a marsh, and the plain as far as the promontory of Apollo, now Cape Zibieb, under which lies the town Porto Farina, was covered with Roman camps and cities, the prospect from the heights of Utica must have been magnificent.

From this time the weather gradually cleared up, and a burning sun quickly dried our wet garments, as we journeyed on over a wide flowery plain of the most fertile soil towards the river Medscherda (the celebrated Bagrada of the ancients), which we afterwards passed in a ferry-boat. Here, beside the traces of an old Roman bridge, the Mussulmans have built a handsome new one with freestone, taken, alas! from the ruins of Utica. There are but two arches wanting; but they have been wanting these twenty years, because a Marabut had prophesied that whoever finished it would die on it. I much suspect that the ferryman

bribed him to make this prophecy; but I know not if it be the same Marabut who lies buried not far off in a pretty grove, over which still waves a lofty standard, because he died on a Friday. The river here must be very rapid, for it washed away, during an inundation, two great green hills, and now threatens the roads with a similar fate; though, indeed, roads here are tolerably independent of such accidents, as they are nothing more than footpaths varied by holes filled with mud.

It is well known that the Bagrada had formerly quite a different bed from that which it at present occupies, and this fact is probably connected with the drying up of the former bay. Even in Shaw's time it appears, according to his charts, to have taken a different course; at present, the mouth is again so stopped up, that it appears likely once more to change its direction.

We often saw great flocks of sheep with fat tails feeding on the plain: their long coarse wool is almost entirely exported to Europe, and makes an important article of trade. The country around was tolerably animated, and the wide pastures covered by cattle of all kinds. I know not where it is I have read that in the Ukraine they provide sheep of this species with

boards fixed on small wheels, to enable them the better to support their burden: here, they are obliged to take the trouble to carry them themselves, without any assistance.

Our stay in Utica, and the rain, which had rendered the roads so deep they were almost bottomless, retarded us so much, that at six o'clock we were still three leagues from Utica. As the gates of the city are at this season shut at seven, or at latest half-past, and besides our heavily-laden camels and asses were so weary, that the incessant "Fra-he!" of the drivers urging on the loiterers, and with the left hand tickling the animals over the tail, would avail nothing, we saw ourselves forced, instead of enjoying the friendly festival at M. de Montes', to claim the hospitality of the Bey's brother, at a neighbouring summer palace.

The Moorish castellan received us, however, very ill-humouredly, and proposed to us at first to sleep in the stable. He could hardly be induced at length to show us a little kitchen and a sort of cellar, in the interior of the building, which was to serve us for a lodging during the night. Nothing was to be had but water and some eggs, and even the wood to boil them our own people were obliged to collect from the vicinity. We had brought in our most necessary

effects, among which was my bed, wet through, and the remainder was left outside in the stable.

When at eight o'clock we wished to fetch several things which were wanting, we found that the growling old bear had bolted the door and fastened us in like malefactors. Knocking and calling was taken no notice of, so that we were obliged to submit to our fate. Our prison was indeed an extensive and delightful abode, in which we were at liberty to wander freely about. Several elegant courts and terraces, with great basins swarming with gold-fish, fruit-gardens full of roses and orange-trees in full bloom, and old peach, apricot, fig, and pomegranate trees, raising their proud heads above the rest, mingled with sweet and sour cherries—here considered very rare luxuries—surrounded the building; but the walks in the garden were not kept with any care, and were partly overgrown, partly impassable, from wet; and nowhere was anything like European neatness and cleanliness observable.

Some of the terraces were on all four sides surrounded by rows of lofty cypress-trees, whose trunks were polished up one-third of their height, and formed a natural colonnade, through which the white blossoms of the shrubs and the

distant mountains were seen, and had a very pretty effect. On one of the highest terraces stood ten little metal cannons, mostly three-pounders, on four of which we read, to our great amusement, the words "*Liberté et égalité*," which were engraven on them. Even in Europe this is absurd enough now; but here, ten times more so. Some others of the guns bore the arms of Venice, and all appeared of European origin.

The sky had now become quite clear, and the mild evening, with a beautiful starry night which followed, made our supper of eggs, taken in the open air, appear pleasantly pastoral.

LETTER XXX.

Singular Wedding.—The Bardo.—M. Gregorio de Montes. —Chevalier de Nyssen and M. Deval. — Advice to Doctors. — The Bazar. — Singular Spring Palace of Hammuda Pasha.—Cleanliness.

Tunis, April 25.

Almost the whole road from our night's resting-place to Tunis lay through olive-groves. After a short march we met some horsemen, one of whom led a richly-harnessed, dazzling white horse, whose mane and tail were dyed with henna orange colour, and the rest of the body decorated with spots of the same. Soon after appeared some gaily-dressed Bedouins, of whom the foremost carried a striped red and white banner, which he pranced about in the most graceful manner, and displayed his skill by sundry evolutions, — sometimes raising it over his head, and sometimes sinking it to the ground. Several other horsemen now met them from the opposite side, and at last all united upon an open place, and performed va-

rious sports and military exercises. We amused ourselves a while with watching them, and then learned that they were celebrating a wedding, and that the female part of the company, though themselves unseen, witnessed the spectacle from an arbour.

Half a league from the town we climbed a hill, the surprising prospect from which I must describe, as it presents at the same time a good picture of the locality. In the centre lay Tunis with its towers between two hills crowned by forts, and connected by a handsome aqueduct which was built by Charles the Fifth. The circle of blue highland seldom wanting in this country is in this part productive of the more striking effect, as three large mountains tower to a great height above the rest, and, by their extraordinary and fantastic forms, attract and excite the imagination in a singular degree. These are the Begharnin; further on, the Achmar, or lead mountain; and at still greater distance, the lofty Sauwan. On the left spreads the lake of Tunis, on whose bosom lies a picturesque little island, on which the lazarëtto is built; and behind it, separated only by a small tongue of land, appears the bay, with the ruins of Carthage, and the tower where St. Louis expired. On the opposite side lies the village

of Rhades, with its projecting point of land, where Regulus defeated Hanno; further on, the arsenal, with a long range of shipping, and the castle of Goletta, also constructed by Charles the Fifth. On the right another salt lake fills the valley; and a short distance from its shores, near to the hill on which we were standing, stretches the Bardo, the residence of the Bey. This is a little town of itself, surrounded by a high wall, whose four corners were flanked with towers. Upon the highest and handsomest of the interior buildings, flutters the blood-red banner. The environs of the lake were adorned with pleasant groves, among which the Manuba, a pleasure-palace of the prince, appeared conspicuous, with its numerous domes, kiosks, and extensive gardens.

At the gate of the town we found, near the ruins of a tower of the middle ages, a great camp pitched, in which the Tunisian troops, newly modelled in the European fashion, were assembled for the spring exercises. Their dress also has approached that of Europe, and has scarcely retained anything Turkish; a very disadvantageous change, especially for the officers and courtiers of the Bey, of whom we met some that looked rather absurd. On their heads they wore the red Fez, distinguished

from that of the other inhabitants not only by a long blue tassel, but by having the whole crown covered by a fringe of the same colour. The uniform was a blue kulka, or jacket, with a blue cloth waistcoat, cut in our manner. Round the body they wore a red and white striped sash; and underneath, blue cloth pantaloons, as far as the knee of Turkish width, and down to the ankle of European narrowness, and tied together at the bottom with a string. White stockings, and shoes tied with ribands, completed this ungraceful dress, which appears so paltry compared with the former splendid Mameluke costume, glittering with gold and jewels, now only worn by Jussuf, a commandant in the Christian army of the French in distant Algiers.

The suburbs of Tunis are detestable. I rode through them with aromatic vinegar held to my nose; for the horrible stench of the oil everywhere simmering, and a detestable sewer which runs round the town, and compared with which the Berlin *Schaafgraben* contains *eau de mille-fleurs*, poisoned the air in an insupportable manner.

I must congratulate myself on my good fortune in having since I left Algiers, in every place where I intended to make a stay, met with none but agreeable and friendly persons:

I experienced the same kindness from M. Gregorio de Montes, a rich Spanish merchant, who, as well as his charming wife, a young and lovely Greek, received me with a cordiality and obligingness which I cannot thankfully enough acknowledge. He had already engaged for me a very pleasantly-situated house, from the windows of which I enjoyed a magnificent prospect, and at the same time offered the most unbounded hospitality in his own, where reigned a polished and unostentatious luxury, and as great refinement of manners as could be found in Europe. The Dutch consul-general, Chevalier de Nyssen, had also in the most obliging manner offered me apartments in his house; and the French consul, M. Deval, as well as all his colleagues at that time in the city, honoured me with their visits and the most friendly offers of service.

All the corporations of the cities are now giving festivals on account of the recent recovery of the Bey from a severe illness, which has brought his French physician twenty-five thousand francs, as the courtiers on such occasions hasten to make him presents. In a walk which I took with M. de Montes to witness these rejoicings, we found the rich bazars, the columns of which are painted

red, green, and white, and connected over the street by stone arches, so that they always offer a walk sheltered from sun and rain, already, in bright daylight, illuminated by chandeliers. They were, besides, decorated with mirrors, silk, and embroidered handkerchiefs, coloured carpets, &c. and by sundry clumsy displays of heterogeneous articles, probably the remains of old European booty; for I observed beautifully-chased silver soup-tureens, chalices, candlesticks, and sugar-castors. The place was thronged by a confused mob of people, among whom the children were especially troublesome, and gladly took the opportunity to give the detested giaours a few secret pushes. A horrible Turkish music accompanied the festivity, which set all the laws of time and harmony at defiance. A Moor once told Dr. Shaw that they possessed music so powerful, that at the performance of a certain piece, flowers had been known to drop from their stalks. After what I heard this day, I have no longer the least doubt of this wonderful effect.

The bazars are filled with every kind of ware, but scarcely richer than in Algiers. The products of domestic industry are confined to the renowned Tunisian essences of rose and

jasmine; fine woollen bernus, with fringes of various colours; horse accoutrements, tastefully and richly embroidered, and adorned with massive silver; simple red and white shawls; silk handkerchiefs interwoven with gold of home fabric; and the red caps with which Tunis supplies half the Turkish empire, and whose burning colour is rendered so permanent only by being steeped in a certain spring on the mountain Sauwan, twelve leagues distant from here. All attempts to produce the same effect with other water have hitherto failed.

We closed our walk by visiting the beautiful palace of Hammuda Pasha, built by the former Bey, which, as he did not finish it, has unfortunately gone to decay, as is usual in this country. The cause of the neglect in this case is also a superstition that one must not complete the unfinished house of a person who has died.

The halls which have been completed are in a style of tasteful splendour quite new to us; their windows are furnished with gratings covered with wire-net to serve for bird-cages; whilst what is passing in the street may be seen, the window-seats are made to lift up, so that the person looking down remains quite unobserved. The wooden ceilings are ornamented with gold decorated with various co-

lours, the floors are of black and white marble in beautiful designs, and two-thirds of the height of the walls are formed of a Mosaic of coloured china. That which has, however, of all the ornaments, the finest and most delicate effect, is a pattern formed by a deep impression on plaster. It is called *Nakseh hadidah*, and appears exactly like a covering of fine Brussels lace. I could not refrain from the wish that our Schirstel were to see this original architectural decoration, which, improved and varied by his genius, might be applied to the ornamental parts of our buildings. It is really unpleasant to be obliged to add, that the most disgusting dirt and the most odious smell destroyed my enjoyment of this beautiful work of art, although the palace is inhabited by the son of the minister.

This want of cleanliness pervades the whole town, and makes a residence here anything but agreeable. It always appears to me that the cleanliness of every country, with few exceptions, keeps pace with its advance in intellectual culture: England stands on the highest step of the ladder, Germany and Holland on the next, then France and Italy—perhaps between them Russia and Persia—and

Barbary takes her place at the bottom. One thing, however, I must say in their favour: they have no tallow candles—my antipathy in Europe,—but what villanous wax lights I have already said, and the oil lamps are no better.

LETTER XXXI.

Beautiful Villages.—A grave Dragoman.—Commercial Speculations.—Jewesses and Negresses.—The English Mission and Bible Society at Tunis.—Tunisian Perfumes.—Adventure of the French Consul.

May 3rd.

I stood in need of some rest, and have therefore led rather a slothful life since I have been here. The weather also has been cool and rainy, so that I doubt not this delicious month has been on the whole more agreeable in our rough north. The present temperature is, for this country, almost unexampled; but there is great rejoicing at the quantity of rain, which promises an extraordinary harvest, and consequently much pecuniary profit. In fact, I have never seen the barley stand so finely in Europe, and the foliage of the olive is quite black.

My household arrangements are pretty comfortable. Mustapha cooks *tant bien que mal.*

The quarters provided for me by M. de Montes are spacious and clean, and might therefore, for this country, be considered perfect, did not a detestable smell from God knows what sewer poison them,—a calamity that here appears inevitable in all houses.

I have at length succeeded in hiring two tolerable horses, although they are by no means so superabundant as in Bona, where I had the choice of a whole regiment; and the number is extremely reduced by all private people having, as I have already mentioned, now sent their horses to grass. The state of the weather has, however, prevented me from using them more than twice. The first time I took a ride with J——, in a very pleasant and well cultivated part of the country, to a village surrounded by gardens, called Ariana. Here a hill, which the Europeans have christened Belvedere, commands one of the most celebrated prospects in the neighbourhood of Tunis; and which, at the moment we saw it, appeared in the finest light, as a storm hung over it, and forked lightnings were darting across the sky.

All the villages here have a very peculiar appearance from a distance. Since they are built of stone, have no roofs, and are painted

white, they exactly resemble the cities, with the exception of their smaller circumference; and, since they are built just as closely together, they appear compact shining masses embedded in foliage, and quite unlike anything in our landscapes.

Our second ride was confined to the forts and various hills around the town; whence the two great lakes, the three jagged summits of the mountains Dschebel Bugharnin, Achmar, and Sauwan, besides the picturesque remains of the great Carthaginian aqueduct, the village of Rhades on its projecting point of land, with the hills where Hanno so unfortunately placed his elephants, the fortress of Goletta, &c. formed numerous and ever-varying pictures. Although the town, of which the best view is obtained from this point, is built closely, and, being surrounded by walls and useless fortifications, occupies a great space, I still cannot think that, even including the Bardo, it could contain one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is true, the Moors live in their ruinous houses like rats, and many even in the streets, for instance the Marabuts, who often run about quite naked, covering only with the hand what is most objectionable, —in every respect most disgusting objects. The

consul for Holland, Austria, and Russia placed one of his dragomans at my disposal, who, armed with sword and pistol, with a great stick in his hand as a mark of his dignity, marches in a stately manner before me, or gallops in front when I ride, calling out "Balek" with a stentorian voice, and making way for me in no very gentle manner.

I read in a book, written by the former American consul, that these dragomans, of whom every consul has a greater or smaller number at his disposal, are incredibly ill paid. Mr. Noah's, besides a few piastres wages, received, comically enough, a dinner only every Sunday. The rest of the time he carried about a great loaf and a bottle of oil suspended round his neck, his only nourishment during the week. With these appurtenances he is represented in the above-mentioned work. But, strangest of all, these dragomans, whom I always considered as very distinguished-looking servants, are all officers in the army of the Bey, and command, for this reason, the respect of the people.

I know not why our government has no consul on the coast of Barbary,—nay, has not so much as commissioned that of any other power to undertake its business,—though, as

Figuera shows us, Prussians are sometimes cast away here. As far as concerns myself, I was always received in the most obliging manner, not merely as a Prussian, but as a European not altogether unknown to the world; but I lately found some poor country-people of mine in a very melancholy situation; they had been, as the Dutch consul informed me, sent about from one of his colleagues to another, without any finding time or inclination to undertake their cause officially.

It was the same case in Algiers, where I had myself an opportunity of assisting some Prussians in distress. This neglect is the more surprising, as, besides the amber which fetches so high a price here, some of our articles of commerce, as wood for building, masts, deals, tar, and iron, find an extremely quick sale, and bring high prices in Algiers, Bona, and Tunis, so that I have some thoughts of fitting out a ship on my own account, and lading it with articles of this kind. Many of our manufactures would also sell very well here; and, in exchange, Tunis could furnish many things at a cheap rate, which among us are very costly.

The streets here, always full of filth and

rubbish, become after a few hours' rain a perfect marsh, and in summer are still more intolerable from the dust. From sunrise to sunset, when the Moors go to bed, the streets are filled with people; amongst whom we saw a great number of Jewesses, but not a single handsome one. It is well known that they do not go veiled, like the Mahometan women, but they all have their *muzzles* (I should have said *mouths*, if they had been handsome,) tied up with a piece of black stuff; whether to prevent their chattering, or for any other reason, I cannot say. The Negresses distinguish themselves in this gaily-coloured world by still gayer colours. I saw one to-day whose head-dress was green, the left breast covered with red, the right with yellow, while the lower parts were black before and blue behind.

If I go out for the evening, which is not often, I go either to M. de Montes, whose wife and sisters are as handsome as amiable, and who continues to meet all my wishes in the most friendly manner; or to the Danish consul, M. de Berner, whose lady has adopted the pretty custom of the Moorish women, and dyes the nails of her beautiful hand black, and who would be distinguished in any company for charms and native grace. The parties at this

house are rendered still more attractive by our being allowed to speak our dear native German. Sometimes, also, I visit the Swedish vice-consul M. Tulin, whose mother knew Gustavus the Third, and was present at the ball where he was murdered; and sometimes I spend my evening in the family of the American consul, also highly cultivated and extremely agreeable.

I have your introduction to thank for the permission to be present on this Sunday at a very edifying private sermon of the missionary of the English Bible Society. This very useful establishment has now adopted the correct principle not to give away their Bibles, as they formerly did,—and as the generous contributions of the faithful made it easy for them to do,—but only to exchange them for hard money, or money's worth, although certainly at a cheap rate. The reason is very plain; for, as the young and extremely well educated preacher remarked, the Heathen or Jew (to these last their efforts are principally directed, for on the Mussulmans they only seem to waste their powder,) cares little for a Bible he has received gratis; but if he has made up his mind to pay for anything, though it were but some broken victuals, it possesses quite a dif-

ferent interest in his eyes. He reads in order to have something for his money; and we may then hope for everything, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit.* Such are at present the cheering prospects of the cause at Tunis; and, as it is only two years ago since the Bible Society began its operations, one cannot wonder that, notwithstanding a considerable sale of Bibles, not a single convert has been made; the time, however, is certainly too short for so satisfactory a result. It is enough the good seed has been sown,—prayed for,—and will therefore, doubtless, bring forth in due season.

When I consider with what splendid success our Prussian endeavours at the conversion of the Jews have been attended at home, I cannot help thinking what a much more abundant harvest for the vineyard of the Lord might

* In this, however, alas! our hopeful young man was mistaken, for the dreadful discovery was made, a short time after, that some Maltese butchers had bought large Bibles only for the purposes of waste paper, because the godless wretches thought they could nowhere get it cheaper; and one might see, in the open market-place, the horrible spectacle of leaves torn out of the Holy Scriptures to wrap up lumps of beef and mutton. Some Moorish cheesemongers are said to have been guilty of the same sacrilege. This missionary thinks himself especially "called" to his present office—as he was formerly a Jew, then a Basle Calvinist, and lastly, an English Christian.

be reaped in this country: I may therefore, perhaps, hope, without flattering myself too much, that, in consequence of this information, if not a consul, at least a Berlin missionary, will be accredited here; who, as well as the trade in Bibles, might supply the profane with wood and iron; and, when he had time, benevolently assist any unfortunate Prussians whom shipwreck or other accident might throw on these inhospitable shores.

In the evening our little party was united at the American consul's, where the eleven gentlemen present were natives of as many different countries; there was our kind host, an American, an Englishman, a Russian, a Bavarian, a Hanoverian, a Sardinian, a Frenchman, a Tunisian, a fanatic Turk, and my humble self, just as fanatic a Prussian. Whilst we were engaged in conversation, all on a sudden such an overpowering Tunisian perfume, of the kind before mentioned, filled the room, that the pretty eldest daughter of the family fainted; but, fortunately, on the application of vinegar and eau de Cologne, soon re-opened her beautiful eyes.

The only tolerably agreeable smell that ever saluted my nostrils in Tunis regaled me on the pier, when the whole place began unex-

pectedly to smell like a perfumer's shop. The cause of this singular phenomenon soon appeared, in the shape of six porters bearing on their backs to the town an enormous sack of *pot-pourri*, just landed from Marseilles.

This pier, commonly called the *Marine*, is the only convenient, and in some measure frequented, promenade for the fashionable world of Tunis. The second time that I went there the pleasant smell of *pot-pourri* was exchanged for the horrible effluvia proceeding from thirteen dead camels, quietly left there to decay. About fifty dogs, in the mean time, did their best to discharge the office of the police, and clear them away.

One cannot really wonder that the ladies here are become so very *stay-at-homeative*, that some one assured me the wife of the English consul had not left her beautiful country-house at Marsa, beside the ruins of Carthage, once in two years. The husband of this lady is often mentioned in O'Meara's book on Napoleon, in which, as I believe, great injustice is done him. He was aide-de-camp to Sir Hudson Lowe in St. Helena, and, as a subaltern, could only obey orders. As he lives in the country, I am not personally acquainted with him; but have been told that

he is a great connoisseur, and a very pleasant host.

The French consul, who was born in Constantinople, and has travelled a great deal in the East, is a very interesting and agreeable man, and speaks both Turkish and Arabic fluently. When I dined with him lately, he gave us a lively description of a tour which he had made in former times from Algiers to Oran, by land.

One day he could not reach the place where he had intended to rest, and was forced to pass the night in the ruined and deserted house of a Marabut. The horses were tethered in the wilderness of a garden, and probably they were the cause of attraction to several lions, who approached during the night, and suddenly announced their presence by a tremendous roar. Fortunately, M. Deval was still occupied in reading, and was burning for this purpose a light by his bedside. He immediately kindled some reeds, which he had brought with him for the morrow's fire, and threw them out burning; this certainly prevented an attack, although the lions kept the travellers besieged the whole night, and only retired with break of day. The horses were found with the ropes broken, and their heads thrust all

together from fear; while two stallions, who were in the habit of biting each other furiously, were standing together as quiet as lambs. The party now enjoyed tranquillity for a short time; but, as soon as the consul got up, he saw, not without shuddering, that a scorpion, six inches long, had been his companion, and, seeking for warmth, had crept into his bed, where it lay perfectly quiet. This journey must certainly have been undertaken on a Friday, for, on his return by sea, M. Deval narrowly escaped shipwreck, and passed one-and-twenty never-ending days in going from Oran to Algiers,—a passage which is usually made in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. He is also of opinion that a voyage on the African coast, with the miserable vessels and indescribably ignorant crews, is a more dangerous undertaking than, generally, a voyage round the world proves to be.

LETTER XXXII.

History of Tunis.—Influence of the French Conquest of Algiers.—Revolution against the Sapatapa, Sidi Jussuf. —Mahomet and the Koran.—Fanaticism against Christians.—Propensity to Superstition.—Driving out the Devil.— Punishments. —The Fair Tunisians. —The Princesses of the Bardo.—The Bey's Marriage.—Forbidden Gallantry.—A Canon Converted.

TO PRIVY COUNSELLOR GRAVELL IN WOLFSHAYN.

Tunis, May 5, 1835.

MY MUCH-RESPECTED FRIEND,—I write to you, the man with the eagle glance, with an eagle's feather, kindly presented to me by a noble bird of this species on the Jebel-Gungla, between the lakes Mezauka and Guarra di Jebel-Esker. To a celebrated scholar like yourself I dare hardly present a bouquet of such simple transitory wild flowers as I am accustomed to pluck for my other indulgent correspondents. My occupation is only that of the butterfly, who, fluttering from flower to flower, seeks to extract here and there a drop of nectar. You, however, although you do not despise the flowers, like better to have plant, root, and all:—what method, therefore, must I pursue to give my

lucubrations the proper degree of solidity? I will help myself out of the scrape like a professed scholar; for what is scholarship but the employment and adaptation of the knowledge of others? I will therefore remodel a little, after my own fashion, two works, quite unknown in Germany, but nevertheless very valuable, of which Tunis forms the subject.

A short account of the Moorish dominion in Tunis will make my best beginning. For this purpose I have chiefly made use of a work of a Mr. Noah, American consul at Tunis during the years 1813-14-15, as far as his information has been exactly confirmed to me, and at the same time rendered more complete by the most credible authorities on the spot.

The Arabs first appeared in the year 647, as is universally supposed, in this part of Africa. They were sent out by the Caliph Athmon, and first established themselves in Keruan, which has remained a holy city, and the third in rank after Mecca, on account of its mosque with five hundred granite pillars, where an apostle of the prophet lies buried.

Only by an express order from the Bey is it possible for a Christian to view this city, and but very few Europeans have hitherto penetrated thither.

The new-comers retained the place for several

centuries, although in the midst of wars and revolutions, protected by the great power which their fellow-believers had obtained in Spain. After the unfortunate battle of Tolosa first arose the regencies of Algiers, Tunis, Fez, and Tripoli; but they always continued in a very disturbed state, and were materially affected by the occurrences in Spain, so that it was not till after the entire expulsion of the Moors from the Peninsula that a really firm and powerful government established itself in Barbary.

During one of the revolutions Tunis was separated from the other regencies, and Abu-Ferez, a man of talent and courage, declared its king. After several successful battles and fortunate wars, which extended as far as Morocco, he raised himself to be Sultan of Barbary.

It was in the year 1270, at a time when these countries were most powerfully defended, that St. Louis of France, that noble and *naïf* Don Quixote of history, directed his unlucky crusade hither, and died of the plague among the ruins of Carthage; a death of which M. de Chateaubriand says, that it closes the history of Carthage like a peace-offering, a last expiation for the passions, the rage, and the crimes of which this unfortunate city had been so long the theatre. In what sense M. de Chateau-

briand can call the death of a chief of crusaders, who was himself bringing in his train passions, crimes, and the rage of proselytism, a *peace*-offering, is hard to understand, as the inhabitants of these countries only defended their independence.

If one did not wish to be pathetic, one might say that, after so many misfortunes and horrors, the ruling folly of the century here found a tragic end in the person of St. Louis.

Almost three hundred years elapsed after this unfortunate attempt, and the Tunisian princes maintained themselves in security on their thrones, and, in connexion with the dynasties of Algiers and Morocco, carried on a cruel war of retaliation against the Christians, of whom they carried thousands into slavery. At length Charles the Fifth undertook what was now become a just and necessary attack on Tunis; which, as is well known, he conquered, but of which he kept possession only a short time. During this time, however, he built the fort of Goletta, and enlarged the strong fortress of the Cassba. Had it lain in the designs of Providence to grant him subsequently similar success in Algiers, the power of Barbary would have been entirely destroyed, and Europe have been spared the disgrace of being for centuries

tributary to a handful of robbers, and in many cases receiving laws from them. It appeared to be the fate of Charles the Fifth to begin great undertakings, but never to be able to finish them; and doubtless the principal cause of his failure lay in his wish to procure for old and worn-out institutions the victory over what was young and growing,—a great lesson for the present generation.

Had this highly-endowed emperor been able to head the spirit of the age, and become its leader, instead of placing himself in opposition to it, the figure he presents in history would have assumed very different dimensions. After the death of Charles, almost all the African possessions were ravished from his successors by Sultan Selim, who at the same time put an end to the Tunisian dynasty, rendering the kingdom subject to himself, and ruling it thenceforward by Pashas. This arrangement was so unpopular, that it was at length yielded to the Mussulmans in Africa to choose their own Dey, who remained subject to the Porte. In these elections the influence of Algiers was usually decisive. It was not till the year 1684 that the Tunisians succeeded in electing a Bey from among themselves. This revolution was effected by two brothers, Mahmud and Ali, who

drove out with the Turkish garrison the Dey appointed by Algiers. The conquerors immediately assembled the Divan, proposed an hereditary monarchy, which was solemnly accepted, and Mahmud named as the first sovereign.

This state of things did not last long. An Algerine army defeated the troops of the new prince, conquered Tunis, and replaced the Dey who had been driven out. But he soon experienced again the perpetual vicissitude which desolated this unhappy country; for scarcely had the Algerine army left the kingdom, when Mahmud and Ali returned at the head of the inhabitants of the mountainous districts, again took possession of the town, and forced the Dey once more to fly to Algiers. Mahmud subsequently came to an understanding with this power, and he not only maintained himself on his throne till his death, but left the government to his brother Rhamadan Bey, who quietly succeeded him. Under Rhamadan, however, internal wars and disturbance convulsed the monarchy.

His nephew, Murah Bey, seized on the chief authority, and had him executed. Unjust and cruel as he was, he did not long retain possession of the throne, but was murdered in an insurrection of the people by Ibrahim Sheriff, who now became Bey in his stead. Becoming entangled

in a war with Algiers, Ibrahim was defeated and taken prisoner, whereupon the soldiers chose a sovereign from among themselves. This man was the son of a Greek, and from him descend in a line little interrupted the Beys of Tunis down to the present day.

Hassan Ben Ali, on his appointment, made use of the artifice of pretending to hold the reins of government only for the imprisoned Ibrahim; by which he enticed him to Tunis, where he caused him to be immediately beheaded. From this time Hassan reigned in undisturbed tranquillity, and, since he had no children, appointed his nephew Ben Ali to succeed him, and entrusted to him the command of the army. But an unexpected occurrence soon put an end to Hassan's hopes of the throne. One of his cruisers captured a Genoese ship, on board of which was a woman of uncommon beauty. Placed in the harem of the Bey, she awakened in him a most violent passion, and, after she had accepted the Mahometan religion, he raised her to the rank of his first wife. She presented him with a son, whom he named Muhammed Bey, and afterwards two others, Mahmud and Ali Bey.

As he now saw himself in possession of a posterity of his own, he explained to his nephew the necessity he lay under of recalling the decree

by which he had declared him heir to the throne; but purchased for him, by way of compensation, from the Grand Signor, the title of Pasha, and overwhelmed him with presents. Ben Ali Bey affected to be extremely thankful; but whoever has once had a prospect of a crown seems to lie under an evil spell which cannot be broken. He watched for a favourable opportunity, and fled to the mountains, where he succeeded in gathering a considerable party, with which he attacked his uncle and benefactor, by whom, however, he was several times defeated. He now applied to the Algerines, who, always ready to make war on Tunis, sent a powerful army into the country, took possession of the city, drove Hassan Ben Ali to Suza, and placed Ali Bey on his throne.

Hassan remained long in exile, till at length he hit on the notion of himself seeking the alliance of Algiers, and re-conquering his kingdom by the help of the new Dey. His intentions were however betrayed; he was taken prisoner by Ali's eldest son, and lost his life: his children escaped.

Ali Bey now expected to reign in peace, but met with avengers in his own children. His second son, Muhammed Bey, contrived to prejudice his father so much against Yunnes, the

eldest, that the latter did not consider himself safe in the Bardo, and took refuge in the newly-built Cassba, which commanded the town.

Here, however, he could not long maintain himself, and sought, as usual, the assistance of Algiers. In the mean time Muhammed had got rid of his younger brother by poison, and now considered himself secure of the throne. At the same moment a revolution took place in Algiers, ending with the appointment of a Dey who was the declared enemy of Ali and his whole family. He immediately resolved to undertake the just cause of the two children of Hassan Ben Ali, whom Yunnes had killed, and, as the Algerine force was always superior, easily conquered the Tunisian territory. Ali Bey was strangled, and Muhammed Bey, the eldest son of Hassan Ben Ali, placed on the throne.

Tranquillity was now re-established; but the Bey soon died, leaving two infant children, Mahmud and Ismaël. These children being of too tender an age to undertake the government, it was assumed in their name by the brother of the deceased sovereign. This man had, however, himself a son, who early showed signs of uncommon talents, and to render whom popular with the people was now the father's chief aim; and in this he so en-

tirely succeeded, that at his death Hammuda Pacha was appointed Bey,—one of the greatest that have ever ruled over Tunis. His government lasted more than thirty-two years, when he found, while still in full possession of all his powers, his death in the following manner.

A Neapolitan slave, his favourite and minister, Mariano Stima, had an intrigue with a Mahometan woman, the wife of Othman the brother of Hammuda Pacha, and, employing his great credit, easily found means to visit her frequently in the night. She became pregnant; and, since the customary methods used to avert this consequence failed, she at length, terrified by menaces, confessed all. Othman and his sons knew how to employ the circumstance artfully for their own elevation. Had Othman brought a public complaint before his brother, so severe are the Mahometan laws in this respect, that the Bey himself could not have protected his favourite from the punishment of impalement, and the woman from drowning. They left therefore to the unfortunate man only the alternative of seeing his crime proclaimed, or of purchasing their silence by a greater.

The slave could not overcome the fear of death, and promised to execute whatever was

required of him. In consequence of this promise, therefore, he, in conjunction with a French physician and renegade, prepared a narcotic poison which he administered to the Bey in his evening pipe. Death ensued the same night; and on the following morning the brother Othman was proclaimed Bey, to the exclusion of Mahmud and Ismaël, the still living heirs to the crown.

He did not, however, long enjoy the fruits of his treachery; and punishment closely followed all who had taken part in it. Mahmud found an opportunity, with the help of the first minister, to organise a conspiracy; and, seventy-seven days after Othman had ascended the throne, he was, in the night of the 24th of December 1814, shot in his bed by Mahmud and his sons. In this manner the government returned to the rightful successors,—the posterity of Hassan Ben Ali and the beautiful Genoese lady. The sons, Hassan and Sidi Mustapha, had taken a very active part in the revolution; and when Salah and Ali, the sons of Othman, fled to the fortress of Goletta, in order from there to get on board a vessel, they followed them without loss of time, and struck them down with their own hands.

Mahmud, old and feeble, reigned nominally

for a short period; but the real sovereign was the eldest son, Hassan, who, after the death of the father, quietly ascended the throne, where he is still seated, universally beloved and esteemed. The day after Othman Bey and his sons lost their lives, one of the wives of the former was brought to bed of a prince, whose life was spared, but who is kept imprisoned in the Bardo, where, with the exception of freedom, all the enjoyments of life are at his command.

His imprisonment is shared by a very old man, a relation of Ali Bey, whom in his youth a similar fate attended. How poetical can I imagine the solitary conversations of the grey old man and the youth, whom the same cruel fate has thus thrown together! From what a singular point of view must both regard destiny and the world!

Thus has this kingdom been for a thousand years the theatre of revolutions and crimes, which cannot have been without evil consequences on the character of the people, from whom they must have banished every idea of honour or fidelity, by maintaining a system of boundless despotism and cold-blooded cruelty. Recent events in Europe, and, most of all, the taking of Algiers by the French, have, how-

ever, operated powerfully upon these countries; and the spirit of progression, which appears to animate the whole human race, has seized even on the long stationary Mussulmans, and, almost against their own will, is carrying them forward towards a new civilisation. It is a pity they should have begun with what was least worthy of imitation, and changed their picturesque costume for one mean and tasteless, and neither Turkish nor European.

Fanaticism is, however, daily declining; robbery is no longer permitted them, and they are beginning to receive the advantages of Christian cultivation. Well-educated Christians occasionally fill important situations in the court of the Bey; and the military force, which even in its exterior begins to resemble that of our soldiery, is organised and led by Europeans. Even in the city, the influence of the foreign consuls has raised the Christians in importance, rendered their security perfect, and extended their freedom beyond what they would have enjoyed in their own country. You may perhaps be interested in an account of my presentation at the Bardo; and it will serve to enliven the dryness of the historical details I have entered into, and of those I must afterwards communicate.

The indisposition both of the Bey to whom I was presented, and of the Dutch Russian consul who was to present me, had delayed the ceremony for fourteen days after my arrival; and, when preparing for the visit, it was still uncertain whether I should see the Bey himself, or only his brother and the Sapatapa. At ten o'clock in the morning I went to the house of the consul, who was again ill, and whose office was therefore undertaken by the vice-consul.

We placed ourselves in an old cabriolet of the preceding century, for no one but the Bey is allowed to use four wheels; and had great difficulty in making our way in this rickety conveyance through the dealers in oranges and vegetables, and the crowd of lookers-on, whom my Prussian uniform, probably seen for the first time, had drawn together. In passing through the narrow gate of the city, we had very nearly been wrecked at the outset of the voyage, and made our *début* in a puddle. The carriage nevertheless held out over the rumbling stones, and endured the shocks on the axletree at the corners better than we had expected; and when we had once reached the open country, the fleet Arabian horses carried us in safety to our journey's end.

Before the entrance of the Bardo we found

some tents pitched, near which the horses of the Bey and his suite were ranged in the open air, tethered by the usual long rope. Several of these horses were painted; but only a few were of fine figure, or showed high lineage.

The great entrance-gate is striped with various colours; and the embattled wall which surrounds the Bardo is defended by cannon, looking out of such absurdly narrow port-holes, that they appear as if built in. Through this gate one enters a narrow paved way, with colonnades and side-pavements.

Here were such a throng of Arabs, Jews, and common people, besides horses and mules, that we could only proceed very slowly until we came into a wide court, and before a second great gate, where some attendants of the court were visible, and we were obliged to get out. We walked through this gate, and entered a high arched way, where, in two prettily-decorated niches, the soldiers of the guard were employed in playing at cards, and had hung up behind them a number of handsome muskets and sabres. This led into a much cleaner and more elegant court, ornamented with green glazed tiles, with paintings, and with various-coloured marbles; in the midst of which sprang

up a fountain. A broad arcade with high but simple pillars ran round it.

Here we were received by the secretary of the Bey,—an Italian and a Christian,—a M. Raffo, who led us into a ground-floor apartment covered with matting, at the top of which was a red divan, upon which, without further invitation, I sat down, while my secretary, M. Raffo, and the vice-consul, took their places opposite to me upon little Italian cane-bottomed stools. In the corner stood a press with thirteen partitions, exactly resembling those which are used with us by grocers for sugar, raisins, rice, grits, peas, and similar commodities, but which was here devoted to a far more important purpose,—nothing less than that of containing the archives of the state, for which it is large enough in a country where the scribbling art is still in its infancy. Near me, on the divan, stood a little box, which, as I afterwards learned, contained the minister's current papers for the day.

After a short conversation in the Italian language, M. Raffo left us in order to announce our arrival, in the first instance, to the Bey's brother, Sidi Mustapha, commander of *the camps*, which is the same dignity as that of field-marshal with us. He soon came back to fetch us; when we passed again through the

court to the opposite end, where we entered a beautiful portal, which led to a stately saloon hung with red cloth, and paved with black and white marble. At the upper end of the room was a large window, under which on an ottoman Sidi Mustapha sat motionless, with his legs crossed under him, in a sort of European uniform with an embroidered collar. He wore the usual fez on his head, with a golden tobacco-box in his left hand, on which he wore several large diamond rings: beside him lay, half covered with a shawl, two pistols and a dagger. We passed up to him through three or four full rows of variously-dressed people; for, as representative of his sick brother, he had to perform both the judicial and the ecclesiastical duties.* After the wise consul had kissed his hand and M. Raffo had named me, I myself shook his right hand, which he offered me, and sat down on a

* The high offices of the church and the law are, with the Mussulmans, united: the Kadi, as well as the ruler himself, is an ecclesiastic. Their legislators are well aware that this union is the surest, perhaps the only bulwark of despotism. Our sovereigns have allowed it to escape them, and indeed it has never been in Christendom so complete as in Islam, although the stupendous genius of Hildebrand produced something similar, which did good service for a long period. Only if Hildebrand had been at the same time emperor could his plan have been carried into full execution.

stool which was brought to me. Coffee was now served, quite in our fashion, and with much ceremony, by the attendants; after which the conversation began, partly in Italian, and partly, through the interpreters, in Arabic: nothing passed, however, more than the ordinary commonplaces on such occasions.

After about a quarter of an hour, I took my leave, with a second pressure of my hand; and repaired to the apartment of M. Raffo, which we found furnished quite in the European style, and about as luxurious as that of a man in a similar situation with us. The sitting-room was hung with pale-coloured paper, and a row of bad engravings representing Napoleon's victories. The second, which appears to be the place of business, was simply white-washed, and furnished with a large secretary, besides being also hung with some coloured erotic figures. This extreme simplicity has, also, something imposing in it.

Full half an hour elapsed before we were summoned to the Bey, who, being still very unwell, received us in his harem: a very flattering distinction. A sort of messenger of the court had previously apologised very politely for the delay, which the illness of his highness rendered inevitable; and now conducted us into the

sanctuary of the harem. We there found a polished and tasteful magnificence which far surpassed our expectations, especially as it was recommended by a cleanliness still more uncommon. We were first received in an elegant marble court by the Sapatapa, a young man with a severe and peculiar expression of countenance, whose costume appeared so much the more striking to us, because it differed in nothing from that of all the rest of the people of the court down to the lowest servants: it consisted of a red fez; a round blue jacket and waistcoat without any ornament; the blue pantaloons lately introduced, wide above and narrow below; a red-and-white striped sash round the body; white cotton stockings, and pointed shoes. The whole looked very much like the dress of a sailor, — a convenient *négligée*, but quite deficient in dignity: a long golden watch-chain, with several trinkets, appeared the only distinction worn by him and some other of the principal officers.

This costume is said to be chiefly recommended by its economy, a virtue to which the present Sapatapa is said to be exclusively devoted; whilst his predecessor, on the contrary, was much addicted to expense, and is said to have drained the Bey's treasury pretty dry.

You will approve of the present plan; I regretted the past, whose extraordinary splendour the consuls could not find words to describe. We saw, however, some fine remains of it. The beautifully-wrought fountains in the court were adorned with candelabra; and the pillared gallery of the second floor was ornamented with trellis-work, painted green, and richly gilt, — from behind which the two hundred wives and concubines of the aged Bey viewed us with great curiosity.

The hall through which we were now led was filled with black eunuchs in the customary blue dress, among which some French chambermaids made an odd figure: we were told they performed the duties of nurses for the Bey, who had been placed on a strict regimen, and boiled soup for him after the European mode.

The spacious saloon in which the Bey received us, might form a scene for a theatre. The walls were covered with crimson velvet embroidered with gold; the arched ceiling was also gilded, and painted in colours. On each side hung a number of splendid weapons:—on the right, swords and daggers; on the left, fire-arms. Gold and silver, glittering steel, jewels and diamonds, sparkled from every side. Above the weapons was a projecting ledge, resting on

brackets, on which were placed porcelain vases and other rarities; and over these again, a garland formed of mirrors in gold frames, placed close together, and producing a most singular effect. Close under the weapons, a divan in three stages, and covered with rich red silk, ran along both sides of the room, leaving only a broad walk in the middle, where the richest Persian carpets concealed the floor. On the last of the three divans, in stockings without shoes, stood the princes and other distinguished persons of the court, forming a double row, at the termination of which, on a white satin ottoman placed across, sat the Bey in a yellow caftan and white turban. He is a man about sixty years of age, with a silver-white beard, lively eyes, a long nose, and a clever, and, in spite of his illness, jovial expression of countenance. It is well known, I must observe, that a too great partiality both to the permitted and the forbidden pleasures of Mussulmans, is the principal cause of his frequent indisposition. He was twisting about in his left hand a black rosary, and had no kind of weapon on or near his person, nor did any of his courtiers wear anything of the kind. Behind him was a large window overgrown with thick ivy, among which sported canaries, enclosed by a

gilded lattice. The faint light which broke through this window into the spacious apartment, spread a magical *clair obscur* very favourable to the effect of the whole scene.

As I approached the Bey to offer him my hand, chairs were placed for us, — a civility shown only to strangers, for the subjects of the Bey must always stand in his presence; — two antique clocks, which stood near him on the right and left, began to play, in a soft tone, harmonious music, which disturbed our conversation less than the thundering military table-music in use at some civilised courts; which, let it be ever so well executed, appears introduced only to conceal the emptiness of the conversation. The Bey, as well as his brother, speaks some Italian; and when I told him that I was also but little skilled in that language, he said, smiling, that we were probably about equally far advanced. He was of very obliging and attractive manners. I praised the deportment of the troops organised after the European model; on which he immediately offered to let them manœuvre before me, and added, without being blinded by any prejudice, that I should certainly find them far behind their model.

The conversation then turned on the chase,

and I expressed a wish to witness some hawking — a species of chase said to be in great perfection here; when he regretted that the time of year made it for the present impossible, as the falcons were moulting, and would not strike; but he immediately offered me trained birds of this sort as a present, which I was obliged to decline on account of the difficulty of transport.*

Besides this offer, his highness granted me, of his own accord, all the escorts and permissions which I could need for travelling and examining the entire kingdom. Laying his hand on his breast in the Oriental manner, and bowing his head several times, he assured me that everything in his country stood at my command, and I only needed to apply direct to himself to obtain any wish that I might form.

During the progress of this conversation, excellent Mocha coffee mingled with cocoa was brought-in in large cups of French china, placed on waiters. It was the best we had drunk in Barbary; but the etiquette does not

* Not only birds, hares, and so forth, but even antelopes, are pursued with hawks. From the herons only, the feathers which serve for plumes are pulled out, and the birds are then set at liberty again. The people here assert that the feathers grow again.

permit more than half the contents of the cup to be drunk.

After I and my secretary had again respectfully and thankfully shaken hands with the Mussulman ruler, we left him, highly satisfied with our obliging reception, and with the sincere expression of our best wishes for the speedy and complete recovery of his health. It is here not customary for the Bey to make a sign that the audience is concluded, but one takes leave when one thinks proper.

To the princes, children, and relations of the sovereign, who hold no public office, strangers are never introduced.

The whole court accompanied us back through the marble court to the outer gate; and as it had grown late, I put off seeing more of the Bardo and its curiosities till another day.

In returning to my former subject, I must now explain to you the manner in which the former revolution took place, in order to make you understand the way in which matters are usually managed here; although it only concerned the governing Sapatapa, and was therefore unimportant.

This man, Sidi Jussuf, was, according to the testimony of Mr. Noah, made up of cruelty,

treachery, and deceit, besides being the bitter enemy of all Christian states. His long experience had made him so well acquainted with every kind of public business, that he became indispensable to the Bey Mahmud on his first accession to the throne; and it is universally believed that the revolution ending with the death of Othman Bey, was organised by this Sapatapa, as Mahmud not only set him at liberty, but gave him his daughter in marriage, doubtless as a reward for his services.

The power and influence of Sidi Jussuf had now reached their highest point. Mahmud knew still less of the business of government than his predecessor, since he had hitherto passed a life of such complete retirement as might well be considered an honourable imprisonment; and his two sons, though ambitious, were quite unacquainted with the circumstances of the kingdom over which their family now ruled. The Sapatapa was consequently the real sovereign, and Mahmud only the shadow; so that, at length, the all-powerful minister was led to form the idea of enjoying the title as well as the reality, and raising himself to the throne.

Sidi Jussuf was proceeding with rapid steps to the completion of his purpose, and had already gained over the chief of the Janissaries,

who had the principal gate of the palace in charge,—nay, even appointed a night in the following week for the murder of Mahmud, for which the signal was to be given by a light burning in his own neighbouring apartments: the conspirators from Tunis were then to be let into the Bardo, whilst the Sapatapa himself, with his armed slaves, undertook to make away with the Bey.

The plot was discovered by one of the conspirators, and the sovereign hastened to be beforehand with his minister. The manner in which he executed his intentions presents a specimen of the profound dissimulation, as well as the cold-blooded treachery, which is peculiar to the Turkish character.

The Sapatapa lived, as I have said, in the Bardo, and his office rendered it necessary for him to be almost always near the person of the Bey; the evenings also he was accustomed to pass either with him or his sons. On the evening which the Bey had decided should be his last, he was received with double cordiality, and kept a long time playing with the eldest son at chess,—a game at which he had great skill.

After the Bey had then talked with him on state affairs, and given him several important commissions, the Sapatapa at length took leave,

wishing tranquil repose to the family whose destruction he had resolved to effect in a few days. He lighted a torch to cross the court to his own apartment, which he was just entering when a servant of the Bey came running after him, saying, the prince had still something to say to him. The servant took the torch out of the minister's hand, and conducted him back a nearer way, by a narrow passage that led past the hall of judgement.

As the Sapatapa passed, he saw the door open, and, to his great terror, several Mameluks standing with drawn swords: on the ground lay a long cord, such as is commonly used for strangling. Two rows of wax lights were burning, to illuminate this ominous scene.

The intended victim instantly sprang back, drew his yataghan, and cut the Bash Mameluk down the face; and defended himself long, with the strength of despair, against the rest. At length he was overpowered; and while one seized him by his long hair, and another by the beard, a third cut his throat. As soon as he was dead, the Bey ordered him to be stripped naked, carried to Tunis, and laid down before the gate of the splendid mosque which he had formerly built for more than a million of Spanish dollars.

On the following morning he was found by the populace, who, with barbarous exultation, fastened a rope round the body, and dragged it through all the streets of Tunis, and round the walls, until the flesh was torn off the bones; when the remains were left to the dogs and vultures. "From the terrace of my house," says Mr. Noah, "I witnessed this dreadful spectacle. What a vicissitude! What an awful example of the uncertainty of human power and greatness! What a sad lesson for the slaves of ambition! The great officer of state, whom yesterday I was obliged to approach with every sign of veneration, who was surrounded by regal luxury, and whose hands were kissed by kneeling and trembling slaves, lay now a mangled corpse, trodden under foot, amidst the wildest howlings, by those very slaves, a dreadful mass of torn flesh, blood, and filth, destined to whiten in the sun, and denied even the rites of sepulture!"

Since then a milder period has succeeded, and, as things now stand, it would have been a piece of real good fortune for the French if their Tunisian instead of the Algerine consul had received the renowned box on the ear. In Tunis there is nothing to stand in the way of civilisation: the people are infinitely more

docile, the country more cultivated, the soil more fruitful, the harbours more secure—everything, in short, more desirable. The kingdom of Tunis is about seventy German miles in length from Algiers to Tripoli; and from the sea to the Jezed, the country of dates, sixty miles in breadth. The climate, although I have hitherto found it cold and raw, is said to be one of the best and healthiest in the world; the summer heats are moderated by almost continual north winds, and the winters are never severe. Although the lakes in Tunis are in summer nearly dry, the country low, and the most disgusting want of cleanliness everywhere prevails, producing the most detestable smells, fevers are by no means frequent, and epidemic maladies almost unknown, —if we except the plague, which is brought from abroad, and has still visited Tunis less frequently than the other great cities of the African coast. Its soil has been renowned for centuries, and it was once considered as the granary of the world, and the most precious jewel of the Roman Empire: *Mauritania Tingitana Cæsariensis* is called by an ancient Roman, *Speciositas totius terræ florentis.*

The fertility of the soil almost surpasses belief; and the earth is so soft and yielding,

so rich and productive, that, according to the expression of an author, it need only be turned up with a stick in order to bring forth everything, without manure, care, or toil. Nevertheless, either in consequence of the oppressive nature of the government, rendering all property insecure, or perhaps from the natural indolence of the inhabitants, who have few wants, the greater part of this fruitful soil is still uncultivated, except in the neighbourhood of the towns, where the kitchen and flower-gardens of the Marsa almost equal those of Europe. All our vegetables are easily raised; but I find all but the artichokes and cauliflowers inferior in flavour to ours. It is the same with the fruits; and even the oranges are not particularly good. Whether this depend on the nature of the climate and soil, or on the want of care and attention, I cannot decide. Sugar, tobacco, cotton, and coffee flourish here, and the oil is of most excellent quality. Roses, ranunculus, tulips, narcissus, and some kinds of pinks grow wild, as well as a number of aromatic herbs and other rare plants, in great abundance. Fish and game are to be had in superabundant quantity. And even of metals there is no deficiency: iron and lead are common; gold, silver, and copper are found

in the Atlas, where there are said to be some rich mines. When it was proposed to Hammuda Pasha to open these mines, he very wisely answered, "I have what I want; why shall I awaken the covetousness of Christians, whom a superfluity of gold will soon attract?"

Nature has endowed this country with all that is necessary for the pleasure and advantage of man; but man himself is poor in the midst of this universal wealth, and thus the chief thing is wanting.

The animals abound as much as the other productions of Nature, but are just as much neglected. The great herds of cattle are miserably fed, and therefore good butter and milk not to be had for money.

The breed of horses, too, which might equal the Arabian, is becoming worse from year to year, from the same cause as in the other States of Barbary: that, as every good horse is sure to be taken for the service of the government, no one has any interest in spending time and money on improving the breed. The Pasha himself has a stud which has produced him some good horses; but really noble animals must be sought for among the independent tribes of the Desert, and the search would be attended with great danger and dif-

ficulty. I have myself seen here no horse of extraordinary quality; although I have been told of some with which hares may be hunted without dogs.

Every one must be acquainted with the universal utility of the camel: this animal is here much stronger and handsomer than in the regency of Algiers. Wild boars are frequently seen, and are of uncommon size; but they are put to no use, and only serve for the chase. The ostriches are more precious, and also in great numbers, especially in the neighbourhood of Tripoli and on the boundaries of the coast: they are hunted against the wind, when they soon lose their breath and become an easy prey to the hunter. The Arabs, in the parts where these animals are found, add to their fine costume a straw hat, shaded by the black and coloured feathers of this bird, which gives them a very majestic appearance.

The unpleasant circumstance attending this abundance of animals, is the presence of noxious and troublesome insects, and similar vermin. Among these the first place is occupied by the scorpion, which sometimes reaches the length of seven or eight inches. That its bite is mortal, is indeed but a prejudice; but it occasions, for four-and-twenty hours, the most

irritating pains and violent fever. It is said that the chameleon, also very common here, is a deadly enemy of the scorpion, and that even cats kill them very cleverly. Dogs are much more awkward with them; often receiving their sting, which then usually occasions *hydrophobia.*

A few words more, now, concerning the inhabitants of these countries. One of the most remarkable features in the domestic and political life of these nations is, doubtless, their religion—that grotesque and wonderful mosaic-work, in which, held immovably together, locked in and petrefied, they have attained a power which, although shaken by storms becoming more and more perilous, still extends over the most lovely portions of the earth. The country where this singular religion had its birth, and in which some moderns think they discover the original of the human race, is in itself a great curiosity—of a strange and peculiar character, well adapted to produce the most heterogeneous mixtures of forms and customs.

The Israelites had fallen, and had begun to spread themselves and their faith abroad over the earth. For a short space the mild light of Christianity had shone; but it continued

only a meteoric announcement, for already, under the new name, had paganism arisen victorious, and, like Jupiter at the church of Rome travestied into St. Peter, the modern saints, and the personified Trinity, as new idols, had taken the place of the old. Sects of all sorts quarreled and tore each other to pieces under the banners of the religion of love; intolerance and corruption were the order of the day. The Arabs had remained what they were at first, too wild and independent to be crowded together in towns; their home was under God's open sky, on the mountain, and in the plain; the sun and stars, the harmless objects of their worship; their rich poetical language, the only tie which bound them; spear, sword, and bow, their only riches; and their noble fiery steeds, their pride and joy.

Thus, high-minded, and accustomed to every hardship, their numbers increased, and were divided into a thousand tribes, which threatened more and more the safety of Asia and Africa, for they united all the qualities necessary to great undertakings. Nothing was wanting but the mighty hand which should direct these fearful masses to one point, and mould them into one firm and lasting form. At this period appeared Mahomet, endowed

with all the lofty qualities which distinguished men, destined by Providence to change for a while the aspect of the world.* A soldier and a statesman, of distinguished birth, strong-minded and energetic by nature, of indomitable perseverance and great presence of mind, improved by long and profound self-culture, he brought to maturity in solitude the mighty design of reducing these wandering tribes to subjection by means of a new faith, and uniting them in one immeasurable empire, of which he should be the temporal and spiritual head—an

* Some of the modern English writers are so much afraid, in speaking of religious affairs, of shocking the pious decorum which is the fashion of the day, that they approach to absolute imbecility. Thus Upham, in his History of the Ottoman Empire, vol. i. page 31, says:

"Arabia was ripe for a new order of things when Mahomet appeared, and the success of his *stupendous imposture* is therefore so much the more to be lamented, as otherwise Christianity would doubtless, *by divine power*, have effected the necessary change, and the true worship of God would have been able to take lasting root in the East."

It is impossible to read without amazement such blasphemous nonsense. If it had not been, then, for Mahomet, God would have had a fine opportunity to introduce his true worship in the East: but since Mahomet was beforehand with him, it appears that he must now wait for a second good opportunity, provided always—that no second Mahomet should arise to cross his designs!

This is indeed *sancta simplicitas*, as unworthy of history as of religion.

empire to which, as to eternity, he could assign no limits.*

After a life spent in obscurity, and devoted to experience and study,—at an age when the fire of youth is moderated by the cool calculations of wisdom and knowledge of mankind—in his fortieth year Mahomet commenced his bold undertaking. At first his project appeared insignificant and doubtful; but Mahomet was the man of destiny, and felt in his own breast the certainty of success. The doctrines of the new religion were too well adapted to the time, and the persons to whom they were promulgated, not to be followed by the most triumphant success. He was doubtless of opinion that the purely philosophical and ideal doctrines of the Christians would never procure the temporal power and wide diffusion at which

* I cannot omit in this place an anecdote which explains the gigantic character of the man in few words. When he was still in the beginning of his career at Medina, in order to set a good example, he himself assisted in the work of the fortifications, and when he once chanced to strike with his hammer three sparks out of a stone, remained standing in a state of ecstasy. On being asked by some of his confidents what these sparks signified, he exclaimed aloud, "God has spoken to me; and in the first spark he informed me that Arabia would yield to our arms; in the second, that Syria and the West would follow; and in the third, the East was promised to us."

he aimed. He therefore mingled in his system a large proportion of Hebrew elements, for a Jewish God of battle and vengeance was necessary for his purpose, and added useful laws, and political and sanitary regulations, as well as several well-chosen forms and ceremonies, to the promise of earthly enjoyment in a future state. All this was profoundly calculated for the support of temporal power. Founded upon tyrannical despotism and refined sensuality, this religion gave free play to the passions — nay, even required from the faithful, revenge, intolerance, and force. Eagerly, therefore, was it seized on by the people.* The Koran, that remarkable union of confidence and absurdity —of victorious eloquence and imposture, proceeding from the highest principle of the unity

* If I do not mistake, Johannes von Müller somewhere says, "Mahomet invented nothing new, but only lent to doctrines as old as the human race a form and colouring adapted to the time and place." This may, however, be said of all great minds, as well as of Mahomet. There is nothing new under the sun! Even the doctrines of Christ may be traced in what had been said before him. Nevertheless, the extension of the principles of love in his religion, as in Islamism that of fatality, is to a certain extent to be considered new. It is unfortunate for us, that the first has even to the present time been adopted by few, whilst the second has operated with a fearful power on many. One beneficent element is, however, certainly to be found in this

of God, and weaving around a whole tissue of delusion, was in its truth and its falsehood the wonderful implement with which Mahomet attained to unbounded dominion, and his successors for centuries kept possession of it. He died, as he had lived, at the right time. Prophets who have lived too long have never succeeded in founding a durable religion. Their greatest real influence begins when they are removed to the empire of the imagination; and it is a melancholy reflection for humanity that the great principle which operated so powerfully for Mahomet was never to build on reason and philosophy, but always on passion and ignorance. He, like God in Paradise, forbade the tree of knowledge; and, in declaring that nothing was worth learning that was not

faith. We are apt, in considering it, to perceive only the contempt of death with which it inspires the warrior, forgetting how often during life it must blunt the darts of misfortune. The perfect tranquillity of mind of a Mussulman thoroughly penetrated by this principle has often appeared to me enviable. The manner in which such a man will endure the most irritating annoyances,—nay, even serious misfortunes which would infallibly occasion impatience and lamentation in any European philosopher, — with "It was written so, God has willed it,"—compose himself to the most entire resignation, and be immediately capable of wiping the past from his memory, — deserves real admiration.

contained in the Koran, he prepared the perpetual ignorance which is indispensable to the maintenance of fanaticism. Not gentleness and conviction, but blind faith and the sword, were his doctrine. "The sword," exclaimed the prophet, "is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed for the cause of God, a night passed for him under arms, profit more than two months' fasting and prayer."

To whoever falls in battle his sins are forgiven, let them be what they may; and on the day of judgment his wounds will shine like the costliest purple, and be more fragrant than musk; while, for the limbs he loses, he shall receive the pinions of an angel. Mahomet believed, that to wild and impassioned men must be given a wild and impassioned religion; terror was his weapon, blood his baptism, and to the conquered nations remained no other choice than death or conversion. "Fight to the last man against those who refuse to believe in God and *his prophet*," exclaims on one occasion this true founder of a religion to his disciples.

The leaves of this Koran, in which the sword was enveloped, passed through Asia, Africa, and a part of Europe like a terrible plague; and some centuries of revolution, murder, and massacre brought millions under the banners of the

new prophet and his God, who soon became as fanatic believers as the first. Poor humanity! what hast thou not admired, believed, and persecuted? What may yet be contained in the womb of time? As a closing question may I not ask, have the lessons of history really made us wiser, or do they only serve as an entertaining romance, and good materials for tragedy, with the grown-up part of the community, and as a kind of school-lesson for the younger, given in a manner that renders it useless?

To return to our Mussulmans: one must confess that they have been for a long time becoming more and more negligent in the observance of their ancient customs; notwithstanding their frequent washings, they are dirtier than the Jews; wine and spirits they will generally drink wherever they can get them; for the daily fast of the Bairam they make themselves amends by nightly revellings, and very few indeed now make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Of all the precepts of their religion, none is so well observed as that which dictates fanaticism against the Christians; and they still think they will infallibly be received into heaven, if they are sent thither direct from battle with the infidel.

No Christian dares enter a mosque, had he even a firman from the Sultan himself; which I

so much the more regretted as there are some very fine ones in Tunis, into whose marble halls and blooming orange-gardens I could only cast a fugitive glance as I passed by the open doors.

If we cannot however fail to observe that the same religion has given its colour to the whole Mahometan population, we must perceive also that there is great variety of shade among them; for, without reckoning 50,000 Jews and a number of Christians, many mixed races are here united, whose habits, characters, and even external appearance, differ materially from each other. Turks from the Morea and Constantinople, old Spanish Moors, negroes from the interior of Africa, Bedouins from the Atlas boundary, &c. unite into one great whole, where every one seeks his own advantage, without ever doing anything for society in general, or for the advancement of civilization.

The Berbers, to whom belong the Kabyls and Hayats, may be considered as the original inhabitants. They are, without doubt, descended from a mixture of Carthaginians, Romans, Numidians, and Saracens, and have probably retained some trace of all their ancestors These people are scattered over the whole of Barbary, from Morocco to the Gulf of Sidra: they are generally tall, thin, and muscular, of a

determined character, with piercing eyes and very fine teeth, contrasting finely with their fine Roman features and dark sun-burnt faces. They live mostly in the mountains, in wretched huts of earth and stone, or in black tents made of goat's hair.

Simple and abstemious in their diet, living almost entirely on bread, milk, and dates, they attain a great age; the chase, rearing cattle, and some kind of agriculture, are their only occupations; they are faithful and hospitable to friends, savage and cruel to enemies, averse to strangers, and jealous of their independence.

The Bedouins, who form the principal population of the country, are more numerous; these people appear to have remained unchanged since the days of Moses and the prophets. Their costume — the simple mantle falling in abundant folds, the naked feet with wooden shoes or sandals, reminds one more of the Old Testament than of the present time. The Bedouins are of gentler character than the wild Berbers; their complexion is dark olive, the expression of their eyes mild and full of life; they are also moderate in their food, able to endure much hardship, good riders, valiant in war, and skilful in the use of their arms. Wandering perpetually from place to place, and pitching their

tents wherever the ground, which they only cultivate superficially, promises to yield them sufficient nourishment, they have no settled place of abode: their women occupy themselves with keeping bees and silk-worms; and prepare the stuff for the clothing of their husbands, and the tents in which they live. Their hospitality has become proverbial, and their manners are as simple as in the most primitive times. Social in their temper, fond of poetry and marvellous stories, strangers to luxury, and easily excited to enthusiasm, it would seem that no people could be better adapted for civilization. Perhaps they are still destined to receive it; indeed their brethren in Spain once attained it in a higher degree than, at that period, any other nation of Europe.

A third and important part of the population consists of negroes, who, though Mahometans and enjoying all religious privileges, are still only slaves. The slave trade with the interior of Africa is very considerable, and the blacks are perhaps better treated here than anywhere else. This numerous class indeed, although occasionally seized by a melancholy home-sickness, are in general cheerful and happy.

All the Bey's eunuchs, who sometimes attain

great influence, are negroes. The slaves, in the time of Mr. Noah, were sold in the market quite naked like cattle.

At present the examinations by the purchasers are made in a place set apart for the purpose, to which no Christian is allowed admission. It is well known that they are not allowed to buy slaves. The Turks here are particularly distinguished for their avarice and their superstition. They have a proverb concerning the first:—"Give a Turk money with one hand, and you may knock out his eye with the other."

With respect to the second point, they not only believe, like our ancestors and many of the present generation, (I myself for example,) in witches, enchanters, vampires, unlucky numbers, evil-eyes, &c. &c. but have even retained the Hebrew principle of sacrifice. When they lay the first stone of a building, they like to kill a lamb, and let its blood drip upon it; when they launch a ship, the flesh of a slaughtered animal is thrown into the water. It is said, however, that they go still further, and do not always content themselves with lambs, goats, and fowls. An author now lying before me says, that a rich Turk, who had fitted out several pirate vessels, sacrificed at different

times three negroes on spots where he had buried large sums of money. This was done from the superstitious belief that the souls of the murdered would be then obliged to watch the treasure which their blood had moistened. The following is another strange superstition.

If any one is believed to be possessed by the devil, a ram is brought in, and every attempt is made to induce him to butt with his head against the closed doors of the sick room, by which they declare the evil spirit is forced to take flight, and the patient cured. This ceremony was, I am told, lately performed in the case of a sick child of the Pasha; but the devil this time did not seem to understand the joke, and drove off, taking the soul of the child with him.

Since it is estimated that there are in the Barbary states seven hundred thousand Jews, it may not be unnecessary to add something concerning them. At the time when an insane policy expelled two hundred thousand people of this faith out of Spain and Portugal, driven out by the religion of tolerance, they sought refuge among the Barbarians. They found in Fez, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli a great number of their brethren, who had

originally migrated hither from Judea and Egypt; or who, as it is sometimes said, were perhaps descended from the Canaanites, who, flying before Joshua, settled in Mauritania Tingitana.

Many stories are told of the harsh and cruel treatment of the Jews by the Mussulmans, but they appear to be exaggerated. That they met with contempt and insolence is certain; though in this respect an improvement is gradually taking place. Formerly they did not dare to keep on their shoes while passing a mosque; now I have not seen that any one thought of taking them off.

A laughable occurrence took place connected with these regulations, in the time of Hammuda Pasha. Among the Jews, who had always hitherto worn three-cornered hats or red caps, some young innovators took to wearing round hats like the Christians, and, with switches in their hands, to strut backwards and forwards as fashionables upon the Suck. The Moors took this much amiss, and complained to the Pasha, who forbade the Jews for the future to wear these hats, commanding, at the same time, that wherever one was seen the crown should be cut off with a sabre. After a few executions of this sort, the Jews, disconcerted and sulky,

returned to their triangles. The thing occasioned some talk, and the brother-in-law of the Dutch consul wrote a burlesque cantata upon it, which I send you in the Appendix as a Tunisian document.

This sort of oppression was founded on a policy not always so mistaken. The Moors found a very numerous and rapidly increasing people subject to them, whose superiority, as they were of a different faith, they naturally dreaded, and therefore, although granting them toleration, endeavoured by oppression and contempt to render them harmless. It is an error to suppose that the Jewish religion is an object of especial hatred to the Mussulmans; on the whole, like the old Romans, they despise the Christians more, as they regard them merely as a sect of the Jews. But the Christians are powerful and to be feared; the Jews have no protector: by the Mussulmans, as by ourselves, they are considered as forsaken by all; and yet, notwithstanding their apparent oppression, they exercise in Africa, as well as in Europe, the greatest influence. In Barbary they are the best mechanics; they stand at the head of the douaniers; they have farmed the greatest part of the revenue, as well as the exportation of various articles of commerce; the coin

is under their control, and they regulate the value of the money; they have in their keeping the jewels and articles of value belonging to the Bey; they are his treasurers, private secretaries, and interpreters; and the little that is here known of medicine, science, and art, is for the most part confined to the Jews. They are in possession of many monopolies, and some of them are enormously rich. With such resources their oppression can only be apparent; and such is, in fact, the real state of the case.

If, for instance, a Turk were to ill-treat a Jew, the latter must not return the ill-treatment, but lay his complaint before the Bey, when the Turk would be severely punished. A remarkable circumstance of this sort, related by Mr. Noah, the American consul, deserves to be here mentioned. His predecessor had, under the glorious reign of Hammuda Pasha, beaten a Jew, who was under the protection of the English consul. He received, in consequence, the following letter on the subject from the secretary of the Pasha.

"Sir,—The English consul has complained to his excellency," [at that time his excellency was the title of the Bey, who is now called highness,] "that you have entered his house,

and violently beaten an English subject. You must know very well, sir, that neither you nor any other person here has a right to behave in this manner. It was, therefore, at first the intention of his excellency the Bey to send a Mameluk to bring you hither; but, since the English consul has declared that he will forgive you, his excellency has recalled his first order.

"The Bey commands me, however, to inform you, that, if you ever again dare to strike any person under his protection, either in your own house or elsewhere, or to commit any such disgraceful action, he will pack you neck and heels together, and send you back to your country by the first ship. If any person has offended you, or done you any injury, you can lay your complaint before his excellency. It is not your business to procure yourself justice; and his excellency declares that such conduct does no credit either to you or your government.

"MARIANO STINKA."

"To the American consul, &c. &c."

The general administration of justice here pleases me very much. Its simplicity, brevity, and promptitude, as well as the small

number of the laws, which are all contained in the Koran, the "*Assina*" (traditions), and, thirdly, the "*Inferences*" deduced from them would certainly give you less opportunity, my respected friend, were you a Mahometan jurist, to spend so much time and learning on a commentary upon them, as you have done on the celebrated one on Prussian jurisprudence; but the poor laity would benefit by the change, and be at all times despatched quicker, and, what is better, at less expense.

The Bey himself is the first judge in his kingdom in all cases, civil and criminal; and every magistrate appointed by him exercises his functions with the same completeness. Does any one in Tunis owe another but two piastres, the creditor knows the hour when he is sure to find the Bey, or his deputy, in the great hall of justice in the Bardo, and to receive an immediate decision. The governors and Câid perform the same office in the towns and provinces; as well as the commander of the camp on his yearly journey through the kingdom.

The place of the Bey is no sinecure; and those well calculated to give an opinion maintain that few monarchs of Christendom go through, personally, so much business. From eight o'clock in the morning in summer, and

nine in winter, until noon, he must preside in the hall of justice, and only illness or absence from Tunis can excuse him from this duty; while the other offices of government consume a great part of the remaining hours.

Criminal justice is administered as quickly as the civil lawsuit. Murder is punished with death; and, immediately upon the fact being proved, the sentence is executed by the black giants who stand ready at the door. The proceedings, with the exception, of course, of state offences, are quite public. In case, however, the family of the murdered person should be willing to receive a sum of money from the murderer, his life is spared,—a custom which certainly could not be applied to civilised countries. For robbery with violence, the right-hand is struck off; and, to save the trouble of a tedious cure, the stump is dipt in boiling pitch. For theft, and small offences, the bastinado is administered according to the pleasure of the judge.

There is an excellent decision of Hammuda Pasha, which, it seems to me, ought to be read from the pulpit to our peasants. A Bedouin had bought some eggs; and another, a hen. They agreed to let the hen sit, and share the chickens. Unfortunately there came thirteen,

and, since they could not agree on the division, they brought hen and chickens to the Bardo, and required the decision of the Bey. After a few moments' reflection, he commanded the mother and family to be delivered to his cook, and each of the Bedouins to receive fifty lashes on the soles of his feet, "in order," said he, "that both parties may be, for the future, cured of unnecessary litigation." Truly Sancho Panza himself, the most sagacious governor on record, never made a better decision.

Besides the above-named persons, the Dulatlis (the city governors), and the Imans, (heads of the corporations and of the trades, something like our *head-masters*,) are clothed with considerable judicial power. The Kadis usually judge only of such matters as concern religion.

On one occasion I was present at the tribunal of the Dulatli,—from whose decisions, as governor of the capital, there is no appeal. It lasted the whole morning, and interested me very much. Many causes came on which in Europe would assuredly have occasioned a ten years' lawsuit and incalculable costs, but which were here decided in as many minutes. A merchant was brought up by two of his creditors, who complained that he was indebted

to them in the sum of two thousand piastres, which he could not pay. They produced the note, which had been due several months. The debtor did not deny his engagement; and the case did not, consequently, admit of the smallest doubt. Before the governor, however, made his determination, he gave himself the greatest trouble, and benevolently tried all the arts of persuasion to induce the creditors to submit to a longer delay. Three times he sent them back to consider the matter, and in the mean time attended to other business; and, only when all his endeavours failed, did he order the insolvent merchant to be conducted to prison according to the law in such cases. This conduct of the governor appeared to me both humane and conscientious, and had something paternal in its character, which contrasted advantageously with the ruggedness of our forms.

Another case was rather more difficult. An Arab had hired a camel in order to send a load of charcoal to the city. The load proved, however, too heavy for the animal, who sunk under it at a little hamlet half-way to the place appointed. The camel-driver, when he saw the impossibility of driving the animal further, called witnesses for his justification, and sold the charcoal at the place for a smaller

price than it would have brought in the town. This money he brought back to the owner of the charcoal, requiring, at the same time, only half of the sum stipulated for his camel. The owner of the charcoal now brought his complaint, and demanded from the camel-driver to make good his loss. Here was a fine opportunity for as tedious a lawsuit as the celebrated one concerning the shadow of the ass. After the parties had been heard at great length, and these uneducated people had brought forward as subtle arguments as any of our advocates could have done, whilst, sometimes, the easy frankness of their address, their good deportment, and the respectful decorum of their whole behaviour, was well worthy of admiration, the Dulatli at length decided in favour of the camel-driver.

I expressed to Mr. Nyssen, who accompanied me, my surprise at this sentence, since it appeared to me that, according to the strict justice of the case, the owner of the charcoal should have gained the cause.

Mr. Nyssen, however, explained to me that the inability of a camel to perform its task often happens without its having given any previous indications of weakness, and is considered in the light of a ship receiving damage at

sea, and judged of according to the rules existing in such cases.

A boy of fourteen years of age, who had been proved to have committed theft, and confessed the offence, and who would have been in other countries—England, for instance—sent to prison to become a complete hardened criminal, here received his punishment on the spot—namely, fifty lashes upon the soles of his feet. The legs during this operation are placed in a sling, to which a board is attached, with which two men hold up the feet, while the head and body of the delinquent lie on the floor. As the natives, especially the lower classes, go often barefoot, the soles of their feet become so hard that they suffer less than a European would do from a bastinado. Although the boy during the infliction of the punishment called lustily to the prophet for help, he was able to run away without slippers directly after, and showed no trace of pain. But if the blows given with a heavy stick exceed a hundred in number, the punishment becomes a very cruel one; and if they reach a thousand, they generally cause death. For a long time, however, more moderation has been observed, and the crimes must be very heavy indeed that are so severely punished.

Many trifling disputes are amicably settled;

and I have often observed that a playful jest from the governor which excited general laughter was the surest means of accommodation. If it be allowed to judge from the result, one would be strongly inclined to give this rude and primitive mode of administering justice the preference over our more refined and complicated system. In such cases only where it cannot be brought into operation, and where that despotic violence steps in, which is the essential characteristic of the Mahometan religion, as liberality is of the true Christian, that is to say, among the rulers themselves, do crimes become the order of the day. Among the people they are less frequent than in Europe among what are called Christian nations. If we do omit from consideration the wild Berber tribes, who do not belong to this nation, and who are engaged in regular war against all civilisation, theft and murder are so rare, that they occur, in all these Mahometan countries taken together, less frequently than in London; and if one were to take also the dreadful list of crimes of this description in France and England, which fill half the newspapers, the comparison would be still more in favour of the Mahometans.

One may, besides, feel assured that the pro-

gress of civilisation will introduce milder manners even among the governors; and the history of Europe shows us, alas! sufficiently, that in the middle ages, when we stood at the same grade of civilisation, crimes were just as frequent in the region of the throne; and sometimes even of a more hideous character, as, for instance, in the story of the Borgias. It would be worthy the profoundest investigation of a philosopher to ascertain by what means the system of punishment in use here can produce a result so favourable on the state of crime among the people; and this simple but effectual machinery appears in practice actually superior to our law apparatus, with its crooked ways, its numerous fictions and suppositions, and its thousand-fold complicated mechanism.

In many cases, perhaps among us as well as here, we should find that indulgence and severity had been equally misapplied; while the disadvantages attending our houses of correction, fortresses, &c. appear still more plainly. It has already been often said that they are real nurseries of vice.

The most scandalous abuse connected with these institutions is, that the directors and governors have in many places made them objects

of speculation, and robbed at the same time state and criminal.

The worst part of the administration of justice with us is its uncertainty, which in the year 1835 could render such sentences as the following not only possible but common. I quote from the *Leipsiger Zeitung* of April 20th.

"S——, a farmer at Wendisch Suppe, was suspected of having set his barn on fire. The tribunal at *Mutschen*, in consequence, condemned him to be shut up in the house of correction *till he could prove his innocence*, with the proviso that his imprisonment should not last above ten years!"

"The tailor O—— in *Brochwiz* was *suspected* of having wilfully occasioned the fire which, on the 26th of March, laid two houses of the village in ashes. The affair was investigated by the court of justice at Taubenheim, and the accused condemned, like the preceding, to be imprisoned in the house of correction *till he could prove his innocence.* The greatest term in this case was five years."

The Arabians are not so absurdly barbarous as this.

I shall close these slight notices with a few remarks on the fair sex, which I cannot think of withholding from you. You are aware that

one can obtain a sight of very few Mahometan women; and that the Christians are forbidden, under pain of death, to have any intercourse even with the *filles de joie*, the superintendence of whom a Turkish lady has now farmed for fourteen thousand piastres. Since, however, the European women are allowed free entrance to the harems, and the wives of the consuls are often invited to the Bardo by the princesses, one can obtain through them some description of their charms, manners, and mode of life. They are mostly brunettes, with eyes full of fire, black hair, and usually fine teeth; but there are, nevertheless, few of the natives that can be considered beautiful. It is well known that they use every method to become fat; and they are regularly fed for this purpose with caucassa, as we should fatten geese. Very few possess the freshness and elasticity that we prize so much; but they are not deficient in grace, and their dress is mostly splendid, and sometimes even tasteful.

From what I could make out, in the street, of ladies muffled up from head to foot, it never appeared to me that anything attractive was concealed beneath the folds; on the contrary, many of them seemed repulsive and disgusting; and I cannot now help laughing when I think

of one extraordinarily large fat woman, with odd stockings made of black and white stripes winding round her legs, which made her look like a disguised boa-constrictor. This close veiling has its advantages; but in civilised countries it should be confined to the old and ugly. The ignorance and simplicity of the Turkish women, it is said, surpass all description. With most of them education is confined to embroidery and the art of preserving. They are usually married at a very early age, and do not see their bridegrooms till the ceremony is over,—a custom not altogether agreeable; but as marriage is here not a sacrament, but merely a civil union, it can generally be dissolved without much trouble. One of the consular ladies here, gave me the following account of her first audience with the princesses in the Bardo, and of the celebration of the marriage of a daughter of the Bey to the present Sapatapa.

"Having reached the court of the castle," said she, "we were received by the minister-secretary of the Bey, who conducted us to the gate of the second court. At the double gate of the harem, two Mameluks kept watch; and, after one of them had retired a few minutes to announce us, he returned with the female

interpreter, an Italian lady, who invited us to follow her. The walls of the apartment into which we now entered were hung with red velvet and gold embroidery; gilt bird-cages hung down from the ceiling; and even here in the Gynæce, the walls were decorated with all kinds of weapons. The wife of the Bey, richly but not tastefully dressed, sat opposite to us on an ottoman, but rose on our entrance, and requested us to take places near her, with the words, 'May your entrance be blessed, and may you remain as long as it pleases you.'

"Her arms and feet were bare; on the latter she wore little embroidered slippers, only turned about half an inch over the front of the foot; so that, in walking, she was obliged to hold them on with the great toe, which stuck out. From the place where we were seated, we could see into several other rooms, where on the ground sat a great number of black and white female slaves, some gossiping, others engaged in various occupations. The numbers which I saw, from time to time, certainly exceeded a thousand.

"There now appeared two young Moorish females, who began to perform a dance so ugly, indelicate, and disgusting, that I do not like to describe it. We did not even dare to look

on towards the end of this abominable ballet, and were heartily glad when the princess led us into another apartment to partake of some refreshments.

"As I had taken care to inform myself beforehand of what was likely to please, I had dressed myself as gaily and showily as possible, whilst it happened that the ladies who accompanied me wore nothing but black, having recently lost a near relation. I appeared, therefore, to please the princess best, for she often took my hand, and had me constantly pressed to eat. All sorts of sweetmeats and confectioneries which the country can produce, mingled with many delicacies from Europe, were placed on small tables; and we helped ourselves at pleasure, using our hands not only for bonbons and warm cakes, but also for the *compotes*. There were no single napkins, but a whole piece of Turkish napkin-stuff was held before us for our use. After we had tasted of several things, the rest was packed into baskets, equally divided among the ladies present, and sent to our several homes,—a custom always observed on these and similar occasions. Whilst we were still engaged at this repast, the Bey appeared with his brothers and several of the princes, who looked at us

curiously for a while, and then withdrew without having spoken a word.

"The presentation concluded with a tour through the whole harem, the apartments in which were almost all similar in their decorations. The only one we remarked particularly was a little sleeping-room of the Bey's, where the walls were adorned from top to bottom with small watches. The princess accompanied us, on our taking leave, to the last door of her residence.

"The wedding was far more interesting. The solemnities took place in the beautiful marble court of the harem, over which a splendid red awning had been stretched. At each of the entrance-doors of the several apartments were burning wax lights, of a foot in diameter, and painted in red and green stripes: over the sparkling fountains hung hundreds of coloured lamps, and the whole scene really reminded one of the stories of the Arabian Nights.

"The bride was brought in by her brothers, seated on a cushion of gold brocade, amidst the sound of music, and placed on an antique and very costly arm-chair in the middle of the court. She was dressed heavily, but with wonderful magnificence. I especially admired a diadem glittering with jewels, and dazzling

foot-clasps and armlets. Her arms and feet were naked: under the soles, as well as a little round the sides, they were dyed red-brown with henna; the nails on the fingers and toes, as well as the eyelids and eyebrows, were stained black. She appeared with closed eyes, which she must not open the whole day; her husband is also not allowed to see her for the first three days. Beside her stood two female dancers; and before her a negress, with a lacquered basin of colossal dimensions, in which were placed the presents of gold, jewels, and other valuables, the list of which, with the names of the donors, was read aloud. Two decanters set with large diamonds, and several packets of wrought gold, appeared to be the most considerable. Every two hours the bride was carried back to her apartments on the same cushion; there her dress was changed, and she was brought back and placed again on the arm-chair.

"This ceremony lasted the whole day; and as the poor bride is not allowed to take any nourishment, she was several times almost fainting from fatigue, exhaustion, and the weight of the dresses. An old negress placed a lozenge from time to time in her mouth, which appeared to revive her. The

entertainment consisted again only of sweetmeats and pastry, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, &c.; but the Bey was this time far more talkative, and played the host in the most affable manner,—saying frequently that we were here in our own house, and might do whatever we pleased. He himself took the light, to show us the bridal bed, which was of white satin, tastefully embroidered with gold, and steps leading up to it covered with crimson velvet.

"It happened that the light went out, and left us standing some time in the dark, which was considered a very bad omen."*

So far the consul's lady: I must add, that it is not customary here, as with us, for the young wife to sleep with her bridegroom. He is only allowed about half an hour during the day to complete the nuptial solemnity, and the other women meanwhile remain standing at the door. If in this half-hour he does not attain his end, the matter is deferred for a considerable time, and meanwhile he is not allowed to come near his wife. The usual ceremony is, at the moment of his entrance,

* Singularly enough, as will appear in the sequel, the Bey died soon after, and the situation of the Sapatapa became extremely critical.

for the woman to kiss her husband's hand, whereupon he places his foot upon hers. Neither of these observances is intended as a caress, but simply implies the commencement of the husband's supremacy. The princess, on account of her high rank, refused compliance with either. The rest of the ceremony, however, passed off in a satisfactory manner, within the limited space of time. The contrary was the case when the beautiful Kabbuhra married the old Bash-Mameluk.

The fair Mahometans are said to be well-disposed to intrigues with Christians, but the opportunities are not easily found. An interview is scarcely possible anywhere but upon the terraces of the houses, where the ladies spend much of their time and often unveil. In Algiers, these matters begin to alter; but in Tunis the ancient severity continues to prevail. A Christian who had, nevertheless, found means to obtain a *tête-à-tête* with the pretty wife of a Moor, asked her what would be the consequence if their rendezvous were discovered. "Oh," exclaimed she, "nothing for thee, thou wouldst merely lose thy head; but me they would lead about the town, with my face veiled, and seated on an ass, and after that they would drown me."

There is no difficulty in forming an acquaintance with the Jewesses, who by no means belong to the class of untractable beauties. The best opportunity presents itself at the burial-ground, where they go on the first day of every new moon in great numbers, each carrying a vessel filled with chalk and water, to whitewash the tombs of their friends, an operation which, as they believe, refreshes exceedingly the souls of the departed.

This Jewish burying-ground is in many respects remarkable, and appeared to me extremely elegant and graceful. The Jews build over every grave a covering of smooth polished stone, on which is a round or square marble medallion, with a short inscription. One is placed close to another, and all are kept exactly of the same height, so that the great space occupied by the burial-ground appears covered by a number of terraces as smooth as the floor of a dancing-room, and only separated by the luxuriant vegetation. This consists indeed of nothing but weeds; still, as they are of the most lovely green, and full of blossoms, they resemble the shrubs of an English flower-garden.

Such an arrangement exceeds so far in beauty the ungraceful hillocks and crosses of

our churchyards, that I cannot help wishing, in the name of good taste, we might in this matter take an example from the Tunisian Hebrews.

The second curiosity of this resting-place is the grave of a Spanish ecclesiastic, once a rich canon of Toledo, who, being condemned to death by the Inquisition, fled hither, and, out of love to a Jewess whom he married, adopted the faith of his wife. The Jews, proud of so splendid a conversion, heaped riches upon him, which he enjoyed in philosophical tranquillity till his death. He did not appear to estimate himself too highly however, although a Jew and a rich man; for his epitaph, written by himself, and faithfully translated, runs as follows:

"Here lies a nothing, from nothing,
JOSEPH MEDINA."

I close my letter, which merits a similar inscription, with something more real, namely, the assurances of friendship and esteem with which I shall always remain,

Your most devoted,
H. S.

APPENDIX.

LE CHAPEAU-A'-CORNES.
CANTATE NOUVELLE.

CHŒUR D'ISRAELITES.

Sur l'air "Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naître."

Malheureux Juifs, versez des larmes !
C'en est fait de vos chapeaux ronds.
O jour de deuil ! O jour d'alarmes !
Témoin du plus grand des affronts. (*bis.*)

UN EMISSAIRE DE LA POLICE.

Sur l'air "Ce mouchoir, belle Raimonde."

Peuple Juif, couvrez votre tête
De ce chapeau, de ce bonnet ;
Du pouvoir je suis l'interprète,
Soyez soumis au grand décret. (*bis.*)

RECITATIF DU DEVIN DU VILLAGE.

"Colin veut être beau,
Il aime à se parer."

Quand sur le Sinai la Puissance sans bornes
A Moïse donna des loix pour ses enfans,
Moïse descendit du mont avec deux cornes :
N'etes-vous pas ses descendans ? (*bis.*)

CHŒUR D'ISRAELITES.

Même air que ci-dessus.

Malheureux Juifs, versez des larmes !
C'en est fait de vos chapeaux ronds.
O jour de deuil ! O jour d'alarmes !
Témoin du plus grand des affronts. (*bis.*)

COMPLAINTE DES JEUNES ISRAELITES À LEURS AMANTES.

Sur l'air " Que j'aime à voir les hirondelles !"

Pleurez, descendantes jolies
D'Esther, de Ruth, et de Sara ;
Gemissez nos douces amies.
Du grand coup qui nous accabla.
Hélas ! nos malheurs sont sans bornes ;
On nous oblige, malgré nous,
De porter des chapeaux-à-cornes
Avant que d'être vos époux. (*bis.*)

RÉPONSE DES JEUNES JUIVES À LEURS AMANS.

Sur l'air " Sia la notte s'avvicina," &c.

Ah ! vos amantes désolés
Ne cessent de vous répéter,
Vos têtes, bien ou mal coiffées
Ne vous empechent pas d'aimer.
Le tendre amour n'a point de bornes,
Du sort il sait braver les coups ;
Et craint-on des chapeaux-à-cornes
Lorsqu'on désire d'être époux ? (*bis.*)

CHŒUR D'ISRAELITES.

Même air que ci-dessus.

Malheureux Juifs, versez des larmes !
C'en est fait de vos chapeaux ronds.
O jour de deuil ! O jour d'alarmes !
Témoin du plus grand des affronts ! (*bis.*)

COMPLAINTE DES JUIFS MARIE'S À LEURS FEMMES.

Sur l'air "La nuit ne calme pas les peines."

Pleurez sur nos peines, cruelles
Femmes ; le malheur nous poursuit :
Désormais vos époux fidèles
Ne seront qu'en bonnet de nuit,
Car leur honte serait sans bornes
Si l'on disait, parlant de nous,
" A leur tour des chapeaux-à-cornes
Ornent le front de ces époux !" (*bis.*)

RE'PONSE DES FEMMES MARIE'ES À LEURS E'POUX.

Sur l'air " A voyager passant sa vie."

Fils de Jacob, pourquoi ces plaintes ?
Pourquoi ces pleurs et ces regrets ?
Fils de Jacob, calmez vos craintes,
Jetez loin de vous ces bonnets ;
La douleur doit avoir des bornes :
Sauvez vos frères d'embarras,
Reprenez les chapeaux-à-cornes—
Tant de Chrétiens, n'en ont-ils pas ? (*bis.*)

CHŒUR D'ISRAELITES.

Même air que ci-dessus.

Malheureux Juifs, versez des larmes !
C'en est fait de vos chapeaux ronds.
O jour de deuil ! O jour d'alarmes !
Témoin du plus grand des affronts.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Indian Drama.—Inspection of the Bardo.—An ancient Carthaginian Aqueduct.—Miraculous Grave.—Carthage.—Hannibal and Napoleon.—Researches among the Ruins.—Palace of an incautious Merchant.—The English Consul's Collection.

TO THE PRINCESS OF P—— M——

DEAR LUCIE, Tunis, May 15th, 1835.

You will receive with this an extract from my journal prepared by J——, which will inform you summarily of the occurrences of the last month; and I can therefore proceed with my latest news for your entertainment. I have time enough for the purpose; as the weather, for the last fortnight, has been Siberian, and affords little temptation to leave one's room. Cold, wind, and rain, coal-black mud of a foot in depth in the streets, combined with the most detestable smell, which fills the atmosphere, make up a horrid *ensemble*. One requires not only the smelling-bottle, but the rum-bottle, to counteract the contagious influences of these de-

testable vapours. How strangely are the goods of this world divided! What is here an abomination, would, if transported to Prussia, change a whole square mile of sand into laughing and plenteous fields; and I believe, if I were to offer my chief gardener the choice between an extra allowance of 20,000 dollars, and all the mud from the streets of Tunis, he would eagerly seize on the latter.

For several days I ventured out only once, and that was to enjoy a Spanish olla-podrida, made under the direction of the lovely Madame Catherina de Montes. The remainder of my time I employed in reading, for which I had not had so much leisure before. On this occasion a book fell into my hands, in which I found a very interesting article on the dramatic art among the Indians. Since the subject treated of is a heroine, I must communicate to you some part of it, when you will best be able to decide whether the Indian author was well acquainted with the female sex. For myself, the more I see of Indian literature, the more I admire the poetical and metaphysical genius of this nation, which, thousands of years ago, had reached a degree of perfection in the drama, since only attained by Shakspeare and Calderon. And it is still more surprising that they should, long ago, have established in fixed rules

what these two poets seemed to have discovered by inspiration when leaving the narrow limits of the Greek drama.

In the various gradations of language, for instance, which they must place in the mouths of their personages according to their situation, the Indians carry the distinctions much farther than Shakspeare has ventured to do, for their heroes speak Sanscrit, which probably two-thirds of the audience did not understand, and so down to the *patois* of the lowest classes.

What I particularly wished, however, to make you acquainted with, was the recipe for a theatrical, or rather dramatic heroine, who is required to be made up of the following twenty qualities, neither more nor less: 1, beauty; 2, youth; 3, a striking quality; 4, gentleness; 5, fidelity; 6, she must exhibit the movements of a soul which seeks for love unconsciously to itself; 7, the growth of the emotions, sudden, blushing, and turning pale,—soft thrills; 8, the flaming up of a heart that seeks to devote itself to its lord; 9, the half-mocking gaiety which parodies the behaviour of the lover, his endeavours, and his vows; 10, the expression of the tender passion, making itself manifest in the glances, in the trembling of the voice, in the whole being; 11, forgetfulness of the whole world, involuntary absence of mind character-

ising the passion; 12, passion mounting still higher, disregard of self, inconsistent actions, neglect of all things, *even of dress;* 13, uneasiness and uncertainty; 14, virgin pride, flaming up for the last time; 15, alternations of anger and tenderness, bitterness and joy; 16, silent expression of love returned; 17, a relapse, affectation, she repulses the caresses of one whom she inwardly adores; 18, modesty, seeking to conceal the violence of desire which struggles at the bottom of the soul; 19, the triumph,— the developpement of the soul and all the senses; 20, the happy time, when one no longer conceals the felicity which one receives and imparts, but boldly displays it to the world; when the person is adorned in order to please the more, to increase and render perpetual the rapturous intoxication to which the soul entirely surrenders itself.

I ask now, if Shakspeare, without knowing a word of this exact and wonderful Indian analysis, and guided only by his creative genius, has not closely followed, in his Juliet, this very prescription? And why should he not? Thousands of years roll over and man remains the same, as Goethe observes,

> "Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben!
> Ein jeder lebt's nicht vielen ist's bekannt,
> Und wo ihr's packt da ist's interessant."

For the comic characters, also, we are furnished with similarly admirable directions; and nothing but the sanguinary horrors of our own stage, which we seem unable to render sufficiently dreadful, are foreign to this gentle people. They will not tolerate anything of the kind; neither torture, death, blood, nor murder is allowed to pollute pictures presented to them; nothing must be exhibited but the joys and sorrows of the soul.

It seemed to me almost like a satire, when, immediately afterwards, I took up a treatise upon steam. A hotel in the United States is mentioned in this advertisement, where almost the entire business is performed by this new *nervus rerum.* Steam carries up the luggage of the passengers to their rooms, brushes their coats, cleans their boots and knives, sweeps out the rooms, waits at table, chops wood, lights the fire, rings the dinner-bell, and drives out the guests. I wish we had but such a universal machine in Tunis, where one wants it more than anywhere else; for, though despotic power can dispose of all things at its pleasure, it cannot make itself so much as half comfortable.

As soon as the rain had a little abated, I paid a visit to M. Raffo, in the Bardo, accompanied by the younger Nyssen: he was at the

moment in attendance on the sick Bey, and we were therefore obliged again to wait for him a considerable time in his apartments. I observed with some surprise, beneath us, on the terraced roofs of several houses belonging to the palace and connected together, some horses and mules quietly grazing among the high grass with which they were overgrown. No human creature was to be seen anywhere. Besides the battle-pieces and naked figures which I mentioned as forming the decoration of the minister's apartments, I noticed to-day some devout Catholic pictures; they had indeed been banished to the servant's room, but even there, in the palace of a Turkish sovereign, they made a singular figure.

The moment M. Raffo could get released from his official duties, he received us with much courtesy, and insisted on conducting us himself round the Bardo, which we had expressed a wish to see. A summer pavilion of the Bey's particularly attracted our attention. It was uncommonly gay, for the walls were hung with red silk, the curtains were yellow, and the coverings of the ottomans deep blue; yet the whole had really a rich and splendid effect. Several bird-cages, of various capricious forms, hung from the gilded ceiling;

some antique clocks, and also two quite modern ones from Paris, were distributed in the corners, and part of the walls was adorned with costly weapons. The hooks to which they were suspended were concealed by rosettes of coloured ribbon, and behind each musket was a packet of ready-prepared cartridges. The great saloon had a wall, running its whole length, of the finest plate-glass kept together only by thin cross frames. This gave it a very cheerful air, especially as it is here customary to make no other windows in the outside walls but little grated openings; and the magnificent view towards the bay and the mountains seemed almost as if viewed in the open air.

The ground was covered with thick straw matting, elaborately wrought in colours such as can only be prepared in India, and which unite the qualities of softness and coolness.—(I am going to send you a large chest of it.)—The stables, consisting only of open archways, each large enough for a horse and a mule, run along the four sides of a quadrangular court, and were rather empty, since the greater part of the horses were at grass. Some of the favourites had their manes plaited with red or blue laces and tassels, but most of them had been fixed at the knee and on the joints. This is sometimes

done by the possessors of good horses, to give them the appearance of having a fault, that they may not be put into requisition for the Bardo; but this trick now serves as little purpose as the self-mutilation of the recruits with us. What most interested us in this place was a very noble lion, larger than any I had yet seen. He was very carelessly fastened; and as, according to the Mussulman way of thinking, one wife could not be enough for the monarch of beasts, four stately lionesses shared his spacious dwelling. He was still in all the pride of youth, smooth as an eel, and majestic as a sultan.

To the attempts of a Bedouin to poke him up with a stick, he returned only a calm and contemptuous glance, scarcely raising his upper lip to show his terrible fangs. One of the lionesses, however, seemed so much the more eager to avenge the insult, for she sprang with open jaws, and roaring aloud, against the loose grating, while the head of the family, like a true Turk, stretched himself out to sleep. The younger branches, male and female, only a few months old, were running freely about the court amongst the horses tethered there, who are probably too much accustomed to the presence and roar of the lion

to be terrified at it. We were also entertained by the sight of the accoutrements of the horses. There are some trappings, the mere gold and silver embroidery of which, enriched with turquoises and coral, has cost twenty thousand piastres. The saddles are not, as with us, covered with leather; but over the rough wooden frame, fastened together with thongs, is a cushioned covering of velvet and embroidery, fitting with the greatest exactness. This makes these saddles very easy of transport, for the costly covering can be easily packed in trunks, while the frame can be put anywhere without fear of damage. If they are wanted for travelling, a commoner covering of stuffed leather is kept, which answers the same purpose.

You may well imagine how interesting it was to me to view so nearly the theatre of the adventures related to me by my friend Yussuf. I did not, alas! dare to name him, in order to obtain more information, or enquire the situation of the vaults where were laid the corpses of the last reigning family, slain by the present with their own hands. I recognised, however, many objects with which his account had made me already acquainted. The luxury and magnificence of that time have, however, sadly changed; and no Mameluk like Yussuf or

Roduin was anywhere to be seen, while the treble grating of the harem concealed the lovely Kabbuhra.

We employed the following day for a ride with M. de Montes, his wife, and sister-in-law, the two latter of whom ventured on this exercise for the first time, so that we had great cause to admire their skill, fortitude, and courage. Our first stop was at a villa and garden of the Mameluk Muhammed Serush, where we found a Moorish collation of all kinds of sweetmeats, served quite in European style.

The *Paillo*, with the contiguous saloon, were in this house remarkably handsome and pleasant. Besides a superabundance of marble columns, and fountains, and inlaid floors, the effect of the elaborate plaster-work of the ceiling was heightened by a sparing but tasteful application of colours, and by looking-glasses placed diagonally.

The moth-eaten red cloth covering of the ottomans contrasted strangely with this splendour; but such anomalies are frequent enough in these countries, where, even in the Bardo, heaps of rubbish and sweepings, marble, gilding, and dung, elegant courtiers and ragged beggars, all mingle in the most brotherly inti-

macy. The private apartments of the Bey only make, in this respect, an exemplary exception, for they were kept with the greatest possible neatness. The owner of the villa we have been speaking of stands high in the favour of the Pasha; although, instigated by the intrigues and false accusations of the former favourite, his highness had had the father strangled and his estates confiscated. After the fall of the minister, the son had received the greater part of the estates again, for this up-and-down system reigns perpetually among the great ones of the land; to-day raised to an airy height, to-morrow in the dust.

From the villa we continued our way over rather monotonous fields, where our young riders had the boldness to attempt a gallop; and even a little accident (I speak like an oracle, darkly) was sustained by the fair Helena with uncommon grace.

We rode on to the ruins of a great Carthaginian aqueduct,—one of the gigantic works of antiquity, which once carried the springs of the Sauwan over a distance of ten German miles to Carthage. A considerable part of it is still standing, but it has, alas! been robbed of its covering of beautifully cut freestone. Most of these naked square pillars are of the height of

from seventy to ninety feet, and, with their clothing of freestone, must have had a diameter of twelve or sixteen. They consist of a mixture of mortar, flint, Puzzeolan earth, and very small stones, in which are still visible the deep holes of the wooden fastenings which kept the stones in their places: the arched canal at the top, in which the water flowed, I found five feet high, and two and a half broad. The water-marks were three feet high; and in many places we found openings, either to occasion a draught of air, or to facilitate the cleansing.

Some parts of the long row of arches were evidently of more recent construction, like repairs executed in modern times. Here the pillars were in the usual style of Roman architecture, not made of the composition above described, but entirely of freestone, so that the older part of the aqueduct is evidently of Carthaginian, the later of Roman origin; although M. Falbe, in his otherwise valuable work on Carthage, maintains, in opposition to Dr. Shaw's opinion, that the aqueduct dates only from the time of imperial Rome.

His principal reason is, that Appian, in relating the last siege and destruction of Carthage, makes no mention of this aque-

duct, although it must have been of the greatest importance for Scipio to have cut off from the besieged town the supply of so absolute a necessary. This remark is not without its weight; but it is, after all, only a negative proof, and every one knows that historians often omit to mention still more important circumstances. It deserves, however, so much the more consideration, that the whole position of the Roman warrior before Carthage, and its extent, must always remain very problematical. Here, therefore, faith alone must decide; but how M. Falbe, contrary to all appearance, and in spite of the remains of the great aqueduct, which are distinctly to be followed the whole way from the Sauwan to the hills of Ariana, and thence to Carthage, can insist that it did not come from the Sauwan, but only from the hills of Ariana, where there are no springs, and whence it could only have conveyed rain-water to the city, is to me perfectly incomprehensible. M. Falbe says, it appears to him unnatural that they should make such a great circuit as that over the Ariana; and that, if they wished to conduct the abundant springs of the Sauwan to Carthage, they would certainly have chosen the nearer way over Tunis. It is certainly pos-

sible that if the first architects had had the advantage of M. Falbe's advice, they might have done so; but the fact lies plain before our eyes, and, since this cannot be denied, we must suppose that they chose the longer way for good reasons unknown to us, or otherwise we should resemble the physician who, after the death of his patient, maintained, by the rules of art, that it was impossible he should die.

We returned past some beautiful porphyry columns, and the miraculous grave of a saint, across the *Manuba*, whose decayed splendour, and still blooming though neglected orange groves, present a melancholy spectacle. We found here some lofty pines and enormous mulberry-trees, besides a remarkably beautiful palm, now hung thick with its golden fruit, the first we had seen; but which are lovely to the eye only, as they do not ripen sufficiently to be eaten. The wide basins in the inner court were filled with slimy ill-smelling water, and the walls of the buildings appear everywhere injured by wet. In all these villas, large or small, there is usually an unwieldy machine for the circulation of the water, which a blind horse, ass, or camel turns by walking round a circle: it is generally placed in the most

conspicuous manner possible; and here it had been stuck exactly on the spot which, we were told, had been a favourite seat of Hammuda Pasha, who built the palace. The insensibility of the usually luxurious Mahometans to inconvenience, dirt, and foul smells, which might be so easily removed, is quite characteristic.

The grand saloon of the *Manuba* is considered as a great curiosity, on account of the quantity of marble of all colours, and the stained glass windows, in which a beautiful rose colour and grass-green are chiefly conspicuous. Before we left the castle, bouquets of still fragrant flowers were brought to the ladies from the garden; and we were entertained with some strawberries, the taste of which, however, was far inferior to the European. A little way from the town we met three or four European physicians from Tunis, who had been summoned to the Bardo to a consultation upon the very critical state of the Bey's health: there is some anxiety lest in case of his death, which is extremely probable, serious disturbances may arise, as the succession is not exactly determined. The new troops, it is said, have been gained over by the Sapatapa for the son of the Bey; while the court and the people are inclined to Sidi

Mustapha, and the issue is therefore doubtful.

The dying Bey has had the goodness to send me an *amra* (firman) for the journey through his kingdom, and one of his Mameluk officers for an escort, as well as four of his horses for my use as long as I remain in the country. The following is the translation of the firman.

"Praise be to God! Adored be our lord, Mahomet! and to all his friends salutation!

"This amra is given into the hands of our son the Mameluk, whom, that he may be well guarded, we command to accompany the P. H. S., our guest, to the Sauwan, its prospects and various objects, besides other parts of our kingdom; and we recommend our son, the Shech of Sauwan and Urhil, to assist him and show him all civility, and procure for him whatever he may require. And the same we say to all who may read this present amra, that they may protect the P. and take all care of him, and perform all the services that may be required for him. Salutation from the humblest servant of God, Hassan Pasha Bey, whom may God protect. Amen.

"On the 17th Moharrem el Harran,
"In the year 1251."

Since it would not be advisable, as long as

the present uncertainty lasts, to make a long journey to the interior, and I will also not willingly miss the solemnities which the death of the Bey and the accession of the new sovereign will occasion, I shall for the present leave the Mameluk and the amra at home, and merely make use of the horses, to make, with J—— and the young Nyssen, the long-projected excursion to Carthage, which is distant from Tunis only two miles. A few introductory words only, for your information.

The coast is of the peninsular form, and bounded on the right by the lake of Tunis and the Gulf, separated only by the narrow dam of Goletta, on the left by the great salt lake Sebka dal Sukkara, and in the front by the sea. The whole peninsula is about eight German miles in circumference; and on it, on three hills, stood Carthage, to which old writers ascribe an extent of six or eight miles. Concerning the details of the situation of the town and its principal points, great uncertainty exists. Dr. Shaw, for instance—who, though here a hundred years ago, has remained one of the best authorities on the subject of Barbary, and whom dozens of travellers have since copied,—says that the harbour lay north-west from the town, where now extends the fertile valley of the *Marsa;*

D'Anville is of the same opinion. The more modern writers, on the contrary,—Chateaubriand, Falbe, and others,—maintain, and certainly they are in the right, that the harbour was situated in exactly the opposite point, namely, to the south-east. The places of the citadel only, called the Byrsa, and of the temple of Esculapius, which both stood on the highest hill, have been tolerably well ascertained.

So much concerning the situation: as for its history, you know that eight hundred years before Christ, Carthage had the honour of being founded by a lady; that the greatest of all warriors was afterwards near making it the mistress of the world; that it was at length conquered by the second Scipio, and, when set on fire, was seventeen days in burning down; that some hundred years later it again arose in new beauty as the capital of Roman Africa, and at the end of the fifth century of the Christian era was again destroyed by the Vandals. It then became the capital of Genserich, the second Scourge of God, who in gloomy mood considered himself as such; for when, on one of his expeditions, the inquiry was made whither the helmsman should steer, and on what nation he intended to make war, he replied laconically, "On the people to whom chance shall guide us, for on them has God now

cast an angry glance." About eighty years after this, the celebrated Belisarius, of whom, as Chateaubriand remarks, history has preserved such a pretty fable, drove the Vandals out of Africa, and subjected Carthage once more to the Roman dominion.

The day which I had chosen for viewing the remains, was well adapted to the melancholy sight of the wide ruins of one of the most celebrated places in the world. A black sky hung over it; and a grey, cold, cloudy atmosphere veiled sea and land. Although of the three Carthages,—the Punic, the Roman, and the Vandal, —nothing is left but heaps of stones, and pieces of walls single or in groups, with some cisterns and subterranean vaults; yet nevertheless, when standing on the hill of the supposed Byrsa and of the temple of Esculapius, and looking round on five or six leagues of these scattered masses of ruins, the whole presents a prospect which must deeply affect the spectator.

I recommend all who may visit this spot after me, to throw themselves down, as I did, among the fragrant herbs, on the edge of the field of barley intermingled with red poppy which covers the site of the ancient citadel; and here, with Cape Bon and the rocky amphitheatre of Hammamlief on the horizon, the Gulf and fort-

ress of Goletta with its proud row of ships in the centre, and the remains of the great temple, the harbour, and the Cothon of the former mistress of the world at his feet, to read Chateaubriand's poetical History of Carthage from Dido to St. Louis.

It is delightful, here on the very spot, to mourn over the imaginary sufferings of the beautiful queen on whom the fiction of the poet has conferred immortality; to strengthen one's soul by contemplating the republican greatness of Regulus; to follow the great Hannibal through his long series of unexampled good fortune, and with pain of heart to sorrow over the end of so exalted a career; enraptured by the charms and courage of Sophonisba, to drop a tear of compassion over the heroic death of this truly feminine form of antiquity, and solemnly to recognise the power of Nemesis, which sent out from Carthage, risen a third time from its ashes, a terrible fleet, under the barbarian Vandal, to plunder and destroy that very Rome which, more than five hundred years before, had so pitilessly annihilated the rival of her greatness; and at last to ask, What then has been the object of all these vicissitudes? Why has this unhappy land been fated to pass through so many sufferings, in order to sink

at last into wretched barbarism? What curse has destined her to such a fate? and who at last learned the lesson so dearly bought?

It is impossible to avoid these and many similar reflections when the memory of these events is thus renewed. I thought I could trace some similarity in the fates of Hannibal and of Napoleon. Both gained their highest renown by passing the impracticable Alps; both neglected at the proper time to annihilate the conquered enemy; both saw, after years of unchanging prosperity and victory in foreign countries, and at the moment which seemed to promise their most complete triumph, the colossal fabric of their greatness shattered in a single day in their native land.* Both sank under one incomparably inferior to themselves; both died in exile, till their latest breath objects of terror to the civilized world; both possessed the first-rate understanding, without sensibility; and neither one nor the other, though time for the undertaking was not

* The battles of Zama and Waterloo have also some resemblance, for in both, the great perseverance and personal bravery of the troops, more than the superior skill of the leader, decided the issue: in both cases, also, the auxiliary troops turned the scale; for, without Masanissa, Hannibal would have been as little defeated as Napoleon without Blucher.

wanting, have left to posterity any written notice of themselves, but have left to the historian and the poet gigantic subjects for their several arts.

Both, however, expired with memorable words on their lips. The one, as he drank the poisoned cup, exclaimed, "Let us at length free the Romans from a fear that has so long tormented them." The other, devoted to death only by a slow mental martyrdom, uttered the words, "*Je lègue l'opprobre de ma mort à l'Angleterre.*"

We afterwards made a tour through the ruins. When near the castle *Burdsch Dchedid*, we met with several negroes and Moors, who had been for some months engaged in excavations for the Governor of Goletta. A short time ago, after digging twelve or fourteen feet deep, they had come to the smooth stone flooring of a building, of which two gigantic columns were already cleared. Already in this small space the broken fragments of eight costly marble pillars, besides tomb-stones and other antiquities, had been found. Two of these pillars, and the tomb-stones, had been taken away in the first week by an English ship; for the people here set so little value on these things, that whoever is there at the mo-

ment may take, if he is only able to carry it away, whatever he likes for the merest trifle.

This time, however, the superintendent seemed very indignant that he had received for all these fine things no more than six bottles of English beer. Whilst we were there, I set them diligently to work, and we found a few vases of changeable-coloured glass, alas! broken and partly calcined; some entire vessels of baked clay, and two boar-spears which time had changed to a dark yellow colour, besides several pieces of black and white mosaic, as well as other beautifully coloured marble fragments, all of which I brought away for three piastres.

Besides these things, I bought some old Punic copper coins and cut stones; but had no such piece of good fortune as Mr. Joseph Perasso, who, a few years ago, bought for fourteen piastres (something more than a ducat) the celebrated 'Neptune on his car,' one of the most beautiful antiques in existence, and for which he has since in vain been offered ten thousand piastres. The excellence of the workmanship of this stone really astonished me. There is something wonderful,—one might almost say, supernatural,—in seeing before one, in the small space of a ring, the majestic god on his chariot drawn by four fiery

life-like horses,—the high foaming waves, with the Tritons emerging from them, and glittering all over with light,—executed with such distinctness and completeness that every hair of the horses' manes, every subtle expression in the human features, can be recognised as in the finest picture. One becomes convinced, while looking at it, that this art has been virtually lost.

The finest part of the remains of Carthage for the eye, and those in the best preservation, are what are called the *smaller* reservoirs, which are, nevertheless, of imposing dimensions. Even the decorations of the deep cisterns have sometimes remained quite entire; and here, as well as in Utica, we were struck by the thinness of the arches,—often not more than eight inches, and consisting, like all the walls of this period, of mere mortar intermingled with small rough stones. With our present mortar such a building would have no solidity at all, while this is harder than granite; and we had the greatest trouble to knock off a little piece that I wished to take with me to analyse. The cisterns consist of sixteen basins surmounted by high arches, lying close together, and of an oval form. They are about twelve feet thick, eighty long, and fifteen

broad. A walk leads up the middle, and then round the whole. From the former, one can see on the right and left, at once, the whole breadth of the basins; from the side-walk, only one in its length. At the entrance were formerly two elegant temples, the cupola of one of which is still in tolerable preservation. The whole reservoir is placed in a basin formed by the surrounding hills, and was only fed by rain-water, of which some still flowed towards it; for we found several of the cisterns filled with it to the depth of several feet, and beautifully did the arches appear reflected in it.

Farther on were baths, to which a lofty subterranean passage appears to have led, which we followed a considerable distance. At present, one is obliged to scramble down into them from the top; and when we did so, we saw traces of paintings, unfortunately destroyed by the mischievous Moorish boys.

The *great* cisterns, which received the water from the giant aqueducts of the Sauwan and Zungar, are for the most part built over with the houses of the village of Malga. Here were twenty vessels to contain the water, thirty feet broad and one hundred long; some of which, filled with dirt and separated by modern partitions, serve the present Bedouins for stables.

Of the amphitheatre, circus, some large temples, fortifications, and other considerable buildings, enough is still remaining above ground to enable us to ascertain their forms with more or less certainty. Whatever path we took, the horses' feet trod over loosened stones and traces of ancient masonry, extending not only along the whole shore, but running a considerable way into the water. The works had evidently reached a length of many hundred feet from the land, which greatly increases the difficulty of obtaining a just conception of its former condition.

It is impossible to contemplate this immeasurable waste of stone without a feeling of awe, and, trite as the complaint may appear, without sighing when we think that such should be the end of so much greatness and splendour,—of such an expenditure of power for generations and centuries. And who can prophesy how distant the period may yet be when the plough of the husbandman shall leave its furrows in the capitals of Europe, as it now does here; when the oak shall take root in the wrecks of her proud palaces; and wolves and foxes shall seek their prey in the streets now thronged with their gay inhabitants, as jackals and porcupines seek it here?

Mr. Dibdin has already foretold such a fate to the Londoners, in the 'Comic Offering,' in real rhyme.

> In short, view every classic street,
> Through luxury and sinning,
> You 'll find their ruin 's quite complete,
> While our's is but beginning.

After passing nearly the whole day among the ruins, some hours' rest in a country-house well provided with all the conveniencies of life was extremely refreshing; we were indebted for this enjoyment to our kind companion, in whose villa we passed the night. We took our supper in the open air, where a brilliant moon, the sweet stillness of the spring night, the transparent leafy roof of vines that encircled the court, and the spicy odour of the choicest flowers, all contributed to heighten our pleasure. At midnight we reascended the terrace. The broad wooded valley of the Marsa, in which the consuls as well as the more considerable Tunisians have their villas and castles, lay with its extensive gardens clearly defined before us. The lofty palm-trees shook their verdant plumage in the fresh breeze, whose cool breath reached us from the sea; downwards, from the mountain, glimmered the white masses of the village of Sidi Ben Said, with the black towers

of St. Louis; and beneath us slumbered dead Carthage in its mysterious depths, whose costly relics yet await the treasure-seekers of Europe. With so much food for dreams in the various pictures of truth and fancy, a messenger from home—a solitary nightingale—lulled us at last to the slumbers of the just.

The active fresh morning, awakening us to life's enjoyment, did not yield in its charms to the past evening. Our first use of it was to make an excursion to *Kamart*, from whose hills, on the other side of the tongue of land, there is a view over the opposite sea as far as Porto Farina and Ras el Dschebel, and of the great salt-lake—Sebkha dal Sukkara, on which there are salt-works. Salt is obtained here with very little trouble. The sun itself causes the water to evaporate, dries the salt, and whitens it perfectly; it is then packed in baskets and sent to Tunis. The profits of these works are farmed for six thousand piastres yearly.

Not far from the shores of this lake there is a magnificent Moorish castle, which formerly belonged to a merchant, who was too rich, or too liberal in the display of his riches; for after having spent millions upon it, and entertained Mussulmans and Christians in the most splendid manner, the Bey took it from him, Mahometan

fashion, under the pretence that so much wealth could not have been honestly obtained! The house of joy is now fallen to decay; the beautiful gardens, resembling a forest of orange-trees, are run wild for want of the necessary care, and the greater part of the trees are dying; the marble basins are filled with slimy puddles; the tiles of painted porcelain, which lined the walls, are lying in fragments on the ground; and the perfumed thickets of roses and yellow jasmine withered up: the obelisk-like sable cypresses and the high palm-trees alone flourish in their former luxuriance.

This would be an excellent opportunity for declamation against the rude tyranny of barbarians, which has not only rendered this place, once devoted to luxury and enjoyment, an object of sadness, but has changed a country, formerly named the garden of the Roman empire, into a desert,—if it were quite certain that civilisation had made us much happier. What is here grasped by the iron hand of power, is certainly quickly, and in a very direct manner, annihilated: it goes slower to work with us, and in a more circuitous way; but we escape it perhaps just as rarely, though it is enveloped in many more forms. In general, however, I consider the great mass

as much freer here than in Europe, certainly less tormented by systems of government, that meddles in all things and taxes all things.

We are so accustomed to the daily recurrence of these annoyances, that we only take notice of their unbearable excess; but every native of the East who has passed any time in Europe, finds the situation of things there, compared with his native land, absolutely intolerable, and, although the subject of a despot, considers himself free as a bird in the air in comparison with us. On the other hand, the greater part of Europeans dwelling in the East soon become attached to it, and often look back with regret when circumstances compel them to leave these countries. It is very possible that a great, if not the greater part of our higher, or rather our more extended mental culture, is owing to our greater troubles and necessity. In these countries people may be lazy and yet may live; the necessaries of life are to be obtained so easily, almost for nothing, and these necessaries are also much fewer in number. In most parts of Europe they who will not work must starve, or be shut up in a workhouse; and the concurrence of circumstances is so urgent that every individual, as if impelled by the wheels of a machine, *must* press for-

ward anxiously if he would not have the wheels pass over and crush him by the way. Hence ensues that situation of continual ascending which we call civilisation, but which the ignorant barbarian looks on as a feverish sickness.

On our return we followed the sea-shore, from whose high and steep banks we had many fine views over the distant city of Soliman, Cape Bon (formerly Promontorium Mercurii) where the elder Scipio first landed, and the equally uninhabited rocky island of Seimbar. We returned to the Marsa a second time, to visit some of the consuls. At the house of the English consul we saw the greatest number of objects of interest; he has made excellent use of the neighbourhood of Carthage, and the talent of a Maltese artist, for the execution of a number of beautiful works in the costly antique marbles that are found here in great plenty. Tables, vases, jewel-cases, paper-weights, chess-boards, &c. were arranged in the most tasteful manner in his residence. The finest specimen of the kind, a large table with the English arms and other analogous decorations, which was greatly admired by all connoisseurs, and had taken several years to perfect, I unfortunately did not see; it had

been sent the week before to the King of England: another table also, with a nobleman's shield admirably executed, was designed for the Marquis of Westminster; the memory of Carthage, without considering materials and workmanship, renders this a very valuable present.

Sir Thomas Reade's generosity has lately enriched the Zoological Society in London with a very rare animal. It is called the cow-ass, and it is not yet known whether it is a cross breed, or an animal capable of continuing its species. Shaw mentions it, but leaves the question undecided. It is a native of the desert, and has not since then been seen in Tunis. According to the description, it is scarcely as large as an ass, of which it has the hoofs and the perfect form, with the exception of the head and horns, which resemble the cow. The horns are not bent, but stand upright, and are something shorter than in ordinary cattle. In the court-yard we saw, in empty barrels, some fine specimens of the porcupine, which were also, we were informed, intended as presents to Europe.

Sir Thomas Read has hired here from the Bey, for a small price, a picturesque castle. Europeans are not allowed to purchase land or houses, but the usual way is to hire the ground

for eighty or a hundred years. This may generally be done for a mere trifle, and then there is no occasion to fear that one's successors should receive warning to quit. The gardens surrounding this castle are particularly fine. The consul assured me that all his attempts to rear forest-trees in this soil had invariably failed; even acacias and plantains do not succeed well, and never attain their proper size, principally on account of the saltpetre with which it abounds, and which also proves an obstacle to the cultivation of many European flowers, and destroys the pine-apples even in the hot-houses. One must confine oneself to cypress, palm, olive, almond, and fig, as well as several sorts of fruit-trees, and the *lila*-tree, which we should endeavour to naturalize, since it blossoms as beautifully as our blue elder, and reaches the size of an acacia.

As soon as our visit was over, we visited the grave of St. Louis, from which the view is extensive, and near whose remains peacefully rest, as if to serve as a satire, those of a much venerated Marabut saint Sidi-Abu-Said-el Bedschi: we then turned towards the fortress of Goletta. The maps and pamphlets of M. Falbe, already referred to, had already been of the greatest use, and we had continually occasion to regret

that his little work should have been arranged in so particularly inconvenient a manner. Had M. Falbe omitted the book altogether, and given only his ground-plan, with the names of the places and the columns which stand near them, with the necessary remarks, in the style of the Atlas of Le Sage, instead of using merely numbers as references to the pamphlet, he would have spared himself much trouble, and deserved more gratitude from the traveller. As it is, however, he deserves much thanks for the pains he has taken, and the accuracy with which he has performed his task. The learned by profession will be better able than myself to estimate his inquiries concerning the Punic language and antiquities, which principally rest on the authority of the Jew Mardochai. Very meritorious are his investigations of the true situation of the mercantile harbour, as well as that destined for ships of war,—the celebrated Cothon,—which he has so exactly pointed out that little doubt can remain of the justice of his hypothesis: according to the locality, however, two circumstances are to be considered; first, that the palace of the admiral on the Cothon, as well as the ships of the Carthaginians, must have been extremely small in com-

parison with ours, for otherwise the space could not have been sufficient; and secondly, that the basins of both harbours being now nowhere more than a foot and a half deep, must have been, in the course of time, filled up to the extent of twelve feet,—a circumstance that at all events appears improbable.

It would have been more likely could a deposit of sand have taken place, but that is not easily possible, since both harbours are separated from the sea by a high broad ridge of land never inundated; although, as the ruins under the water plainly show, the sea has, in the course of ages, gained some hundred paces upon the land. How then, with this natural dam, could a deposit from the sea be possible.

At Goletta we were received in the most friendly manner by M. Gaspary, the French vice consul, — a man equally esteemed by foreigners and natives. A beautiful corvette was just then building for the Bey, and it appeared to me in every respect to equal our own. The present governor, Sidi-Mahmud Codschia, was formerly for a considerable time Tunisian ambassador in Paris, and is a man of education and dignified manners.

Almost everything here has a tolerably Eu-

ropean aspect, with the exception of the cannons, which peep through such absurdly small port-holes, that to change the direction of their shot would be almost an impossibility.

The arsenal and the docks are, in general, kept in very good order for this country; and as a farther token of civilisation, there were a crowd of galley slaves,—fortunately, however, no longer innocent Christian captives.

Of our return to Tunis I have nothing more to say than that the Bey's horses did their duty, for we galloped the two German miles to the city in three-quarters of an hour, in order to take dinner at the Danish Consul's, (for with dinner one must conclude the day,) and I was anxious not to make the party wait too long for us. I am often reproached for failing in my duty in this particular, and, alas! not always without cause, but I believe no one is better aware than yourself of this failing of mine. Riding along the shores of the lake we saw several troops of rose-coloured flamingos sailing about in the evening sun; and remarked on the bank a thorn which seemed to bear an abundance of white blossoms, that on examination turned out to be only little white snails, which had clustered by millions on its branches,

and had already killed the plant;—a sort of parasite with which I had never yet been acquainted.

Wishing that parasites of every kind may always remain far from you, I bid you a cordial farewell, and remain

Your faithful,

U. S.

LETTER XXXIV.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Politics.—The Sapatapa.—Manners.

Tunis, 16th May 1835.

THE storm which was gathering over the political horizon of this place has blown over, by which means I have been disappointed in my expectation of seeing the manœuvres of the newly organized troops of the Sapatapa. The following was the state of affairs: the Sapatapa, originally a Georgian slave, who had hitherto governed with unlimited authority in the name of the Bey, and who, by his perhaps too rigid economy, it is said, had made himself odious to the courtiers, and more particularly to the female interest in the Harem, probably deemed it expedient to secure himself support by establishing a corps of about four thousand men, devoted to his own person and distinct from the rest of the army. His intention is said to have

been, on the death of the Bey, who had been in an infirm state of health for some time, to avail himself of the assistance of these soldiers to secure the throne to the Bey's eldest son, Sidi Hammada, a prince who, on account of his weakness of understanding, was not supposed capable of wielding the reins of government, so that the Sapatapa would have been in possession of unrestrained power under the reign of the new Bey. Opposed to him was the brother of the Bey, Sidi Mustapha, whom the court, and all the most influential persons in the city, were desirous of seeing on the throne, and who, though advanced in years, is still an active man, while his son is described as a most enterprising character.

When the Bey, while we were at Carthage, was definitively given up by the physicians, the Sapatapa probably believed himself too weak to attempt a struggle for the throne, or perhaps was deficient in the resolution requisite to so hazardous an enterprise; for yesterday he threw himself at the feet of the pretender, Sidi Mustapha, and, according to Turkish fashion, offered him his head.

"It is known to thee," added he, "that when his Highness gave the uncontrolled government of this empire into my hands, the

treasury was empty, the navy ruined, and no means at hand to satisfy the obligations of the state towards private individuals. At that time, to relieve the most pressing exigencies, I gave up my own fortune, that I had acquired in the prince's service, into his hands; and during six years, the period of my administration, all debts have been paid, five frigates have been fitted and equipped, four thousand men, of regular troops, have been organised upon the European footing; and, on the death of thy illustrious brother, thou wilt find fifteen millions of piastres in his treasury. If from this thou thinkest that I have hitherto done my duty, thou wilt perhaps not doubt that I am able to serve thee equally well and faithfully: but, whatever thy will, I shall respectfully submit."

Sidi Mustapha replied:—"Be without fear; I will do thee no evil. I contemplate no immediate change, but thou knowest I have already my own Sapatapa, who, when I undertake the charge of government, must retain that post. However, thou wilt continue to belong to us, and the first command I give thee as such,—that I may convince myself of thy faithful disposition,—is, to order thy newly-organised troops immediately to deliver up their

arms, and, till further orders, to confine themselves to their quarters."

These particulars were communicated to me by a person whom I can depend upon, who is intimately acquainted with the intrigues of the Bardo, and plays himself no trifling part therein. The main point is looked upon as settled; but those acquainted with the country look upon the kind words of the future sovereign as a very doubtful security for the Sapatapa. If, as being the son-in-law of the Bey, and a useful and influential man, he should now escape death, still the sword of Damocles is suspended over his head; and even now his fate is little better than honourable imprisonment, for he must not quit the Bardo, and a hundred eyes watch his every movement: much anxiety, therefore, continues to prevail in the capital as to the result.

We foreigners, fortunately, have nothing to do with all this, and enjoy the same security as before. Having now become tolerably accustomed to the principal calamities of the town, — dirt and stink, — I begin first to enjoy the many remarkable circumstances which distinguish this state of society from ours. Hereto belong, likewise, the extraordinary number of characteristic and expressive physiognomies,

which frequently furnish the finest models of every age for the artist. Their motley and varied costumes also are much more attractive than our uniformity. Old and young adorn themselves with equal care, and with a decided preference for singular shades and combinations of colours: this refined taste for colours conveys an impression of simplicity closely approaching to a state of nature. Sometimes, however, it produces a burlesque effect, when, for instance, an old man with a white beard is seen sitting in his shop arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow, or an old sunburnt warrior, hung all over with arms, is seen striding through the streets in pink, yellow, and light green.

Some customs of the Mussulmans we should certainly do well to imitate: among these is their manner of saluting, which consists merely in an inclination of the head, with the right hand laid on the left breast. There is dignity, grace, and an expression of friendship, in this manner of saluting; whereas our detestable fashion of pulling off the hat belongs certainly to the most absurd and barbarous of all the habits of our highly-civilized continent. Their way of sitting, likewise, which renders chairs unnecessary, is not without its convenience,—

particularly for the poor; and if we go a step higher, how humane and affecting is the general manifestation of respect from the young to the old, and from children to their parents,—a spectacle which, I am sorry to say, becomes scarcer with us every day.

LETTER XXXV.

Death of the Bey; Accession of his Successor.

The 20th of May.

THIS morning the Bey died. In the city there were apprehensions of an insurrection. Every man shut up his house or his shop; and a boisterous rabble, armed with muskets and sabres, were running through the streets. Others sought refuge in the houses of the consuls, the only ones that remained open, or were guarded; and M. Van Nyssen sent to invite me to come to him, if I did not feel sufficiently secure in my own quarters. But I was still asleep, and heard nothing of all these circumstances except in my bed, and saw nothing at all of them.

At eleven o'clock, the three wished-for guns were heard from the Cassba, and an equal number from each of the other forts, announcing officially to the people of Tunis that they had received a new sovereign: at the same

time appeared a circular to the consuls, to repair with their congratulations to the Bardo; and an order to every shopkeeper to open his shop, under a penalty of five hundred blows on the soles of his feet. At this agreeable announcement, every one abandoned himself to joy. I wrote to M. Raffo, to request a private audience for me of the new Bey, and sent my secretary, accompanied by the dragoman on horseback, as ambassador to the Bardo. Shortly afterwards I had a visit from the French Consul, who related to me all that had happened.

The Sapatapa still continues to act, but is so strictly watched, that when he had obtained permission the day before yesterday to visit his country-house, situated only two thousand paces from the Bardo, he was accompanied thither by no less than thirty Mameluks: he was however, to-day, the first, with the chief of the divan, a near relation of the Bey, to take Sidi Mustapha by the arm and conduct him to the throne. On being seated there, the new Bey must immediately decide some question of law; and if no process happens to be before him, some Mameluk feigns a complaint to satisfy this very significant ceremony,—for, until it has been complied with, the new sove-

reign is not looked upon as confirmed in his office. Thereupon the divan assembles *pro formâ*. This is a body in the state of about as much importance as formerly Napoleon's senate: but when the divan has recognised the Bey, the guns are fired, the courtiers kiss the hand of their new master, drink coffee, and upon the European principle of "*le Roi est mort — vive le Roi*," they join in loud acclamations in honour of the newly-risen sun. Hereupon the consuls were presented, — a ceremony formerly deferred till the ensuing day, and consisting simply in the etiquette of likewise kissing the Bey's hand, without being honoured with a single word in return. The court then assumes a somewhat melancholy aspect: for several days no Mameluk must put a razor to his face; and in the part of the Bardo where the deceased Bey expired, no food must be dressed for one month, — so that the inmates must have their cookery done elsewhere.

Before the consuls had concluded their visit, J. returned to deliver in his report. He had handed my letter to the minister-secretary in the hall of the divan: the latter, after reading it, had shown it to those present, to prove that there was no treachery in it. Thereupon he communicated the contents to the Bey, who

was kind enough to grant me the solicited audience for the day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock in the morning. In J.'s opinion, the Bardo, on this day, presented a very magnificent appearance, filled as it was with all the courtiers and public functionaries, with beautifully decorated horses, guards on foot and on horseback, with a crowd of Moors, Bedouins, and people of all sorts, through whom it was difficult to force one's way. In the court before the hall, in which lay the corpse of the Bey, sat cross-legged, and in deep silence, from five to six hundred negresses, who had obtained their liberty. It is always customary on the death of a Bey, or of any member of his family, to emancipate a number of negroes of both sexes, not only of those belonging to the deceased, but also of those belonging to the grandees, who choose this way of paying their court.

LETTER XXXVI.

Funeral Ceremonies of the deceased Bey.

The 21st of May.

In this climate, the dead are not kept unburied so long as with us, but are generally consigned to their mother-earth within twenty-four hours: accordingly the illustrious deceased was consigned at seven o'clock in the morning to the *Turba el Bakha*, the family vault of the reigning family of Tunis. Herein there was a violation of former customs, according to which the funeral took place only at eleven o'clock.

The coffin, painted yellow, was carried by the cooks, as they are called, of the divan, preceded by the showshes, with pasteboard helmets, and such enormous bunches of ostrich feathers on their heads, that any but a strong man would sink under their weight. The coffin-bearers were frequently relieved, for their corps appears to be numerous; and their costume was not a little absurd. It consisted of a

narrow blue caftan, with a gold-embroidered girdle, and a kind of blue silk cord which hangs over the right shoulder down to the feet, with immense bunches, like brooms, at both ends. Their little round caps contrast strangely with their helmets, for they scarcely cover their bald heads; the shoes, on the other hand, are twice as large and strong as necessary, and regularly shod like the hoofs of horses. The six hundred emancipated negresses and the two hundred emancipated negroes crowded about the coffin without the least order: each of these black personages carried a long stick, to the end of which was attached the letter of manumission; and this quantity of paper playing in the wind produced a singular effect.

It was only after the negroes that the great *cortège* commenced; first, the princes and chief dignitaries of the court, then the ministers, governors, agas, &c., and then the most eminent Moorish inhabitants of the city; next follow all the Mameluks of first and second rank, the four guardians of the bowstring, now simply called *gardes du corps*, with their chief, all in the costume of Janissaries. The procession was closed by a motley crowd of armed men and all sorts of people.

When the procession begins to move, condemned criminals and persons prosecuted on account of debts, rush towards the coffin, and when they have touched it, the former obtain their pardon, and the latter the extinction of their debts. A few are allowed to approach, but the remainder are repulsed with very little ceremony. The noise and howling of the women, hired to tear their faces and bosoms, is said to present a dreadful and revolting spectacle, when the body leaves the Bardo. On these occasions all the old fanaticism prevails, and a Christian, if he ventured, in defiance of an express prohibition, to become a spectator of the solemnity, would expose himself to the most imminent danger.

I had, with the greatest trouble, obtained a place behind a latticed window, whence in a Moorish dress, I saw the procession pass along. Even these stolen glances are so much resented, that the very Bey whose body was now borne to its last place of repose, had taken it extremely ill, that something of the same kind had been done on the occasion of his mother's funeral. Some consuls hired the room of a Christian physician, that they might witness the spectacle; the secret got wind, and after the Pasha had imposed a heavy fine on the doctor, he sent workmen to

the house, to wall up, at the owner's expense, every door and window looking into the street, forbidding his ever opening them again.

As soon as the first tumult is over, the procession moves on with silence and decorum, and halts three times for prayer. The first time by the tomb of the saint Sidi Abdalla Sherif, who still stands in high repute, on account of the miracles which he continues to perform; the second before the Cassba, where the governor of the city, sitting at the gate of the citadel, awaits the train, and on its approach, rises and joins it; the third at the great mosque, originally a cathedral built by the Spaniards, and still bearing its old name of the Church of the Olive-tree. Here a grand prayer was delivered, in which all the Muftis and heads of the church joined. After this the *cortège* directs its way towards the family vault of Hassan Ben Ali, the ancestor and founder of the reigning house: here again solemn prayers were offered, and immediately afterwards the coffin was enveloped in a plain white cloth, and placed in the vault.

LETTER XXXVII

The old Cassba.—The Harem.—Palace of the Bey.—The Hammam-Lief.

The 24th of May.

At the Bardo, I had expressed my wish to see the old Cassba and the new barracks; and this morning the Bey sent an officer of his Mameluks to accompany me. The fort of the Cassba is five hundred years old, and lies now, for the greater part, in ruins. Here are seen united, monuments of the first kings of Tunis, constructions of Charles V, and more recent fortifications of the Turks, who, in the times of the Deys, were stationed here in garrison, till the Tunisians were able to achieve their independence, since which period they are governed by their own Beys. The greater part of the troops in the service of the government, continues, however, to be composed of Turks. Before the entrance to the fort is an open space of

ground, and in the middle a large stone basin, in which were formerly placed the heads of those executed for high treason. It is long since the ominous basin drank blood, for men are everywhere getting more humanised, even in Barbary. The principal gate of the Cassba is painted with different colours, and the inner space, where the guard waits, is decorated with grotesque pictures of animals, intermingled with verses from the Koran, the whole together looking something like Mexican hieroglyphics. On the walls were suspended, by the side of the muskets and yataghans of the soldiers, ancient Spanish arms and armour, with ornamented shields of a singular form, like those formerly borne by the Moorish knights.

Nowhere are there finer views for painters, of the different parts of the city and its environs, than from these heaps of ruins. But the way to them leads through nettles and thorns, and the most abominable filth. In one of the vaults, where they preserved the remains of a whale thrown ashore near Goletta, there lay likewise the putrefied carcase of a horse, and notwithstanding the horrible stench which it diffused far around, nobody seemed to think of removing it.

In the time of Charles V. the garrison consisted of Christian and Mahometan troops,

and one day it was the Spanish commandant who commanded, and the next day the Tunisian. But, however amicably these chiefs may alternately have borne sway, the bigotry of the Mussulmans would not permit them to bear each other company after death. When I was about to enter the extensive cemetery of the commandants of the Cassba, which is still tolerably well maintained, they entreated me to refrain from such a desecration; and on my asking, whether the Christian chief, who they told me had died there, did not repose there with the rest, the present commandant shook himself, as if a lizard had been crawling over him, and replied, stroking his long beard, "*Strahfr' Allah!*" (God protect us) "no!"

The most remarkable object is a handsome tower, of very ancient construction, covered from top to bottom with beautiful ornamental sculpture, in which verses from the Koran are made to entwine with arabesques and foliage, the whole producing a magnificent effect. None of the party, however, were able to read the inscriptions. There is also a powder manufactory in the Cassba, and a magazine of tents for the use of the *Camps*, as they are called. As the best are kept at the Bardo, and only the worst are sent here to be repaired, (the workmen being

pressed into the service, like sailors in England, and receiving no pay but their food,) the magazine looked exceedingly like a collection of rags, such as are seen in our large paper mills. Nevertheless, the inspector, who had been employed here for forty years, would not give us any of the details, convinced that we had never seen anything like it in Europe, in which he was not altogether wrong. The most remarkable circumstance about the powder manufactory was, that the people sitting at the entrance were smoking; and even inside of it, to break off a little of the damp powder that was sticking together, they made use of a steel wedge, upon which they struck with an iron hammer. Truly, Allah must have taken these people under his peculiar protection, else they would long since, like the holy Elias, have flown up to heaven, in all sorts of directions. The powder made here is coarse and bad.

The new barracks for about two thousand men built by the deceased Bey, or rather by his active Sapatapa, afford a praiseworthy contrast to the ruined Cassba. Even in Europe they would have been called handsome and suitable to the purpose, particularly the court paved with square stones, and surrounded by a covered colonnade, forming one of the most convenient

and striking places for exercising troops, that can possibly be imagined. Behind the colonnade are the vaulted chambers of the soldiers, each calculated for twenty-six bedsteads. These are turned up against the wall during the day, and the mattresses preserved in a neighbouring chamber,—an arrangement, in my opinion, deserving of imitation, since it economises room, and promotes cleanliness. The apartments for the officers are close to this court, as are also the other buildings connected with the establishment, including a splendid kitchen with sixty kettles, likewise vaulted and intersected by double rows of pillars; a wash-house, a mill, &c.

A pure style of architecture prevails throughout, combined with the best adaptation to the purposes of the building; and an abundance of fresh water is to be had everywhere, by merely turning bronze cocks fixed in the walls. The site of the barracks certainly facilitated this, since they are built over ancient cisterns, which are still in a complete state of preservation. The decorations of the gates and colonnades bore throughout the Prussian colours, black and white, so that, with the military tendency and the excellence of this institution, I might have fancied myself back in my own country, and, to complete the illusion, the sight cost me dear,

for I was obliged, out of respect to the Bey, to give my companion ten pieces of gold for his trouble, whereas a less distinguished guide would have been satisfied with a few piastres.

To occupy the rest of the day, I rode with some ladies and gentlemen to the now lonely country house of the Sapatapa. We found the court-yard filled with a flock of sheep that had just been shorn; a melancholy allegory under existing circumstances. My first idea on seeing them was, how glad the poor owner would be, if he were allowed to *revenir à ses moutons.*

We were first led into a singularly decorated room on the ground floor, which was inhabited by the castellan, a renegade, ninety-six years of age, and his French wife, nearly as old as himself. He had painted the spacious room, with its niches, walls, and ceiling, with his own hands, leaving not a spot unoccupied, with the most fantastic productions of his imagination. From Adam and Eve, who might have been mistaken for a couple of toads, to the last judgement, nothing was omitted. God the Father, and Satan, the former naked, and the latter waggishly arrayed in canonicals; terrible Graces and awful Cupids, animals of unheard-of conformation, summer and winter landscapes, clocks, looking-glasses, steam-boats, eatables, even rain

and sunshine: everything had been produced by the pencil of the unfaithful one, seeking perhaps by this occupation to divert the pangs of his remorse. The ladies were delighted beyond measure with this gallery, which was certainly the thing best worth seeing in the whole place, for the apartments of the Sapatapa were very insignificant. In the hall of audience we saw two beautiful saddles, with all their appurtenances. The one set of accoutrements, which resembled those of the middle ages, was heavy, covered with silver, and very carefully wrought; the other of red velvet, tastefully and richly embroidered with gold and different-coloured silks. I chose the latter as a pattern for one which I intend to send home as a memorial of Tunis.

In the harem we found about twenty balls, with which the women are accustomed to play: an innocent diversion only permitted to them when they are alone. Every thing was as simple as possible, with scarcely a trace of luxury; if we may, perhaps, except an elegant garden pavilion, at whose entrance we were met by a large ostrich, which ran about quite freely.

We were here entertained with coffee, perfumed with musk—so disgusting a drink that I was forced to get rid of the poison in the fashion

of the Arabian Nights, and toss it, unperceived, out of the window. The upper parts of the walls of this saloon, were covered by the above-mentioned admirable transparent plaster-work, overlaid with a thin plate of coloured glass, which produced an exceedingly pretty effect. Just as little care had been expended on the garden as on the dwelling house. A small division of it contained, however, four favourite horses of the Sapatapa, of which one short firmly-knit iron-grey, with clean-made muscular limbs, was represented as a miracle of strength and swiftness.

The Polish Lieutenant-Colonel von Syczepanowski, in Egypt aide-de-camp to General Dembinski, now in the Tunisian service, informed me that the Sapatapa, who is a famous rider, had hunted two antelopes to death with this horse on the same day on these desert plains, without the help of dogs.

The antelope, he added, runs faster than the stag, and each chase lasted two hours. He did not believe that any horse of the Don or Polish breed was capable of performing the same feat; but I am of opinion that every good English hunter is able to do as much or more.

In the last few days I have been very little out, being much occupied with work, and with

my removal to another abode, which the Dutch consul-general has for the second time had the kindness to offer me, as I could no longer retain my own on hire.

I now undertook, accompanied by J——, the Mameluk, and my Dragoman, a rather fatiguing excursion to the baths of *Hammam-lief*, intending to climb the *Bugharnin*, which rears its two sharp peaks behind the pleasure-palace of the Bey, from which Jussuf in vain endeavoured to carry off his beloved. The castle is now inhabited by negroes and Jews, so that we were able to view all the apartments of the harem. They are not magnificent, but very conveniently arranged. In every room there is an alcove filled by an enormous bed belonging to his highness, of at least ten or twelve feet square. The walls of the alcove are cushioned all round, that nowhere anything hard may be touched. On the open side, a broad ottoman with pillows runs the whole length of it, serving either as a convenient step by which to ascend to the bed, or as a couch for a faithful attendant. The silken curtains of the bed, which can be drawn up and down at pleasure, reach only as far as the ottoman, while a similar one runs round the walls of the room. Even the window-seats are furnished with mattresses and rolling blinds, so

that, in the apartments of the Pasha, Mameluks frequently pass the night on them.

When I saw this arrangement, I first understood perfectly a part of Jussuf's story which had formerly been obscure to me. Beautiful mats and carpets cover the floor, and the walls are adorned breast-high—sometimes even up to the ceiling—with porcelain tiles. Everything would appear adapted to convenience and enjoyment if we did not observe the usual shady side to the picture, namely, a neglect and want of cleanliness, intolerable, and often almost incredible to Europeans; for some of the most costly stuffs were moth-eaten, and such quantities of fleas were hopping about on the carpet, that on going out we were obliged to have our clothes regularly beaten, to get rid of these detestable animals. From the balcony we enjoyed the prospect, across the lake, of the harbour of Goletta, the arsenal, and the ruins of Carthage: on it were standing six metal cannons of uncommonly handsome workmanship, whose carriages are enriched with fluted Corinthian columns, and verses from the Koran.

The latter will doubtless much assist their operation when they come to be used. Some hundred steps off the principal buildings, are the sulphur-baths, and springs for drinking,

whose taste as well as effect has a great resemblance to those of Carlsbad. Their arrangements are both paltry and dirty, although the court comes every year to benefit by the waters.

It was an extremely hot day; but I, as a determined lover of the *fraicheur de Vendôme*, did not allow myself to be deterred from climbing the highest peak of the *Hammam-lief*. About half the distance we made on horseback, and we were then obliged to dismount, and climb the rest of the way on foot, and I never recollect to have made a more fatiguing tour; for the conical-shaped mountain, covered with rush-grass and heath, united all possible inconveniencies. The declivities are excessively steep, smooth, and covered with loose stones; the crown only consists of a solid mass of rock, which is rather easier of ascent.

The prospect from the summit is of course extensive; but it was grey and desolate, and its unpleasant impression was heightened by the state of the atmosphere. A perfectly clear horizon is a great rarity here during the day, and the evening may be said to last only a few minutes. We were able, however, to obtain a distinct view of the situation of Carthage and its peninsula, as well as of Tunis and the two lakes. The black Bedouins, who served as our

guides, carried sticks like Irish shillelahs, only they were not leaded, but bound round the end with an iron hoop. They answered capitally for killing a great snake, which darted out of a thicket towards us in a very threatening manner. Some very large squirrels, also,—some black, some of a splendid changeable green,—were frequently met with; and we found some rocks quite covered with a sort of golden beetle with deep red stripes, which was very pretty. We saw very seldom either a bird or a butterfly.

By the time we again reached the duar, at the foot of the mountain, whence we had taken our guides, we were almost fainting from thirst. Three or four goats were quickly milked; and the milk, mixed with fresh water from a neighbouring spring, was poured into large dishes, which we emptied as often as they were sent round.

This mountain, also, like the Atlas and most others which we had seen on this coast, consisted of limestone. Granite we nowhere found. The chirping of innumerable grasshoppers, who seem to have made about the same progress in music as the natives, attended us, to our great annoyance, during the whole way back.

The harvest had begun. Much of the produce was already reaped, and a part even carried home.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Dutch Consul.—Jewellery.—Bargains.

June 2nd.

I HAVE passed a few days very agreeably and rurally with M. Von Nyssen, at the Marsa. In riding thither I followed, as much as possible, the line of the aqueduct, which has been here shamefully destroyed, and has, doubtless, served for centuries as a stone-quarry for the country-houses of the Marsa, as well as the neighbouring villages. We were much amused, on our ride, by observing Mustapha, who sat for the first time upon an English saddle, which he did not understand at all; so that, as soon as we began to gallop, he flung his arms up and down like a puppet, and could only keep himself on at all by means of the pommel, whilst, more than once, he was in danger of riding over us. It must really be a difficult task for any one accustomed to the Arabian saddle, which is like an arm-chair, to keep his

accustomed seat on the slippery English one; nor can the Arabs at all conceive why we wantonly make the matter so difficult to ourselves. We found the cheerful villa of the Dutch consul handsomely decorated; and his family, rich in beautiful daughters, was assembled among the flowers of the garden to receive us; two living celestial-blue flowers,—an Angelina and a Caroline,—appeared so beautiful to our eyes, that we quite forgot all the others.

Of an agreeable retirement little is to be said, and, where we have been most cheerful and comfortable, we have generally least to relate. It is as with the reputation of a woman, the less that is said about it the better; and in this light appears to me the recollection of those delightful days. One of them was devoted to another visit to the ruins of Carthage, which was not, however, favourable to me; for I fell from my horse in leaping a ditch, and sprained my foot to such a degree, that I was unable to leave the house for the remainder of the time. Nevertheless, the circumstance was not without profit to me; for the society of this amiable family, and the intelligent conversation of the excellent and experienced father, indemnified me abundantly for my little accident.

On our return to Tunis we made a round over Gamart, to see a flowering aloe. This is certainly the most colossal flower-stalk in nature, looking really more like the mast of a small ship. J—— climbed with some difficulty up the prickly leaves, to saw off some of the flowers with the dragoman's yataghan. The people say, that at the moment when the cluster of pericarps at the top scatter forth the ripe seed, they do so with a report equal to that of a pistol. It is well that plants in general are not wont to make so much noise on such occasions, or there would be no termination to this cannonade of nature. While we were collecting the flowers, we were suddenly reminded that the gates of Tunis closed at a quarter after seven. It was already half-past six, and we had still to ride five leagues, part of the way being through deep sand. This was a good opportunity to try the mettle of our horses; and they stood the trial better than our dragoman did, who groaned terribly, and complained of dreadful pains in his breast and stomach; when, at the full speed of our horses, we arrived just one minute before the close of the gate. Mustapha had fortunately been sent on before us in the morning.

The next morning I received a visit from

Ben Omar, the Moor, dressed in a grass-green habit of ceremony, looking, for all the world, like a walking grasshopper. He is brother to the Bey of Tittery, in Algiers; from whom I had received a letter of introduction to him, that he might be useful to me in making purchases, and in other local affairs. I went with him to the Suck,—a kind of market which is held daily, and where the merchants walk up and down a long narrow lane, carrying their merchandise about, and offering it for sale with loud vociferations.

Here not only all sorts of curiosities are to be had for a reasonable price, but even extensive assortments of the most valuable jewels may be purchased. Their forms, indeed, would appear grotesque and tasteless to our ladies, resembling very much the settings customary in Europe during the middle ages. The heaviness and coarseness of the bracelets are exceeded only by the anklets, which have the appearance of stirrups, but considerably thicker, and generally of massive gold. The ear-rings frequently attain the size and weight of those little silver vehicles in which, at some English tables, I have seen the cheese or the dessert-wine wheeled about; and as to rings, I have seen some that, in case of a

fight, would become rather formidable weapons of offence.

It is very honourable to the people of the place, and at the same time very striking to a European, to see a common porter squeezing through a crowd, and calling customers to look at jewellery to the value of thirty or forty thousand piastres, which he carries suspended from his arms and shoulders, and that without any protection, but the integrity of the surrounding multitude. The goods in the street-shops are exposed in the same free and unreserved manner; and the civility of the tradesman is quite as great as with us. Everybody lays hold of the goods, if he has occasion to look at them, without any suspicion being ever expressed; and yet the confusion caused by so many people is very considerable, particularly if, as is often the case, some horsemen ride up and force their way through the narrow crowded streets.

Thence we repaired to the slave-market, where we found only some negresses and their children exposed for sale. We observed nothing severe in their treatment; and the whole had more the appearance of a Parisian *bureau de placement*, than that of an Oriental slave-

bazaar. Those who found a purchaser, seemed as pleased here as the aspirants in Paris would have been at getting a place.

We concluded our round with a visit to the old minister of the marine, father to the governor of the Goletta, who had formerly travelled much in Europe. He inhabits a handsome palace, throughout which a remarkable degree of order and cleanliness prevailed,— the result probably of his European reminiscences, which were not always equally justly applied: thus, for instance, the ottomans were covered with white English quilts; and the minister himself wore a watch, likewise English, of the circumference and thickness of a pancake.*

He related, with evident interest, his visit to St. Paul's church in London,— how he had ascended into the cupola, and climbed to the highest point, where the splendid prospect over the immense town opened on his view. I asked whether in Christian countries they had ever refused him admission into a church? and, on his answering in the negative, I took the opportunity to beg him to obtain me permission to enter one of the mosques. He promised, with

* The Berlin pancake, to which allusion is here probably made, is of about the size of an English apple-dumpling, somewhat compressed.—*Tr.*

a smile, that he would speak with the *Padrone*, (the title by which the Mameluks always mention the Bey,) and led me even to hope that he might obtain the permission for me against my return from my projected journey into the interior. This was, at all events, a polite way of putting me off.

During the forenoon, I had ordered a quantity of things which I intended to send home; and the difficulties I found in concluding affairs of this kind struck me as exceedingly characteristic. A bargain occupies the longest possible time; and it costs one an incredible quantity of useless words and repetitions to make them understand what one wants, and before they can make up their minds to fix upon a definitive price. The larger the order the greater seems to be the difficulty, being apparently more easily deterred by their indolence than impelled by their interest. The prices of many native fabrications, however, are exceedingly reasonable compared with Europe; and many things are executed with much taste and finish. They especially excel in embroideries of all kinds, straw mats, and carpets. European wares, on the other hand, are scarcely to be had at all; even the simplest, such as gloves, ribands, &c. are immoderately dear, and of bad quality.

LETTER XXXIX.

Leave-taking.—The Bey and his Son.—The Lions.

June 7th.

To-day I had my farewell audience of the Bey in the Bardo, since in a few days I intend undertaking my journey to the interior. The Bey and the whole court appeared in the best possible humour; the former Sapatapa, alone, had an air of melancholy. He had been obliged to yield his office to the present,—a corpulent, good-natured-looking man,—and is to be sent as ambassador to Constantinople; whence, it is said by many, he will never return. I returned many thanks to the Bey for having shown the same gracious disposition towards me as his deceased brother had, and courteously done all in his power to render my journey through his kingdom convenient and safe. The Bey answered, through M. Raffo, that what he had done was merely a matter of course; and that, besides, since he had had the

misfortune to lose his illustrious brother, he considered himself still as his servant, and not as the sovereign of the country. I then communicated to him my wish to be present at the sitting of the Hall of Justice, which he immediately granted in the most obliging manner.

The ceremony passed off in a very imposing manner: a crimson silk talar was first put on the Bey, who then passed across the great court, surrounded by all his attendants, in grand procession. It was led by four Turkish slaves, in a rich costume of red and white, with the Shaush Salam at their head, who was distinguished by a still more gay and costly dress, with an enormous turban. These Shatars were formerly in the service of the Sultan; and they were the important persons to whom was entrusted the task of applying the fatal bow-string to those Pashas who were condemned to death. For this purpose they were provided, singularly enough, with a gilded metal girdle round the body, to which was attached a large box for the preservation of the said cord. At present it is empty, as we were able to convince ourselves; for, after the ceremonies were concluded, the Shatars made no ceremony of allowing their girdles and themselves to be examined as much as we pleased.

As soon as the Bey entered the hall, the Shaush Salam announced his arrival by a salutation delivered in a stentorian voice, and repeated it when the sovereign took his place on his lofty throne. The Shaush renewed his compliments again on the entrance of each member of the Divan who entered the hall, and I could not help admiring this contrivance of a saluter-general for the whole court. The Bey alone, and some writers, were seated; all others were obliged to stand, although the audience lasted several hours: only for me, and those who accompanied me as strangers, seats were provided on the right-hand of the throne.

The proceedings began by a grand kissing of hands by all present, among whom were a crowd of Arab chiefs, so that the kissing lasted full half an hour. The Bey sat the whole time with outstretched hand, and elbow resting on the thigh; since the natives receive the *inside* of the hand to kiss, as the other side only does for Christians, and would be considered here as a sign of displeasure. Sometimes the consuls, as a particular favour, receive also the inside, of which they are as proud as country-people with us of the gracious smile of a minister. His highness in general took so little notice of the kissers, that he often continued talking to the

by-standers without even looking at those who gave them. The most intimate contented themselves with a simple kiss; with many, the matter was more complicated, for, after the first kiss, they pressed their foreheads upon the hand, and then kissed it again two or three times.

All, however, performed the ceremony with as much tenderness and fervour as if they had before them the hand of a beloved mistress. Notwithstanding this appearance of attachment, the Basch Hamba (general of a corps of three hundred cavalry officers) held every one fast by the arm to prevent any possible treachery. Last of all came the baker of the garrison, who with a loud voice proclaimed that he presented to the Pasha, as a soldier of the Sultan, his military ration, consisting of four little loaves. The Bey took the bread, kissed it, bit off a piece, and said humbly, "God give me daily this bread!" After this, coffee was presented to the Bey, and the most distinguished persons present; but to the Bey alone a magnificent pipe eight or ten feet long. When he had taken a few puffs, he began to attend to the causes before the court.

They were mostly of much the same nature as those I had heard before the governor, and the objects of complaint were often trivial

enough, without wearying the patience of the sovereign. M. Raffo had had the complaisance to place himself near me and explain some of the cases; but, as he was afterwards called away by business, I could not make out enough to enter into any detail.

Most of the parties appeared to go away satisfied: I could not help noticing that near the Bey, on the steps of the throne, stood his eldest son, Sidi Achmet Bey, a prince of twenty-six years of age, who in the most reverential manner sometimes presented his father's spectacles, to enable him to read a petition, and sometimes held him a silver basin to spit in, without seeming at all ashamed that the whole court should see him engaged in these menial offices. I have indeed often had occasion to remark the respectful manners of children towards their parents among all classes.

On the left of the throne stood, as I have already mentioned, the Basch Hamba; and, a little farther off, the new Sapatapa, who often left his place in order to understand better the parties, who stood at the distance of about ten paces, and then convey his report to the Bey. The petitions of those whose business had been despatched were torn on the spot by the Sapatapa. There were few causes which were not

at once decided, but all together would not have produced the hundredth part of the waste paper that they would with us. I must take this opportunity of remarking that M. Raffo, who occupies such an important post here, and is held in the highest esteem by the Bey and the whole court, is a Christian.

We cannot therefore complain of the intolerance of the Barbarians, since we should not yet carry our liberality so far as to endure a Mussulman in the ministry, even had nature endowed him by a miracle with as much understanding as would suffice for a whole constellation of these stars of the Christian heavens.

Before leaving the Bardo, we visited once more the colony of lions, who all seemed in as good humour as the court, for they showed us their teeth only in yawning, and caressed each other in the prettiest manner imaginable.

It was a complete family picture: the majestic lion in the midst, with his four consorts grouped around him, so that one had placed her head between his fore-paws, another rested her chin on his thick mane, a third kept patting him gently behind, and the fourth was absolutely kissing him. The young ones, in the mean time, were frolicking about the court. In the stables we found this time several good horses,

which had now returned from the meadows. Four or five, of Morocco breed, differ much from the Arabian; they are of an extraordinary size and strength, and are intended to form part of the presents to the Sultan, to be carried by the former Sapatapa, whose magnificence is to exceed all that he has hitherto received.

LETTER XL.

Atmosphere of Tunis.

June 14th.

For a week past I have been very unwell, and I begin to perceive the enervating effects of the climate. It is nevertheless surprising that the mephitic vapours from the city,—which are powerful enough to turn black all gold and silver which is not carefully kept from the air, and the great dampness, which immediately rusts the best polished steel, as well as blunts all razors,—should not operate ten times more disadvantageously on the health of strangers.

All eyes are now directed to Tripoli. According to the information lately received from thence, the Sultan has sent a new Pasha, with a force of three thousand men, to send back the old one to Constantinople, and put to flight all pretenders. One has escaped to Malta; the other disdaining this resource, and seeing no

hope of success, heroically died by his own hand.

The enterprise was conducted with the usual dissimulation of the Turks; for the commander of the fleet pretended, in the first instance, to have come merely for the protection of the old Pasha, and show him all possible respect as the ruler of the country. It was not till he had induced the latter to honour with his presence a festival on board his ship, while his troops seized on the castle and fort, that he threw off the mask, and proclaimed himself Pasha by the grace of God. The folks here are not quite easy, lest the Sultan should amuse himself by playing the second act of the farce in Tunis; but, in the mean time, they make *bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, and add some more diamonds to the grand present.

LETTER XLI.

TO MR. LEOPOLD SCHEFER AT MUSKAU.

Journey into the Interior. — The Aqueduct. — Ruins of Uthina. — Ancient Cisterns used as Stables. — Subterranean Bivouac.

Tunis, August 25, 1835.

It was my wish, dear Schefer, to have addressed to you this official epistle from those regions of the East and Africa which you yourself formerly, borne by your Pegasus, traversed at full speed: but since, contrary to my expectation, I find myself detained so long in Barbary,—and God only knows what Heaven reserves for Semilasso,—I will avail myself of the opportunity while I can, to relate to you the events of a journey into the interior; which, perhaps, will have the charms of novelty for you,—these regions having been visited by few Europeans, and, at this burning season of the year, probably by none before me. But a writer of travels must look on himself as a

soldier engaged in the service of the public, and not only take his turns of duty as they come, but also readily brave those dangers which he encounters, of whatever kind they may be.

I have the more cause to wish that my communication may not be uninteresting to you, as it threatens to be somewhat long: it includes a period of upwards of two months, and will therefore, probably, instead of a letter, become literally a book. Thus I discharge my debt as voluminously as I can.

On the 13th of June, at six o'clock in the evening, our caravan set off from my lodging at the Dutch consul's, the weather being tolerably cool and windy. The procession of cavaliers consisted, in addition to myself and my secretary, of a Polish Colonel, Szczepanowski, (now in the service of the Bey,) with his servant; of a Mameluk of the Bey, with two *Hambas*, bearing the rank of officers and the costume of Bedouins; of my dragoman; my Moorish valet Mustapha; two negroes whom I had hired for the journey, and who carried on their mules the necessary supplies of water; wine, sugar, oranges, &c.; and lastly, of an equally heavily laden servant of the Hambas. I myself, for the sake of convenience, was

mounted on a fine spirited mule, leaving my horse to be led by one of the negroes.

A large two-wheeled *carreta*, with tent, bedding, and our other baggage, and which in case of need might serve us to sleep on in the desert, had preceded us. The way in which the charioteer guides this vehicle, is a curiosity in its way: the box on which he sits, and which is bent inwards like a hammock, is placed between the heads of the wheel-horses, the two ends being fastened to their cruppers; below, two supporters connect it with the shaft, on which the coachman's feet rest. The horses are guided without bit or bridle, merely by a cord fastened to their collars. The wheel-horses had not even collars. I remember to have seen at Oxford an old MS. of the twelfth century, with drawings representing the manners and customs of the time, among which I saw one of a two-wheeled cart with a team exactly similar.

The whole of this suite, including my two negroes and their mules, had been furnished to me by the Bey, well provided with embroidered bridles, velvet saddles, and scarlet saddle-cloths; so that we set off with a due degree of pomp. We were, moreover, all of us, more or less clad in Arab costume,—a precaution

rendered necessary by the fanaticism of the various districts in the interior which it was our intention to visit.

I had had much trouble to obtain the permission of the Bey to visit the holy city of Keruan, where no Christian is admitted without especial permission of the sovereign, and where no Jew must be seen on pain of death. After many letters had been exchanged on this subject, I was at last permitted to ride through, being told that this precaution was necessary to my own security, and the utmost prudence was at the same time recommended. It will be seen how little the sequel justified this solicitude.

I had not been in the country for a long time, owing to an illness which manifested itself by an excessive degree of nervous weakness; I now found the earth burnt up, the fields like ashes, and the grass as yellow as sand. But this hue of the desert did not harmonise ill with the ruinous appearance of the country, the tumble-down look of the houses even when recently erected, and with the whole air of mourning and abandonment everywhere manifested. It seemed to me like the picture of a slowly expiring world: and when we passed the interminable burying-ground at the

gate, along the steep and barren rocks crowned by the two forts of Aliva and Salaz, and entered upon the wide and empty plain of Rhades,—close under us the sea, with the sun, like a vast ball of fire, sinking into it,—and before us, at a misty distance, the majestic Sauwan, the goal of the first section of our journey,—in despite of sickness and debility, a sweet refreshing feeling of melancholy came over me: it was a human consciousness of a higher than a mere earthly position in relation to the objects around me,—of a healthful mind, which, to a certain degree at least, is able to subdue the body.

It had become night. Passing by some burning limekilns, through the flames of which we distinguished several busy black figures, we rode through the white embattled gates of the Castle of Hammdia, a country residence of the deposed Sapatapa.* Much fatigued, and trembling with the chill of the night, I hastened immediately to the bedroom that had been prepared for me,—a high vaulted room with a single window, with-

* The real name of the castle is Muhammedia; but the Arabs shorten many of their words, which occasions the greater confusion in names, as, according to the pronunciation, almost every traveller gives them differently.

out glass, through which the wind entered unimpeded, and where I sought a repose which I did not find, for I suffered from fever till the morning. The crisis was, however, of service to me; at least to this I attribute my having got better and better from that moment, notwithstanding all the hardships of the journey.

Many things had been forgotten in Tunis, for which it was necessary to send back a messenger; so that I was obliged to remain where I was a whole day. In the mean time, I fixed my quarters in the upper part of the castle, and in the rooms of the owner. Here I wanted nothing; and, fortunately, I found them so clean and airy, that neither fleas nor musquitoes had established themselves there. For the rest we shifted as we could; no provisions were to be had, not even eggs.

The castle is large and elegant, with handsome rooms and gaudy galleries; and the view from the terrace, although of the desolate character above described, is not without interest. The sun, however, reflected from the newly whitened walls, dazzled me so much that I could not bear it, and I was for the first time obliged to make use of blue eye-preservers, which cannot be too strongly recommended to strangers visiting this country. The extensive

gardens are much neglected; still I discovered a bosquet of flowering pomegranates, surrounded by colossal fig-trees, under the close shade of which I found it as cool and agreeable as in a grotto.

The negroes who attend to these gardens live near them in regular dog-kennels,—little places constructed of unhewn stones, piled upon one another, in which the large stout fellows have not even room to lie at full length. Between these hovels lines had been fixed, hung with strips of hard mutton dried in the sun; this, with a few fruits, form their only food. But, notwithstanding this wretched manner of life, they looked well, and were full of spirits, which broke out into loud laughter and exultation on my giving them a few piastres on going away.

At five o'clock on the following morning, we quitted Hammdia. The day was hot, but the air continued to be tempered by a cool wind. Our road led through a wide hilly plain; and we saw soon, at a distance, a hitherto (to me) unknown part of the splendid aqueduct, which is tolerably well preserved here, and runs for nearly a league through the lowest part of the plain. Here I had again an opportunity to strengthen my opinion that

this aqueduct must have originated with the Carthaginians, the Romans having only, at some time or other, made some extensive repairs in it; which would completely explain the circumstance, mentioned by Mr. Falbe, respecting the medals of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, with the inscription, *Indulgentia Augustorum in Carthaginem*, and on the reverse, Astarte seated on a lion, leaping over a spring issuing from a rock; for these medals may just as well imply the repairs as the new work.

The intercalated parts of the work are everywhere distinguished by a different style, according to the description which I gave you in one of my former letters. This is most striking where the aqueduct passes over the Hanneya-el-Tamira in two ranges of arches, one over the other, together upwards of eighty feet high, and evidently of Roman construction. Thence, at both ends, the arches become smaller and smaller, till the watercourse is lost in the neighbouring hills, through which it is conveyed by tunnels.

It must be owned that our governments now-a-days scarcely possess the means for the undertaking of such gigantic works; which are the more incomprehensible, as, in many places,

the stones must have been brought from a very considerable distance. Some of the canals and railroads in England and America may be compared to them in point of expense, but by no means in point of munificence; for these works replace the capital expended upon them in the shape of interest, and by giving increased activity to trade: but here we have an astonishing work carried a distance of twelve German (fifty-four English) miles, through mountains and over valleys, only to supply with fresh spring-water a city already sufficiently provided for by means of cisterns; as we may judge from the circumstance that Tunis depends at the present day *wholly* on rain-water.

In an hour we reached the hills on which the ruins of Uthina lie scattered over a space of a German mile. It is remarkable that Shaw, in his account of the kingdom of Tunis, otherwise so carefully written with respect to everything concerning antiquities, makes no mention of these ruins; which, in extent and picturesque beauty, exceed all the others, of Carthage as well as Utica.

The cisterns particularly, which form a regular square, and are nearly in a complete state of preservation, present a noble appearance. There are six of them close together,

one hundred feet in length, eighteen feet in breadth, and from thirty to forty feet high; two others are constructed crosswise, and so form the square. They communicate with one another by means of various open arches, so that we were able to ride through them in every direction without once quitting the saddle. We found them filled with some hundreds of camels, horses, cows, and goats, belonging to the Bedouins, who may boast of possessing here the most eminent stables in the world; combining, moreover, the advantage of being as cool in summer as they are warm in winter.

This very circumstance, however, had nearly prevented us altogether from seeing the cisterns. I had at Tunis been distinctly informed of their existence, but none of my companions knew of them; and the Bedouins, whom we had put into requisition on the spot, persisted in denying all knowledge of them. It struck me at length, that they had probably concealed their cattle there, and were now afraid of showing them to my two Turks and the Hambas: I therefore lost no time in tranquillising them on this point; and then, with a knowing grin, like that of our own equally suspicious Vandals on such occasions, they immediately replied that they understood what

we meant, and would immediately bring us to the required spot.

It now proved that the cisterns, hitherto invisible, were close to us, by the side of the huts of these people, though they had before been leading us hither and thither for upwards of an hour. We had not however lost anything by that, for everywhere we found interesting remains of temples, bridges, and other buildings. Of the forum there still remains a row of seven lofty columns, with the lower part of the outer wall, and some of the large steps which led up to it. I was much attracted by the amphitheatre, which may be said to have been let into the summit of a tolerably high hill, so that the four entrances lead through the side of the mountain.

Just as we were standing on the upper range, endeavouring to calculate how many people it might have held, a well-conditioned fox peeped out of one of these entrances, and, on seeing us, sprang up the remains of the opposite broken steps to escape from us. In his flight he started a young owl, who, dazzled and bewildered by the light of day, flew directly towards us, and was immediately killed by the experienced hand of Mr. J—.

Amid the ruins of another large building,

the Bedouins showed us a narrow, dark opening in the ground, and maintained that this was the commencement of a subterranean passage extending to the Hammamlief, four leagues thence. Mr. J— crept into it, sprang down to a considerable depth, and found a spacious vault; but as we had neither lanterns nor torches, and our Bedouins could lend us nothing of the kind,—besides which our time would not have sufficed for so long an expedition,—we were obliged to renounce all farther investigation.

After we had climbed over various heaps of stones, we repaired to the largest and best preserved part of the ruins, once the acropolis, enthroned on the highest point, presenting a view of the whole surrounding country; its extensive vaults, though nearly filled with rubbish and dried cow's dung, offering us a cool and welcome shelter against the violent noonday heat.

Stretched upon our carpets, the horses and mules tied up in the deep recesses,—baskets, canteens, and water-jugs, ranged among the surrounding stones, everything found its place here; and our subterranean bivouac, illuminated by a few rays which pressed through some fissures in the roof, was as romantic as

we could have wished. Our Mameluk told us that we must remain here at least three hours, as during that time the horses would be too much tormented by the flies; and in fact we had seen large places on the poor animals literally covered by hundreds of this vermin, while the blood ran down their limbs as though it had been following the lancet. We resolved, therefore, to while away the time by relating tales. Each was to recount a passage from his own life, and the lot fell upon the colonel to make a beginning. Without much hesitation he began in the following words:

LETTER XLII.

...E COLONEL'S TALE.—THE PLAGUE.

"I REQUEST, in the first place, that what I am about to communicate may not be looked on as a history of myself, but as that of a friend who has entered the service of this country: merely for the convenience of the narrative, I allow myself to speak in the first person, and in his name.

"If in the course of the somewhat unusual events which, at your request, I am about to recall, you should find that I incline to superstition more than is reasonable, my excuse must be, that many circumstances which have happened to me have led me to entertain such a feeling; and that before my birth, one, not easily explained by the known influences of Nature, was perhaps the cause of my own existence, but certainly that of the earlier prosperity of my family. Of illustrious—nay, of royal—descent, my house had, in the course of time, been reduced to poverty by a variety of misfortunes; and my great-grandfather, with

a large family of children, was placed at length in a situation of such difficulty, that he looked forward, with grief and daily increasing anxiety, to a gloomy futurity, to avoid which he could suggest no means whatever: it would, indeed, have been difficult to do so at a time when severe prejudices excluded the nobility from many sources of subsistence, and when a *mésalliance* for a daughter was a thing not to be thought of.

"Once, after a sleepless night, during which he had been excited more than usually by these painful ideas, he had fallen towards morning into a troubled slumber; it appeared to him as if he were awakened suddenly by the violent opening of his door. He raised himself, and beheld a man of venerable appearance, with a long white beard, in a singular but splendid costume, who advanced slowly towards his bed. The Starost would have sprung up; but the stranger waved his hand, over which, on his half-naked arm, sparkled a golden bracelet richly set with rubies, and seemed with a good-natured smile to indicate that he need not allow himself to be disturbed in his repose. Hereupon he handed to him an old parchment, and with urgent and expressive signs gave him to understand that he was to read the lines therein contained. My ancestor, though much

surprised, prepared to obey; and with some difficulty deciphered the following words written in the old Polish language: 'Dig under the large linden-tree in the yard, three feet to the right of the trunk, opposite to the right wing of the castle, and all thy distress will be at an end.'

"Uncertain whether he was waking or dreaming, he looked up again, but the stranger and the parchment had disappeared. An irresistible inclination to sleep once more closed his eyes; but, when he awoke, the recollection of the apparition was distinctly impressed on his mind.

"Under other circumstances, he would probably have looked upon the whole as the mere illusion of a dream, and would scarcely have given it a serious thought; but now he deemed it his duty, though with little hope of a favourable result, not lightly to reject even what was marvellous and incomprehensible, when it held out to him the hope of safety. The next night, accordingly, attended by two confidential servants, he went about his work, boldly bidding defiance to the ridicule which the failure of such an enterprise is always sure to draw after it. A single torch, according to the careful record of our domestic chronicle, shed a gloomy light over the yard, but shone clearly and brightly upon the indicated spot. The

summer night was unusually tranquil and beautiful, and the flowering linden-tree filled the air around it with a sweet perfume. A gentle zephyr whispered mysteriously through the leaves; and my ancestor, half doubting, half believing, and agitated by a variety of feelings, seized the spade with a beating heart, and with his own hand threw aside the first earth.

"Two hours their labour continued ineffectual, but in the third their tools struck against a small vault, walled up on all sides, and to which they could find no entrance. It was with much difficulty that they succeeded in breaking through it; but never did the labour of a believer receive a more splendid reward, at least in the worldly sense of the word. The wealth discovered there surpassed the boldest expectation. It appeared to proceed from the remotest periods, and is said to have exceeded three hundred thousand ducats in value,—at that time a much larger sum than now. The treasure consisted of valuable plate of every kind, jewels of different sorts, among which my father recognised distinctly the bracelet worn on his naked arm by the spectral herald of the night; but the principal article was a heavy throne of solid gold, set with a multitude of rudely-polished jewels. Of this, a piece of one of the feet was

preserved in our family archives, till the breaking out of the revolution, as a memorial of this wonderful event.

"This fortunate occurrence shed a new and solid prosperity around our house; but as, at the same time that this fortune was acquired, an extraordinary fecundity manifested itself in our family, more than half of these lightly-gained treasures had been dissipated by continual impolitic partitions. A new division awaited the five children whom he had himself sent into the world; but, strange to say, all my brothers and sisters died young, of different children's maladies, and, on the death of my father, I remained his only heir. On his death-bed, after he had clearly explained his circumstances to me, and had urgently warned me to be orderly and economical, (he knew I had never been very careful in money matters,) he concluded by handing me a sealed letter, and requesting me with deep emotion to open the paper only in case I should, by any unforeseen chance, find myself in a situation similar to that of our ancestor. With these words, and a blessing on his trembling lips, he expired.

"Many, and some very complicated affairs, which my father had left behind him, absorbed for a while the whole of my time. At this

period, while I was one day looking through a heap of old papers, and breaking open some sealed letters, I unintentionally opened likewise that of my father, which I had unfortunately placed in the same drawer; and was not aware of my mistake till I had read the few, and to me quite unintelligible, words that it contained. They consisted only of the Biblical verse, 'Seek and ye will find.' Underneath was a small seal, beautifully engraved, representing a key surrounded by a wreath of flowers. I often reflected on the meaning of these words; but, as I could find in them nothing that bore reference to myself, I at last laid the letter by with my other important papers; and, an active life drawing me shortly afterwards into quite a different direction, the circumstance almost entirely escaped my memory.

"I was then in the possession of youth, health, and high animal spirits; and, without being a Crœsus, my fortune was sufficiently handsome to raise me above care, and to make me as independent as a bird on the wing, to whom the whole earth seems at command. It is perhaps impossible to be more happily circumstanced; nothing was in the extreme,—all was sufficient, —my position was that of a genuine *juste milieu*. I shall never cease to reproach myself for not

having preserved so great a good. The German proverb says, 'Youth has not virtue' (*Jugend hat nicht Tugend*); but we might frequently say rather, 'Youth has too much virtue,'—just because it is full of faith and confidence, the result of defective experience. Accordingly I got through my money in the most commonplace and prosaic manner possible. My friends borrowed a part, without ever dreaming of repayment; of another part I was cheated at play; the gratification of foolish vanity ran away with most of all; and the women had the rest.

"I will not trouble you by detailing the various events and the infinity of adventures which in the course of a few *merry* years led to so *melancholy* a result. I will only mention one acquaintance which I made about this time, and which materially contributed to the ruin of my fortune. I had entered the Russian service, and had been for some time in garrison in the hospitable and splendid city of Moscow, where I contracted a closer intimacy with two brothers, Paul and Peter Bachmetioff, than with any of my other comrades. One day Paul introduced me to one of those wonderful gipsy girls, whose grace, loveliness, and power of attraction can be conceived only by those who have seen them at Moscow, where they have often entangled

the sons of the first families so deeply in their nets, that they have not only been able to appropriate to themselves the property of their adorers, but even to induce them in many instances to a legitimate union.

"The seductive creature to whom I am now alluding had arrived about a year before with a company of singers and dancers of her own nation, of which so little is known to us. When her companions left the place, she had remained, had removed to a private lodging, where, surrounded by every kind of luxury, and carefully selecting her society, she was leading a somewhat enigmatical kind of life. A report had got into circulation that she was not a gipsy by birth, but that she had been carried off when a child; and some singular circumstances were said to be connected with her history, respecting which, however, she always observed the most profound silence. Nevertheless, she excelled all her companions in the arts of her profession, and, on her first appearance, had made innumerable conquests by the bewitching mastery of her dance and song; but, since she had withdrawn from her former avocation, it was only seldom that she could be prevailed upon to exercise these accomplishments, without, however, being more difficult of access to those chosen ones

whom she admitted to her presence. Nor did she decline the rich presents made to her on every occasion; and she was even accused of affording all sorts of opportunities to her admirers to display their liberality, without ever manifesting any material gratitude in return.

"All this my friend communicated to me on our way to her lodging, situated in a remote suburb. We alighted at a small but neat house, and, the servant who acted as porter having shown us up a staircase laid with variegated mats, we entered a small antechamber, where, in a semicircular lattice of gilt wood, through which ivy and roses entwined themselves, a coal-black negro boy lay sleeping in a fantastic costume.

"'Assuni!' exclaimed Paul, rousing him somewhat urgently, 'announce us to your lady.'

"The boy started up, threw an angry look on my friend, a long piercing one on me, and then, without reply, went gently into the opposite room. In a few moments he reappeared, and made a sign to us to follow him.

"We found ourselves now in a spacious apartment, hung with white silk drapery, which the Russians know how to fold so gracefully

into all kinds of flowers and arabesques; a kind of magic light diffusing itself through the closely-drawn curtains. We passed through a plain green room, adorned by a variety of pictures in richly gilt frames. The Moor then opened a lofty door inlaid with different kinds of costly woods, and we were received in an Oriental boudoir glittering with gay and gaudy colours, and full of mirrors and ottomans.

"On one of the latter, under a canopy, the curtains of which might be let down at pleasure, we beheld the charming Madhara lying in negligent repose. She was wrapped up in a loose garment of embroidered muslin; her head alone, with its beautiful black ringlets, was uncovered; and the transparency of the robe allowed us to admire the beautiful form of her arms and shoulders. Her feet were naked, according to Oriental custom; but while one was drawn up, and completely covered by the robe, we could see of the other only a portion of the rosy toes, to me far more beautiful and intoxicating than the most finely formed hand. Two neatly embroidered slippers stood on the Persian carpet at the foot of the ottoman.

"On perceiving us, she laid down a large book in a blue velvet binding, ornamented with various jewels, and which, as I afterwards perceived,

contained some beautifully illuminated Indian miniatures. Half-raising herself, she saluted my friend with an air of intimacy, and, on my being introduced, she received me with an amiable confusion, which did not fail to produce an impression upon me. How skilfully she flattered my vanity even at this our first interview! and how naturally and unconsciously she appeared to manifest a livelier interest for me than for my friend; while the well-observed triumph of her charms seemed every moment to animate her more, and to heighten the fire of her glance!

"Susceptible as I was, it may easily be imagined that I conceived the most ardent passion for the foreign maiden, and soon felt a real happiness in purchasing the most trifling marks of favour by the most extravagant presents. Yet, the more urgently I pressed her, the more cold and capricious became my fair one. All my efforts, all my sacrifices—nay, even all the cunning arts of seduction, in which I believed myself by no means inexperienced, were unable to triumph over this Undine, who seemed deficient, not indeed of soul, but of heart; though the accomplished skill, or perhaps the very nature of her coquetry, led me sometimes even to doubt of this. Burning fire must, at the birth

of this creature, have been incorporated, in incomprehensible contradiction, with the coldness of ice; for the most ardent passion, the warmest voluptuousness, which her every movement betrayed, were never able to impair the dominion which she knew how to exercise over herself. Was it a nobler motive, or the mere love of gain, that raised her to such heroism of self-government? I will not at this moment venture to decide. One thing is certain, none of our young rakes could boast of having ever enjoyed her favour to its full extent; but most of them had purchased the mere pleasure of her society at a higher price than the most unquestionable success with others. On the other hand, many a secret action of generosity had become known, which seemed to harmonise but little with her usual manner of life.

"She possessed also another attraction of a more mysterious kind, which to me individually perhaps contributed most of all to make her irresistible. There is no doubt she was deeply initiated in those dark sciences which we conveniently reject as a fable, but in favour of which a faith impressed within us argues constantly, even in our own despite, and of the existence of which I for one have acquired the most intimate conviction, though I never have been able to

satisfy myself of their utility, of their extent, or of their frequently incoherent purposes.

"She also surprised us with a degree of mental cultivation, which raised her far above the sphere in which we could not but conclude that she had always moved. Her clear and even complexion (in my eyes the principal charm of girls of Indian descent) was also much brighter than usual. Her beauty was unexceptionable, and in every feature she bore that impression which no art can pourtray, no pen describe, but which makes, as by a magnetic force, those happy few who are gifted with it the favourites of all who have once seen them. You have," added the colonel, "seen an example of the kind in Germany—a singer, whom I heard in St. Petersburg, and who more than once reminded me strongly of the lovely gipsy girl. Her name has become so celebrated that I need not name her.

"One never-to-be-forgotten evening, when, overpowered by the wildest fever of passion, I lay dissolved in love at her feet, while she herself appeared more pensive and yielding than usual, I declared myself ready to comply with any condition that she might affix to the possession of her person, begged her to consider all that was mine as her own property, and when

she seemed by her gestures to decline my offers, I went so far as to offer her my hand and name. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, half frantic, 'even, though already leagued with the unearthly powers, shouldst thou require me to subscribe the marriage contract with my own blood!'

"There was a painful smile in her countenance as she replied: 'I am no Biondetta, and hell has no share in me; but thou, Joseph,—might one not believe thee as powerful, but less wise, than that celebrated favourite of the Pharaohs, whose name thou bearest—or that thou hadst sat all thy life on a golden throne, to pretend to unite thyself with the blood of the last incarnation of Vishnu? Thou thinkest I jest, and fanciest it degradation to descend to me—be it so; but know this much: despised and mean as I appear to all of you, the first of your worthless nobles of yesterday is far too mean in my eyes. But what know any of you —what knowest thou of me?'

"With these words a look of withering pride —nay, of scorn, passed over her else so lovely and innocent features; she raised herself majestically, I might almost say with a hostile mien, so that she gazed upon me like a new and strange apparition. But, after musing for a few instants, she relapsed into her usual tone of

easy bantering, and seizing my hand, she exclaimed, 'Let me see thy hand, that I may read thy fate: we shall see immediately whether I am destined for thee.'

"'Always evasive answers!' I cried with vexation, and gave the required hand, while mingled passions forced the tears into my eyes. She coloured on perceiving this, pressed my hand softly to her bosom, gave me a look that pierced to the inmost of my soul, then laid her lovely finger significantly on her voluptuous lips, and bending over me, till her breath fanned my cheeks as with the perfume of violets, 'Thou knowest little of women,' whispered she, 'and hast lost all mastery over thyself. Fortunately I have sense for both of us. But now be silent, and give heed to my words; for I am about to interrogate the past, and to announce to you the future.'

"After a short pause she continued, 'Past ages have played strangely into thy life. In vain! A part of the golden throne remains, indeed; but I see it is only a fragment of one leg. O that ye had not foolishly broken it! then we might gather roses instead of thorns. Thy ancestor comprehended the old king ill. Greatness was in reserve for you; and with the blindness of selfishness you have

yourselves foolishly destroyed it. Ha! what words do I read there? *Seek, and ye will find!* No, no!' she exclaimed, impatiently shaking her black ringlets, 'thou wilt not find, or only when it is too late; for thou wilt never know how to seek! These words are written on the front of every man at his birth; but few are destined to convert them into acts. Much will indeed come, but only that which thou dost not seek. My poor friend! O that thou hadst still the throne! The time will soon arrive when it would have been glorified, and when many others will totter. Now it is too late. Thou wilt be overlooked and lost in the crowd. Our ways will be far asunder; strife and wild tumult will henceforth surround thee .... Alas, alas! unhappy brothers! .... must your cheerful life end so horribly! But, what would ye here, horrible shapes? Away! I shudder at all these black corpses. Death follows thee in every way; a hag will become thy invaluable companion, and sixty-one days your horrible interview will endure. One ray of deceitful hope now shines for thee! It robs thee of thy last. Farewell! I have no share in thee as yet; but much that is thine goes with me, and happily for thee .... it will not be lost for

thee. In Africa's deserts we shall meet again, and then .... perhaps ... Oh, my poor heart, break not before then!'

"Here she covered her face with both her hands, and sobbed. 'Yes!' she exclaimed at length, in a loud voice, with a convulsive laugh, and her eyes firmly closed; 'thy dying father was not wrong; seek—and ye will find; but, forget not the key.' With these words, which she uttered in a shrill tone, and disjointedly, like one speaking in her sleep, she let my hand fall, and sunk herself, apparently insensible, back upon the ottoman.

"Speechless with astonishment I had long been contemplating her. To our family alone was known the history of our treasure, the secret of which had always been faithfully preserved among us. A report might, however, have got abroad; but none, I was convinced, could be acquainted with my father's letter, which no human eye but mine had seen, which was preserved with my most valuable papers closely locked up in my private cabinet, and of which for years past I had scarcely thought myself. What could so exactly have betrayed to this foreign maiden the most secret circumstances respecting me? Certainly no means within the reach of common

mortals. Her words had made such an impression upon me, that, notwithstanding their incoherence, each of them has remained so completely with me, that they seem even now as though I saw them, like the writing of Eleazar, portrayed in burning letters on the wall; and you will immediately hear how faithfully a part of them have already been fulfilled, while the fulfilment of the remainder is probably reserved for a future time.

"I am, at least, near enough to the promised land of solution; and if reason, in the loveliest creature that my eyes ever beheld, bids me see only a skilful impostor, still the memory of her remains inextinguishable in my breast.—But let us return to her Asiatic boudoir, where, like a ravishing picture of the Cyprian goddess, we left her senseless on her ottoman.

"After I had somewhat recovered from my amazement, softer and more powerful feelings gradually recovered their influence over me. I gently sought to wake the lovely being, but in vain. I could no longer resist the seductive opportunity. Trembling, I flung my arms around the sleeping fair one; my lips glued themselves closer, and closer to hers, her virgin bosom clung elastic to my beating heart, —my every pulse throbbed, and the world dis-

solved itself around me into a sea of unexperienced rapture. Never had she before permitted me such favours,—a half-ravished kiss, a pressure of her hand, or of her little foot, had till then been the highest point to which I had been able to attain. I raised myself a moment, once more to intoxicate myself with the contemplation of her slumbering form, and wild and wicked thoughts were thrilling through my brain. With a deep-drawn sigh she slowly opened her eyes, looked into mine with indescribable tenderness, hugged me with vehemence to her breast, returned my kisses with equal ardour—and then, suddenly pushing me from her, and humbly folding her hands on her bosom, she stammered: 'Only not to-day —leave me now—to-morrow—if thou lovest me!' and like a shy gazelle she had already darted, with the rapidity of lightning, through a side-door.

"I have never seen her since.

"The following morning, on the wings of hope and happy love, I hastened to her. To my horror I learned, that late in the night, an officer, accompanied by several soldiers, had appeared at the door of her house, demanding instant admission. After a short conversation with her, her jewels and most necessary effects

had been packed up, and the stranger, with Madhava, her chambermaid, and the negro boy, had got into a carriage, which had previously been brought to the door, and which then, surrounded by the escort, drove off at full speed.

"The greater part of her property and furniture, and some of her servants, having been left behind, we all expected from day to day that she would return. But week after week elapsed, and not the slightest trace of her was to be found. To all her acquaintance, as to me, her sudden flight or her forcible abduction appeared an incomprehensible enigma; the more so, as the old woman of the house, who was warmly devoted to her, and whom she had hastily charged with all necessary arrangements during her absence, leaving her the requisite funds, expressed the same uncertainty respecting the fate of her ward, and manifested an anxiety which bore all the character of being genuine.

"About this time began the war with Turkey, and my military duties forced me soon to desist from all further inquiries. I followed the army, and shall again pass over the various adventures of that campaign: still I must not withhold from you what too

strikingly connects itself with the foregoing. Having encountered at Braciloff, which cost us fifteen thousand men, more resistance than we had expected, we passed the Danube, and were manœuvring towards Bazargik and Shumla, when two squadrons of our regiment were surprised by more than one thousand Turkish Spahis, and almost entirely cut to pieces. Peter Bachmetioff was one of the first who was killed; of Paul I lost sight in the throng, and I believed him to have been taken prisoner. Only a few escaped: I was saved by swimming through a swollen mountain torrent, through which none of the enemy were inclined to follow me.

"Two days afterwards, our troops having driven the Turks back, I was ordered by my colonel to repair to the scene of this disastrous skirmish, and to cause the bodies to be buried. I had alighted; and while I was walking about, with a melancholy recognition of many a fallen comrade, I perceived, with horror, behind a bush, the body of my poor Paul, already in a rapid state of decomposition owing to the intense heat, on which three large vultures were holding their revolting repast. On scaring them away, I found marks that he had been put to death under the most

horrible tortures. Sharp pieces of wood had been run up his finger-nails, and his whole body had been mutilated in the most atrocious manner. I wept like a child, and swore to take ample vengeance on the enemy: but that did not recall my friend to life.

"This tragic event long filled me with the most profound melancholy, and I found something mystical in the fact, that the day on which the two brothers died was the 29th of June, the day of St. Peter and St. Paul.

"But fate had, if possible, still greater horrors in reserve for me.

"At the battle of Kulefgi, in the following year, where I had sufficient opportunity to keep the vow I had made to the manes of my deceased friend, I was for a while disabled by a Turkish bullet. I was sent to the rear, and quartered in a large Bulgarian village, where I found very good-natured people in my host and his wife, and the most compassionate and tender nurses in their two pretty daughters. We were allowed to be much together, for the manners of that part of the country are not quite Turkish, and even our language was tolerably intelligible to the people. One thing only was disagreeable to me. An old confidential female slave, who, by her long and

faithful service, had acquired a kind of supremacy in the house, interfered in everything, and made herself particularly disagreeable to me by her unwelcome presence during all my interviews with the two girls. A young officer in time of war is easily pleased, even when his heart is already occupied; and my former levity appeared to have completely revived.

"Perhaps the old woman believed that the youngest daughter, Fatima, who was teaching me Turkish, was beginning to understand me too well; for from that time she watched us like a most intolerable Argus. It was scarcely possible to imagine anything more repulsive than this person. She was small, and crooked before and behind; her eyes constantly running, her lips blue, through which protruded here and there a single yellow tooth; she was dirty, cross, and disgusting: oh! how often I wished that Lycurgus's laws had been in force there, that the monster might have been drowned at its birth! And yet,—how man is the creature of circumstance!—in a few days this poor creature became my only consolation.

"A horrible catastrophe was approaching. I had already recovered from my wound, and had risen one morning earlier than usual, to

watch for an opportunity of speaking to Fatima without witnesses, when our Maritorna came to me in great agitation. 'Allah! Allah!' she exclaimed, 'the plague has broken out, and our master is already at the point of death!' On stepping to the window I found that the black flag had already been hoisted, and that a guard was before the door to prevent any one from leaving the house.

"Now began the most horrible epoch of my life. I will spare you the description of the tortures to which for weeks together I was forced to be a witness. Father, mother, three sons—one only three years old, and the two daughters, fell victims to the merciless pestilence. In eight days, during which her youthful nature struggled in vain, Fatima died in my arms, amid heartrending groans and the ravings of a fever. Old Fiokla alone, whose courage, affection, and devotion to the family displayed a mind worthy of the fairest frame, remained with me. Yet, without this ugly old woman, her ever-ready help, her unruffled temper, and, above all, the sincere consolation of her human presence, what would have become of me! No language can describe the misery of the scene; and, perhaps, the very excess of misery, horror, and disgust produced at length

a salutary insensibility, during which we performed the last duties to the several corpses, as Death snatched them successively from us; washed and dressed them, and then let them down by cords before the door, where the plague-cart received them, with hundreds of their companions, to be afterwards all deposited in the same ditch. And there we remained alone in the spacious house, a melancholy counterpart to the picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise — only that, instead of the angel with the flaming sword, we were repulsed by the bayonets of Russian soldiers, cut off from all the world, and in daily expectation of having to perform for one another the same offices which the other inhabitants of the mansion had already received from us.

"How I rejoiced every morning when I found my old monster still in health, and busily engaged; or saw her scouring the house, burning the old clothes, or discharging some other household office with indefatigable patience and devotion! Our meal was daily handed to us through the window at the end of a long pole; and orders were given to us at the same time to burn everything liable to infection, and to retain even of our clothes only as much as was absolutely necessary to cover our nakedness.

You may imagine how the secret charms of my poor companion were advantageously displayed by these scanty habiliments: but I was in too serious a mood to attend much to matters of that kind; I saw only the integrity of her character, and the desolation of my own condition,—and this at length awakened in me a kind of companionable tenderness for the useful creature, the impression of which long continued, and which I was happy afterwards to find an opportunity of proving.

"In the *auto-da-fe* of my whole military wardrobe, of my embroidered uniforms just received from St. Petersburg, of all my military ornaments, and many other things of value, was likewise a shawl of my enigmatical Egyptian princess; and, I can scarcely account for it, but the sight of this was the first thing that reminded me of her prediction of all the horrors now passing around me. She had forgotten, however, to mention one thing, for, blunted as I was against all human suffering, my chief torment was *ennui;* and, however indispensable the kind Fiokla was to me in other respects, I must acknowledge her deficiency in conversational powers. The few books in the house we had been ordered to burn; and I considered it my duty religiously

to obey every command of the kind. I had only allowed myself to retain a prayer-book belonging to my servant, whose lucky star had induced him, for some reason or other, to absent himself from the house on the fatal morning. I soon knew the whole book by heart, and my memory is still stored with many fragments, from which I have at times not failed to derive much advantage. But I cordially added to it one prayer, 'Oh, God! preserve me from a second pestilence!'

"Two months, calculated from the last death, we were obliged to remain in the blockaded house; we were then obliged to go out through the door in the naked majesty of nature; there fresh clothes were immediately thrown over us, and we were conducted to another building, and, after our wearisome purgatory, were once more readmitted into human society.

"It remains for me only to add that the remainder of the war proved favourable to me; I gained several distinguished orders, was also promoted, and returned to my native country with every hope of a brilliant career. It was then the unfortunate but ever-memorable Polish revolution broke out.——In vain had I joined the flower of the nation, in vain had

we poured out our last blood for the cause of liberty.*

"This time, covered with wounds instead of orders, deprived of every means of living, outlawed, and persecuted like the poorest beggar, without the prospect of a refuge, I was obliged to turn my back upon the home of my fathers; and, after having lost everything else, was glad to have saved my naked life. But in your country I found noble support, in word as well as in deed; and, at length, through English interest, I obtained here at least a temporary place of repose, and an honourable sphere. Providence, who watches over all, will lead me also to my goal, and, in activity to reach it, I will not be found wanting. The consoling hope, to which I had bid farewell, seems to have revived, and it often seems to me as if I heard the agitated voice of my excellent father calling to me, 'Seek, and ye will find!'

"Should the sense of these words," concluded the colonel, turning to me with a smile, "ever become clearer to me than it is at present, be assured that no one shall be

* I beg the reader to bear in mind that it is a Pole who is speaking; I do not wish my own principles of legitimacy to be brought into suspicion by any false construction.

more promptly informed of the denouement of the history than yourself, who have listened thus far with such praiseworthy patience. For the present it must remain, like our whole existence, an unsolved riddle!"

* * * * *

It was now my duty to take up the thread, and it found me but ill prepared.

"Gentlemen," said I, hesitatingly, "when I am called upon to narrate, I feel like certain very erudite young people at an examination, who know everything except that which they happen to be asked. At this moment, as if by witchcraft, my whole past life has vanished from my recollection; and I should be completely at a loss, if, fortunately, I had not happened last night to dream the most incoherent nonsense, and which can scarcely be related in a more fitting place than in this no less singular cavern. You shall hear.

LETTER XLIII.

SEMILASSO'S TALE — THE DREAM.

J—'S TALE—A POLITICAL HARE-HUNT, CONCLUDING WITH A WALTZ IN THE STREET.

THE DREAM.

"I HAD been invited to an evening party at Dr. Von Pfeuffer's, of Bamberg; a very amiable man, by-the-by, if you should not have the pleasure of knowing him; and, notwithstanding a violent head-ache, I entered his saloon as the clock struck eight, for in Bamberg people still live according to the unassuming manners of our ancestors. I found, however, only a few of the guests arrived; but my host came up to me in his usual friendly manner, and said, 'I am glad you are come, for I have something extraordinary, the enjoyment of which I have long wished to pro-

cure you. It is a symphony by Lord Byron, composed during his last illness in Greece.'—'Ah!' cried I, enraptured, but at the same time tortured by the most horrible battering of hammers inside of my head; 'allow me, my dear friend, to lie down upon your bed in the next room, and to listen to the music with drawn curtains and closed eyes.'

"No sooner said than done; and in undisturbed repose, and in cheerful expectation of what was to come, I soon experienced some relief. The duties of a host detaining Dr. Pfeuffer, he sent one of his colleagues to see what was the matter with me. The exterior of this man did not recommend him. He had an immense head, something like that of a stage gnome; large squinting eyes, a disproportionate length of body, and short crooked legs, like those of a badger. 'I am of the new school,' he said, 'and, instead of feeling my pulse, he plucked my whiskers, and asked me whether I felt any pain from it. 'Not exactly pain,' replied I, 'but neither is it an agreeable sensation.'—'In that case,' rejoined he, 'there is no danger; a light powder, which I will send you, and a sound sleep, will soon effect a complete cure;' and with these words my Esculapius waddled back into the saloon.

" After I had for a long time considered in vain why the new school should pluck men by the beard, instead of consulting their pulses like the old school, the door was again gently opened; and what was my amazement to behold, with the powder in one hand and a glass of water in the other, the gentle heroine who has so long played a leading part in all my dreams! She came on tiptoe to my bed, where I pretended to have fallen asleep. But while she was bending cautiously over me, still unresolved whether she should wake me or not, suddenly I caught her in my arms, (had I been awake I should have scarcely been so bold,) and robbed the terrified fair one of a sweet kiss, while the powder and the glass of water were dashed upon the ground. But nobody heard the noise of the broken goblet, for just at that moment was heard the first stroke of the violin; the lovely girl escaped, I closed my eyes again, and the tones of a magnificent adagio wove themselves gently and mightily around me like a golden sparkling net. Paradise seemed to dissolve itself into the most ravishing melody. Soon, however, this pure heaven became overcast; strange discords rose from the abyss, and at length a voice of pain pierced so heart-rendingly through the whole,

that it congealed the very marrow in my bones.

"The wild adagio that followed soon tore me away to quite different emotions. Pleasure and pain seemed struggling for life and death; the raging of the elements was mingled together; the ocean hissed at the howling hurricane; lightnings came crackling down; all the powers of Nature, all the passions of man, appeared to be unchained; till at last all hell joined in with such horror-exciting rage, that Don Juan and the Freischutz seemed mere child's play in comparison. A sudden, unexpected, thundering finale almost took away my breath; and, during the long pause, I lay there almost benumbed. Another fuller but softer flow of tones was now heard. Pure, ethereal, dignified, and sublime, methought I had passed through the world and hell, and had been conducted into heaven. My soul was lulled in this sea of the noblest enjoyment, when suddenly the door was twice slammed to by a violent storm that had arisen; and when it again opened, lo! all the lights in the saloon were extinguished, and a hollow voice exclaimed, '*His work is ended!*'

"The world of dreams is quick in its change of decoration: I have a vague recollection of having made some such remark once before;

but, as even Rossini is said often to repeat himself, a poor author may the more readily be excused.

"In short, in an instant the former world vanished. I had become quite another man, and lived in a country illumined by the torch of revolution, in the confused din of which I found myself, Heaven knows how, entangled. I was just flying from a popular insurrection; for the populace, after having first borne me on their hands, and unharnessed my horses, that they might themselves draw me in triumph along, had now, because I refused to comply with their barbarous desires, made me the object of their persecution, so that my life was placed in the most imminent danger. I fled with some difficulty on a fleet steed, but horse and rider were both exhausted, so that it was no longer possible for me to reach the nearest town in the neighbouring country. I beheld, on the other side of the frontier, an abandoned, half-ruinous house, in the midst of a wilderness. With my little remaining strength I contrived to reach the door, left my horse to the guidance of his own instinct, groped into the house, and sank almost senseless upon a heap of mouldering straw, where I instantly fell into a deep sleep. I dreamt in my dream that something cold as ice grasped

me, and whispered into my ear. At length I could distinguish these words, pronounced in a hoarse tone: 'Awake, awake, my love! the poor girl that shares thy couch was once also beautiful, and white and red like thee, and it was rapture to repose by her side; till the miscreant with thy name inhumanly broke her heart, and pushed her into the dismal grave. Awake, thou who art little better than he, and obey my words; or truly thou thyself shalt suffer for the sinner! Ay!' and then it ground its teeth horribly, as in the Freischutz, 'thou or he!'

"I started up and attempted to rub my eyes, but could not move my right hand; and when I touched it with my left, I felt that the bony fingers of a dead body had wound themselves round mine, and held them as in a vice. A nameless horror thrilled through my limbs, when suddenly a light was diffused through the murky room, as from a faint sulphurous flame; and by my side there arose a skeleton, which, fixing the sockets of its eyes upon me, remained standing before me. As from behind a mask, it then continued in a hollow tone: 'The day of retribution is come at length! Hasten to the city; there thou wilt find my murderer, who is well known to thee.

He is about, this very day, to engage in mortal fray with a youthful stranger. The wretch relies upon his oft experienced skill; but his hour is come, though somewhat differently from what he expects. They will both urge thee to be the witness of their fray; do so without hesitation, and wait to see what may happen. But give heed: as soon as one of them falls, bring the other to this spot. Do as I have commanded, and thou hast nothing to fear for thyself; but woe upon thee! thrice woe upon thee! if thou fail to execute what I have prescribed.'

"On recovering my senses, I found myself sitting on horseback, without well knowing how I had got there; and was trotting towards the town, while the sun was rising cheerfully over the golden summits of the steeples. The country-people were singing as they proceeded to their work, the birds were warbling merrily, and the everywhere reviving life of day seemed with its careless laughter to give the lie to all the horrors of the night. But in a few hours afterwards, I had scarcely seen my kinsman, whom, according to earlier advices, I had reason to believe far from thence, when I shuddered to find all my doubts dispelled. Everything happened as I now knew it would do; and my cousin, moreover, bore the whole blame of an

insult to which he had wantonly given occasion. His antagonist was a handsome, melancholy-looking young man, who seemed to submit unwillingly to a disagreeable necessity. I was requested to accompany them, and it was immediately resolved that the fate of a bullet should decide the affair.

"As soon as we had arrived in the solitary wood destined for the rendezvous, I loaded the pistols, measured the ground, and decided, as in justice bound, that the young man should have the first fire. At that moment from the neighbouring village church the organ began to call to the early morning service. The young stranger was evidently affected by these tones, as though they had been the warning voice of a spirit of peace; and, turning to my cousin, he begged him to defer the duel, at least till divine service was over, for it went against his feelings to enter on the office of a murderer while, close to them, Christians were addressing their prayers to the Creator for forgiveness of their sins.

"With a genuine Mephistopheles grimace my cousin answered:—He was inconsolable not to be able to comply with so pious and edifying a wish; but an affair, worldly indeed, but not to be deferred, forced him to despatch

the present business with the greatest haste. Besides, he was fearful lest so unusual and singular a delay might, with less pious persons, awaken a suspicion of their cowardice, which was against the articles of his own religion. 'And,' he continued with a sneer, 'the advantage is entirely on your side. If you remain victor, you have the church close at hand to implore forgiveness of your sins, and to get yourself absolved by the priest; but if you are unfortunate, why your body may receive the benediction while it is yet warm, and your soul, lifted on the babble of the godly congregation, may fly out of the church direct to heaven.'

"Indignantly the stranger seized his pistol at these words, and, with a look into the clouds that seemed to pray forgiveness for his antagonist, he aimed with firmness. But who can paint my astonishment and horror, on turning to my cousin, to see distinctly standing before him the skeleton of the night, which, though scarcely reaching up to his chin, evidently struck aside with its hand the bullet that would otherwise have shattered his head, as one might strike aside a fly or gnat.

"Unconscious of the protection he had received, my cousin turned rudely and with a

demoniac laugh to his antagonist. 'Now, my dear friend,' he exclaimed, 'you have just time to say your last pater-noster, but the prayer for your daily bread you may leave out.' Immediately after these words a shot was fired, and the unfortunate youth, pierced through the heart, fell to the ground with a harrowing scream, wallowing convulsively in his blood. The skeleton beckoned to me, pointed towards its dwelling-place, and vanished.

"'Come,' said I trembling, and recollecting my promise, 'we must flee, for here assistance would come too late.'

"'What the devil!' exclaimed my cousin, quietly reloading his pistol, and carefully replacing it in the case, 'he is not the first whom I heard squeak as he fell, like a hare shot through the milt. I am sorry for the young blood! The lad had done better to stop a year or two longer with his mamma, before he ventured into the wicked world. You are right; he's done for. He is restoring to the earth and the everlasting sun the atoms which they had united in him for pain and pleasure. But for ourselves it would certainly not be wise to return to town; whither do you propose we should direct our tour?'

"'Follow me,' I replied laconically, and

sprang upon my horse without looking round. My cousin, who was trotting after me through the narrow woodland path, was extravagantly gay, and bantered me the greater part of the evening with his jests, without being able to make me join in with his tone, for I could have wished myself a thousand miles away. It had, meanwhile, been growing dusk, and night was coming on as we approached the horror-exciting mansion, from the ruinous windows of which a faint ray of light seemed to pierce, unless it were the last reflection of the already departed sun.

"'Why, what a cursed way you are bringing me, Hermann, through bush and brake!' said my companion. 'I don't know what's the matter with me, but, since we came in sight of that abominable hut, I feel as if I had the nightmare.'

"'This house is known to me,' replied I in a low voice; 'let us alight and repose here awhile.'

"I had scarcely uttered these words, when to my surprise I saw a lovely graceful maiden standing in the doorway of the house, which was now close before us. She had on a straw-hat with a broad brim, which nearly covered her face. We sprang from our horses, I re-

lieved of a heavy load at finding a human inhabitant there instead of the horrible spectre of the night. My cousin also seemed agreeably surprised by the welcome apparition, and pressed before me that he might be the first to salute the pretty child. Slowly she raised her straw-hat; but, before I could distinguish her features, I saw my cousin, with a face as white as chalk, tottering back, and falling almost senseless into my arms. Instantly, however, he passed from one extreme to the other. He sprang up furiously, and appeared a head taller than before. His hair stood up, and his eyes sparkled through the dusk like burning coals. — 'H— and Satan!' he exclaimed, drawing his Turkish dagger, which he always carried about with him; 'what damnable work of delusion is this?' and, without leaving me time to say a word in reply, he rushed through the empty door, and was instantly lost in the obscurity of the interior.

"I was about to follow him instinctively, when a gust of wind slammed the door to, and the well-known voice of the night hissed into my ear, 'Flee! nothing can save the sinner!' Immediately afterwards I heard twice the same cry as was uttered by the youth who had fallen in the duel, and a few seconds after-

wards such a fearful howl of despair, that, trembling in every limb, I had scarcely strength enough to throw myself upon my horse, which no sooner felt me in the saddle, than, snorting and plunging, it rushed like a hurricane into the night.

"I did not learn what became of my thoughtless cousin, for my horse was hurled into an abyss; and I, having fairly broken my neck in the fall, was not sorry to find myself awake again."

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"And now, my dear J——," continued I, "my debt is discharged, and I turn the ball over to you. Try and do better,—I will not say, than we—for to the colonel I award the prize in advance,—but, than I; and that, I hope, is not requiring too much."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed J——, "*if* even my respected lord thinks it necessary to make a little *captatio benevolentiæ*, how much more do I require a deprecatory preamble! My insignificant life has indeed contained enough of the disagreeable and sorrowful; but I find nothing in it, either tragical or comical, worthy of being served up on this occasion. The hour of departure also, as I perceive by my watch, is near at hand; so, if your generosity will not

acquit me of the duty of narration, I must beg you at least to content yourselves with a mad prank at the University, the only thing at my command; and certainly, after your dreams and devilries, mine can scarcely claim to be considered as more than one of those disregarded after-pieces, which are generally played when the greater part of the audience have already gone home, or are beginning to anticipate the repose of the night."

We were all silent, so J—— began with a burlesque sigh, as follows:

A POLITICAL HARE-HUNT,

Concluding with a Waltz in the Street.

"Our good academic privileges are now no more. Like popery, which has been dying for centuries, we have also struggled, but we have been earlier subdued. Natural enough! they sought to obscure the world, we to enlighten the Philistines. Strange, that at the Wartburg, whence, in days of yore, the first thunderbolt was hurled against the universal dominion of the clergy, from the study of Luther, —strange, I say, that on the very same spot our ruin should have been planned! All is over now; we no longer live, we only quiver. Formerly students were freemen, unbridled

but vigorous youths; now they are mere schoolboys, bending humbly beneath the ferula of their pedagogues, as these to the austere government councillor charged with the superintendence of the department of education.

"Already in the year 182—, the academic senate of Halle had gone so far as to prohibit, together with the exercise of many other of our prerogatives, also the right of chase in the neighbourhood of the town, which we had enjoyed from time immemorial; and the expulsion of two of our best sporting dogs had been solemnly pronounced, under the pretext of their having molested some respectable citizens. For this time, however, an expedient was suggested: we resolved privately to hire some sporting grounds at a farther distance from the town; and, as the confiding owners were not aware of the usual sporting practices of students, we arranged the matter with little trouble and on moderate charges.

"The first of September had scarcely made its appearance when we, and all such of our acquaintance as could procure guns, or who possessed dogs in any way qualified for the chase, sallied forth to our grounds. Whatever was seen was shot or run down without mercy, so that in the first few days we had killed game

enough to pay more than the amount of our stipulated rent; but, in a few weeks, neither a hare, partridge, nor even the smallest bird of any kind was to be seen, the whole animal world having fled in dismay. At length there was nothing left for it but to charge a poor inhabitant of the village, with the promise of a good reward, carefully to watch our hunting grounds, and to give us due notice of the appearance of anything in the shape of game. But October passed away, and so did November, without bringing us any cheering intelligence from Kilian, our gamekeeper. At length, on the 15th of December, just as the lectures were over, and we were drawn up in a circle on the market-place to hold our usual discussions, Kilian appeared breathless in the midst of us, scarcely able to inform us, in two words, that, since noon on the preceding day, *one* hare had ventured upon our ground.

"With a thundering *hurrah* the herald of happy tidings was conveyed in triumph to the City Cellar, where, by the administration of various cordials, he was soon enabled to recover his strength, when he delivered in the following circumstantial report: — Notwithstanding all his attention, night and day, nothing had made its appearance on our

grounds since our last visit, though he had scattered about all sorts of baits likely to allure the game. But yesterday, having gone over the whole ground to look for tracks in the newly-fallen snow, to his great joy a long-eared fellow (that was his own expression) had sprung prettily by him at a few hundred paces' distance. He had hurried home directly, had charged his merry goat with a bundle of hay, some straw, some green cabbage, and with all imaginable kinds of delicacies. He had then returned to the well-marked spot where the hare had lain, and had formed a magic circle of eatables round the place; so that there was no doubt, if we made good use of our time, that the well-fed animal must infallibly become our prey. In consideration of his labours, however, he prudently added, that he must now respectfully entreat them to bestow on him the promised present, for there was little probability of his ever being able to bring another equally important piece of intelligence, and the labourer was worthy of his hire.

"Students seldom have much, and therefore are generous. A general collection was immediately made, to which each contributed what he could, and our Sancho Panza on the whole obtained no inconsiderable harvest. Quite

contented,—that is to say, as drunk as a lord, and with money in his pocket,—he waddled back to his village.

"In the mean time we despatched messengers to every point of the compass, to communicate to all our friends and acquaintance the great event, under a strict injunction of secrecy, inviting them to meet that very evening at the house of Ochse (a celebrated publican), there leisurely to arrange a *battue* on a large scale. We assembled in the evening, to the number of at least eighty students, when the senior of the landsmen of S—— developed with remarkable perspicuity, in a Ciceronian oration, that he was decidedly of opinion that they should first carefully surround the enemy, who, though he consisted only of one weak and timid individual, was by no means to be despised, owing to his rapidity and his wonderful power of hearing; that they should then gradually contract the circle, till at last they would be able to catch him with their hands. After some speeches *pro* and *con.* (a little practice for rising orators), the question was put to the vote, and the original motion adopted; and it was resolved, that on the following morning, between seven and eight o'clock, we should assemble on the market-place under the red tower.

"In Halle, where, as I have already said, the genuine life of our students was already approaching its term, the early assembly of so many of them could not but appear singular and suspicious to the Bedells. While it was still dusk they noticed nothing; but at eight o'clock, when it was broad daylight, their consternation was the greater, for not eighty, but upwards of two hundred students had assembled. Some carried muskets, and were arrayed in full hunting costume; but the greater part were in jack-boots with large clinking spurs, and armed with cudgels, broken rapiers, antique swords, sabres, pistols, &c. and each of them, without exception was provided with a dog, either tied up or running loose, and those who lodged at a butcher's had not failed to press the dogs of their host also into service for the occasion.

"The Bedells, quite beside themselves at so inconceivable a display, ran anxiously from one member of the academic senate to the other to ask for advice how to meet the armed revolutionary levy *en masse* of the whole body of students; but in the first moment of panic none of the wise men were able to suggest a resolution. The whole academic senate, however,—some half-dressed, and some not dressed

at all,—were without ceremony called together at the house of the president, and after some discussion it was agreed that they should, in a dignified manner, inquire of the gentlemen students what it was they wanted.

"Our old well-known chief Bedell, Seebald, approached with trembling, just as our motley crew was drawn up in order of march, and demanded, in a subdued tone, whither we were proceeding so formidably armed. A hundred voices, at least, exclaimed in chorus, that they were going to kill a long-eared fellow. This reply filled the timid scout with more dismay than ever, for a long-eared fellow might mean an ass as well as a hare, and either might easily apply to some very important personage. As we were not to be impeded in our march, he ran back to his superiors, and full of horror announced what he had heard.

"After a very merry march of several hours we arrived upon the borders of our hunting ground, where Kilian received us with unbounded respect. The work immediately commenced, and at one thousand paces from the village, the van, which I had the honour to command, caught sight of the doomed hare peacefully reclining by the side of a cabbage-stalk which had probably served as his last

meal. Now the *battue* commenced in awful silence; the owners of fire-arms were duly distributed among the remaining forces, and every dog was tied up. No manœuvre could have been better executed by the most disciplined infantry, and the *tenue* of our troops was admirable. Silently and in perfect order, as upon parade, the wide circle drew itself gradually narrower and narrower; and when we could almost touch one another, the commander-in-chief gave the order for letting loose the dogs. Greyhounds, pointers, setters, terriers, mastiffs, shepherds' dogs and butchers' dogs, poodles, pugs, and puppies, with mongrels of every imaginable variety of breed, rushed with wild impetuosity upon the unhappy hare, who, as he distinctly foresaw his inevitable doom, continued quietly sitting there in stoical and dignified contempt of death.

"We also ran up as fast as we could, but too late to save more than the ears and the tail; the rest having already been swallowed by the hungry dogs, those of the butchers of course carrying off the lion's share. Kilian was the loudest in his jubilation. 'Our parson was right,' he cried, 'when he taught us yesterday from the pulpit, that many dogs are the death of the hare. Here we may see it plainly.'

"For this witty remark, the tail of the slain was fixed as a decoration to his button-hole; and, by way of a banner, a long pole was placed in his hand, at the end of which the two ears were very gracefully displayed. Adorned with the trophies of victory, we marched back proud and joyfully to the ancient city of Halle. But what was our astonishment to find the whole garrison under arms, and drawn up in order of battle at the gate! The commandant drew his sword, and rode solemnly up to our procession, which was certainly of a very equivocal appearance, and just pouring forth in full chorus some academical melody or other. With a significant glance at his troops, he demanded to know, in the name of the academic senate, where we had been, and what we had done. With boisterous mirth we pointed at Kilian with his banner of victory; and, after a short explanation, the commandant was wise enough to join in the laugh. The evening closed with a brilliant ball; but the vengeance of the senate did not fail to overtake us, for poor we were now prohibited from hiring hunting grounds, either near or remote, or wherever it might be; for the wild huntsman who terrified our ancestors is not feared now-a-days, but the wild chase of the students is, and perhaps they

fear that we may not always confine our attacks to a single hare.

"Our adventures for the day did not, however, conclude there.

"Among my most intimate friends at the University was a young man from A——, richly gifted by nature in every sense of the word. Though he was not averse to the frank, and at times somewhat rude life of a student, yet we were often deprived of his company, as he was passionately fond of balls, and of those, by us, so heartily abominated tea-parties, which in Halle are decidedly more insipid and detestable than in any other place. My friend, however, had better motives for enduring their insipidity. The fair sex was his weak side; and it may easily be imagined, that, with all his personal advantages, he did not fail to have a variety of flirtations on his hands, which led to other dainties besides tea-drinking. He maintained, indeed, to us that his amours were all Platonic. 'But,' he would add, 'on that point you must read Cornelius Nepos, whom, instead of learning more, you have already forgotten. There you would find that the real name of Plato was Aristocles, and that he received the surname of Plato only in consequence of his broad shoulders. Now look at

mine,' he said, looking complacently in the mirror; 'I flatter myself I can love as Platonically as any man.'

"My friend was, however, caught at last in a genuine sentimental love affair; and, abandoning all his easy conquests, he had been sighing and languishing for some months past, with very doubtful success, for Miss Von S——, a young lady of remarkable beauty, with very little sense, but a proportional degree of haughtiness. She had, when young, had the misfortune to lose her excellent father, and had been sadly spoiled by a doting mother. Nevertheless, my friend loved her with all the ardour of a blind passion; and I believe that she also felt no aversion to the handsome youth, of whom I have myself heard many a pretty girl whisper to her confidante, 'Oh, it's quite heavenly to waltz with M——!' But, notwithstanding his skill as a dancer, he had frequently the mortification to see his proud beauty prefer the arrantest blockheads if they bore a high name, and often had he bitterly complained to me on this subject.

"As a ball appeared to him the most important event in life, he had taken no share in our hunting excursion, having been busy the whole day selecting music, arranging cotillion

figures, and bringing his wardrobe into the most brilliant condition. He left us in high spirits, full of hopes and plans. For my own part, I must own that I was at this time the very reverse of my friend, bearing much more resemblance to Frederick William the First, of glorious memory. A merry unconstrained circle, the noble juice of the malt, and the yet nobler weed known by the name of tobacco, afforded me much more pleasure than the sight of painted cheeks and wasp-like shapes, with the frantic jumping about in a hot room, the effluvia of a perspiring crowd, and the intolerable doodle-do of the monotonous and continually repeated dance-tunes, all which together serve to make up a ball.

"Accordingly I did not honour the ball this evening with my presence; but, instead of confining myself in a troublesome costume, I remained in the most convenient of all,—my dressing-gown,—with half-a-dozen merry friends seated round the table, where our conversation rarely flagged. Duels, the decay of the student world, amusing stories of the *fata* of our pedants, sometimes declaimed in doggrel verses, —in one word, everything that came within the sphere of our observation, with the solitary exception of politics, which we detested, and

had accordingly proscribed,—all these furnished matter for our social meetings, of which I never think without experiencing some degree of home-sickness.

"Thus engaged in harmless gaiety, midnight had surprised us, when suddenly M—— rushed into the room, pale as a corpse, furious as a tiger, and his elegant ball-dress disordered *à la Hamlet.* He could scarcely find words to inform us that Miss Von S——, after having engaged herself to him for a dance, had put him off under some frivolous pretext; and, a moment afterwards, had gallopaded away with Count X——, a young lieutenant of hussars. His warmth had led him immediately to challenge the peaceable and well-conducted young officer. But he now thought only how he could be revenged on the high-born Miss Von S——, and he entreated us to lend our aid. Who could see a comrade suffer without feeling for him? and, besides, the lady had disgusted several of us by similar treatment; so we promised our friend that he should have ample satisfaction that very night.

"After a short discussion, our plan was arranged, and we immediately proceeded to put it into execution. There lived at that time in Halle a strange oddity, who was generally

known by no other name than the old hussar, because he had served in Ziethen's regiment during the glorious wars of Frederick the Great. He still wore his old ragged uniform, an immense pair of moustachios, a yet more monstrous queue, and enjoyed monthly the recompence of a worn-out soldier, a pension of ten silver groschen, duly and punctually paid. But the man had such an inordinate appetite, that this mighty sum never sufficed for the gratification of his mere physical wants. He had accordingly made the acquisition of a fiddle, with which he placed himself on the bridge leading to Magdeburg; and, seated there, he was wont to stun the passers-by with such horrid harmony, that every one was glad to purchase a cessation of his music by a trifling gift. If people were not to be mollified, he would begin to treat them moreover with some old hussar ditties, which he sang with a voice even more barbarous than his fiddle; and there are few instances on record of any passenger being able to withstand the charge of this *corps de reserve*. Though this droll fellow, whom the students had taken under their sovereign protection, seemed to live in most abject poverty, yet when he died, six thousand dollars, in various coins, were found under his wormeaten

bed; and, as no heirs presented themselves, the public authorities probably entered upon the inheritance, for the money disappeared.

"To this old fellow, then still quite active, we directed our steps'; roused him out of the arms of Morpheus, dressed him in grotesque fashion, ordered him to follow us, and instructed him in all the details of the part he was to enact. Meanwhile one of us, who happened to be the sweetheart of Miss Von S——'s maid, had easily contrived to engage the latter in our plot; for the imperious manners of the lady had likewise excited her servants against her. We then painted our faces, and, having otherwise disguised ourselves, we repaired to our posts.

"At three o'clock the ball was over,—the night as dark as we could wish; and before long we perceived her for whom we were waiting draw near: for in Halle it is customary for every family, let the streets be ever so dirty, to repair home *per pedes* through thick and thin, accompanied only by a female servant carrying a lantern. It was on the Domplatz that we had posted ourselves, up to our ankles in mud; for a regular thaw, accompanied by rain, had admirably favoured our scheme. From afar we heard Miss Von S—— loud in

her mirth at this or that which had occurred at the ball, when suddenly, as had been agreed, the lantern of the attendant damsel was extinguished, and, immediately afterwards, Madame Von S——, uttering a cry of horror, found herself sticking in a heap of rough materials which had been carefully shovelled together.

"The indignant Miss Von S—— now gave vent to her rage in anything but virginal terms; but who can paint the horror of the lady, when, by the light of a dark lantern, she saw six horrid shapes advance, one of whom was introduced to her as the Prince of Hasinofsky, travelling incognito through the city, who very politely requested the honour of the lady's hand for a dance! Madame Von S—— fainted away upon the aforesaid heap; Catherine, the maid, fled; and the young lady, whose nerves were stronger than those of her mother, attempted first to threaten, and then to excuse herself: but the old hussar tuned the chords of his fiddle, and to our own astonishment a waltz, to the favourite tune of *Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz*, immediately struck up, and the Prince of Hasinofsky, with his unwilling partner, immediately waltzed away in the direction of the cathedral, over

the roughest and dirtiest floor that can well be imagined.

"On her return, Count Choleradowicz proposed for the second dance: the young lady bit her lips, and boldly resigned herself to her fate. It was next the turn of the Baron Von Mauschelseck, and some tears that sparkled in her beautiful eyes had almost moved us to pity. But we remained inexorable, and the proud beauty was obliged to allow also the last in the succession of German nobility, Herr Von Vergelter, to throw his rude arms round her delicate waist. But now her pride seemed broken, and with tears of anguish she entreated us to spare her. It was our intention to have had her conveyed home by the old hussar, as the spirit of the deceased Ziethen; but our friend, who had not yet shown himself, but had been offering the requisite assistance to the fainting mother, could endure the scene no longer.

"The severity of our correction, as often happens, had only heightened his passion. He modestly advanced, seized the beloved hand, and, kissing it respectfully, he said, in a voice anything but heroic, 'Permit me, young lady, to take you under my protection, and to accompany you home.' The lady breathed again, for the instinct of her sex immediately

made her feel her power. We, on the other hand, felt that we had played out our parts, and that a lover was difficult to cure: there is but one remedy for him, and that is matrimony.

"I have no doubt our friend found it so: for, contrary to all our expectation, our mad freak really produced this salutary effect; and, in less than a month, the wealthy but plebeian M——, and the poor and humbled Miss Von S——, had become man and wife."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed. "All's well that ends well; and thus, thanks to your care, our triple impromptu ends, like every good comedy, with a wedding."

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

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